

AUGUST 20, 1984

\$1.75

TIME

SPECIAL REPORT
A Memorable
Olympics



SASSY SEARS

Toasters
And Tires
...and
Cheryl Tiegs





For the Mercedes-Benz owner, there is no more reassuring sight than the sign of an authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer.

Some of the best things about an authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer are the things he can't do.

AN OFFICIALLY FRANCHISED Mercedes-Benz dealer can't shirk his responsibilities to his customers. He is not a dabbler in the profession of selling and servicing Mercedes-Benz cars but the *genuine article*—one of only 417 dealers in the United States authorized to sell new Mercedes-Benz automobiles direct from the factory. Automobiles that already conform to every U.S. regulation.

He can't sell you that new Mercedes-Benz without including a full four-year or 50,000-mile limited warranty at no extra cost. And performing all warranty-related maintenance and service work afterward.

He can't service your Mercedes-Benz without having first invested substantially in service facilities, service equipment and service personnel—and proving that they measure up to Mercedes-Benz standards.

He can't mumble, "Sorry, that's not my problem"

when you have a legitimate concern about any aspect of your Mercedes-Benz ownership. He is here today and will be here tomorrow. He provides owner assistance, not as a favor but as a key part of his commitment as an authorized Mercedes-Benz dealer.

The legally franchised Mercedes-Benz dealer can't sell

automobiles without also participating in some of the most ambitious *after-sale* owner care programs in the industry today.

For example, he is part of such remarkable programs as Roadside Assistance—a unique owner care concept, designed to provide prompt after-hours service help to the Mercedes-Benz owner who may need it. Wherever on the roads of America he may be.

After all, he is in business not for short-term profit but for long-term growth. He knows that many Mercedes-Benz sales are repeat sales to current Mercedes-Benz owners. And that to bring them back tomorrow, he must serve them well today.

He seems to serve them well indeed. In a recent impartial survey, Mercedes-Benz owners were found to be more satisfied with the servicing and maintenance of their cars than owners of the 24 other makes, both domestic and foreign, in the survey.

Before you purchase your new Mercedes-Benz, confirm your dealer's status as an *authorized* Mercedes-Benz dealer. Call toll free 1-800-262-0202, for instant verification. It could be the most reassuring telephone call you make this year.



**Engineered like no other
car in the world**



COVER: Sears, America's favorite store, 82 sparkles as it nears its 100th birthday

Cheryl Tiegs and other celebrities are lending their names to products as part of a new look for an old store. The company's 128 million customers seem to like the style, and sales are booming. But amid all the flashy touches, customer service remains a hallmark. The pledge Richard W. Sears made almost a century ago still stands: "Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back."



NATION: The candidates engage 20 in a high-pitched debate over the deficit

To raise taxes or not to raise taxes? That is the question, as Reagan and Mondale play political one-upmanship on economic issues. ▶ The new Dallas, a slick, squeaky-clean metropolis, gets set for a Republican Convention that promises to be in high spirits, though low in drama. ▶ Angry citizens crusade against political action committees. ▶ An esteemed Senator is under FBI scrutiny.



OLYMPICS: Los Angeles puts on 44 a dramatic and memorable show

The U.S. carries away a Bunyanesque sack of medals, including four golds for an almost casual Carl Lewis, who matches Jesse Owens' 1936 feat, and three for little-known Valerie Brisco-Hooks. In the single most controversial instant, Mary Decker falls out of the running after a collision with barefoot Zola Budd. The great Briton, Daley Thompson, does it all in the decathlon.



60 The Games

American cagers dunk all opponents, and Greg Louganis leaps to glory. ▶ U.S. women: a revolution pays off. ▶ Back for the first time since 1952, mainland China charms with its competitiveness, grace and modesty. ▶ Disregarding the Soviet boycott, Rumanians become L.A.'s favorite foreigners. ▶ George Plimpton's "exclusives." See OLYMPICS.

32 World

The U.S. chips in to help solve a Red Sea mystery. ▶ Controversy in Mexico City. ▶ Reports of wanton violence in Uganda.

98 Books

In *Bloods*, 20 black veterans record moving monologues on the Viet Nam War. ▶ *The Book Class* is a tale of wealthy women.

94 Medicine

Arthroscopy, a new way to repair injured knees, makes possible Joan Benoit's and Mary Lou Retton's gold-medal performances.

102 Art

A show at the National Gallery redefines for a generation the lustrous 18th century paintings of the Flemish master Watteau.

97 Design

A blissful relaxer as well as an efficient work station, Niels Diffrient's lounge chair adjusts to any body's size.

106 Fashion

Sales of classic blue jeans are fading because young people want to dress fancy and their elders want to look rich.

8 Letters 92 Show Business 93 Milestones 104 Behavior 105 Press 108 Living

Cover:
Photograph by
Gordon Munro

We Hold Our



Heads High.

Being in the Olympics is the stuff dreams are made of. And winning an Olympic event places an athlete on a pinnacle high above the abilities of others.

7-Eleven is proud to have been a sponsor of the 1984 Olympic Games, and we salute the American athletes who have proven themselves the best in the world.

We have demonstrated our commitment to amateur athletes in a number of ways:

By presenting the Olympia Awards for excellence in a sport.

By supporting a world-class cycling team.

And by building velodromes for them to train on.

In the past two weeks, American athletes have earned our awe, and we offered them our cheers.

Now we turn our full support to amateur athletes with dreams of future glory.

Because having a dream is only the first step toward making it come true.



**THE DREAM BEGINS
WITH FREEDOM.™**

A Letter from the Publisher

As part of the preview of the sights, sounds and statistics of the Los Angeles Summer Olympics that appeared in its July 30 issue, TIME presented closeups of several individual athletes, many little known outside their home countries and specialties. Nineteen athletes appeared in a Neil Leifer photo essay that showed each of them against a background of a national landmark. In addition, nine American athletes, participating in events like archery that normally attract scant U.S. public attention, were introduced. How did these competitors fare in the Olympics?

Japan's Koji Gushiken left Los Angeles with five medals in gymnastics: two gold, two bronze and a silver. Italian Super-heavyweight Boxer Francesco Damiani won a silver medal. China's Chen Xiaoxia came in fourth in women's platform diving. Greco-Roman Wrestler Charalambos Holidis of Greece took a bronze in the 57-kg (126-lb.) class. Britain's Sebastian Coe won a gold medal in the 1,500-meter run and a silver in the 800 meters. Fellow 1,500 Runner Kipkoech Cheruiyot of Kenya, however, failed to qualify for the semifinals. Neither, surprisingly, did the Indian field hockey team, which had previously won eight Olympic gold medals. Egyptian Discus Thrower Muhammad Neguib, injured in training, did not compete.

Among the unknown Americans, Archer Rick McKinney won a silver medal. Pentathlete Mike Storm helped his team to



The Leifer photo of Gushiken at Mount Fuji

a silver and finished fifth in individual competition. Single-Scull Rower John Biglow came in fourth, the women's flatwater kayaking team also placed fourth, and Fencer Jana Angelakis lost in the preliminaries. Weight Lifter Kevin Winter dropped out because of injuries.

TIME has also managed some noteworthy Olympic feats. In its three issues covering the action, TIME has premiered a new system for transmitting color photographs that can reduce the time between shutter snap in the Los Angeles Coliseum and finished picture in TIME's U.S. printing plants to as little as 6½ hours. Immediately after an important shot, the film was processed and edited, then flown twelve miles by helicopter to Torrance, Calif., where Time Inc.'s corporate manufacturing and distribution division had installed a scanner to turn the pictures into digital signals. These were beamed by satellite to New York City, where they were reassembled on a video monitor. After review by TIME's editors, the final selections were retransmitted to the printing sites. To Technical Director John Mitchell, the new system is "a significant breakthrough." It also means that TIME's readers can see color photographs in their magazines only 36 hours after a news event.

John A. Meyers

GM has an idea that may save your life. Or pay \$10,000.

Seat belts help save lives and reduce injuries.

Yet seat belt usage is only about 15 percent.

General Motors thinks this too often results in tragedy. We want to do something to encourage more people to wear their seat belts.

This may help.

Effective April 16, 1984, every

new GM car and light truck delivered by a GM dealer in the United States comes with a one-year insurance certificate from MIC General Insurance Corporation, the insurance people from GM.

The certificate will be provided without additional charge, and every occupant wearing a seat belt in these cars and trucks will be covered by

this protection. \$10,000 will be paid to the estate of any occupant who suffers fatal injuries while wearing a GM seat belt.

Now there is even more reason to buckle up.



Chevrolet
Pontiac
Oldsmobile
Buick
Cadillac
GMC Truck

Buckle your seat belt
Life Belt

AND NOW THE GAME BEGINS

PERSONAL COMPUTER
The Game

BUSINESS EDITION

INTRODUCING THE AT&T

	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998
1	190	190	190	190	190
2					
3					
4					
5					
6	300.0M				
7					
8					
9	200.0	200.0	200.0	200.0	200.0
10	470.0	712.0	470.0	772.0	702.0
11	50.0	75.0	74.0	81.0	80.0
12	507.0	445.0	422.0	763.0	742.0
13	62.0	54.0	52.0	52.0	54.0
14	36.0	42.0	36.0	42.0	52.0
15	821.0	886.0	852.0	982.0	1081.0
16					
17	4467.0	4927.0	4763.0	5224.0	5477.0
18					
19					
20					
21					
22					
23					
24					
25					
26					
27					
28					
29					
30					
31					
32					
33					
34					
35					
36					
37					
38					
39					
40					
41					
42					
43					
44					
45					
46					
47					
48					
49					
50					
51					
52					
53					
54					
55					
56					
57					
58					
59					
60					
61					
62					
63					
64					
65					
66					
67					
68					
69					
70					
71					
72					
73					
74					
75					
76					
77					
78					
79					
80					
81					
82					
83					
84					
85					
86					
87					
88					
89					
90					
91					
92					
93					
94					
95					
96					
97					
98					
99					
100					



MS DOS

PERSONAL COMPUTER.

The personal computer game is ready for business—and now it's your move. To win the game your company needs a fast, flexible, reliable personal computer that enables you to call the shots.

Go directly to the new AT&T Personal Computer.

The AT&T Personal Computer is more than just a superior piece of hardware. Behind it is a commitment to a better way of managing information and communications. One that can pay off handsomely in increased productivity and profits.

Because our AT&T PC is designed to be flexible enough to meet all your business needs—today and in the future.

Whether you use it as a stand-alone workstation or as a team player in a fully integrated system, you'll find our PC a high-performance machine. And a hard-working addition to your office.

Its fast processing and high-resolution graphics will help make any computer task a computing pleasure. In addition, you can expect more standard features. More expansion slots. More options for future growth.

OFF-THE-SHELF SOFTWARE DOES THE JOB

Driven by the MS-DOS* operating system, the AT&T PC runs the most popular off-the-shelf software for a wide range

of business applications. Financial analysis. Forecasting. Budgeting. Word processing. Inventory. The AT&T PC does it all.

And its flexibility means that when it's time to expand, our PC will actually make your computer growing pains painless.

With our unique PC Interface it can be linked to the more sophisticated, higher capacity world of the UNIX** System V Operating System—the AT&T Computer "brain" that is emerging as the operating system standard for multi-user, multi-tasking machines.

THE AT&T TRADITION CONTINUES

Some things about our PC cannot be measured in bits and bytes, but are of immeasurable value.

For instance, the unmatched service and support of AT&T. The built-in reliability—and outstanding quality—of our products. The century-long tradition of technological innovation and personal attention to detail.

Think about it. Then make your move—to the AT&T Personal Computer, from AT&T Information Systems.

To get in on the game, call your AT&T Account Executive or 1 800 247-1212.

**AT&T INFORMATION SYSTEMS.
WHEN YOU'VE GOT TO BE RIGHT.**



*MS-DOS is a trademark of Microsoft Corporation.
**UNIX is a trademark of AT&T Bell Laboratories.
©1984 AT&T Information Systems



POWERED BY THE DALLAS SYMPHONY

When American Airlines offered to help the Dallas Symphony Orchestra, they never dreamed it would result in sell-out performances on their 747's.

Yet that's exactly what happened. Over a six-month period, American Airlines agreed to make cash contributions to the Dallas Symphony for each passenger who boarded the new daily 747 flight from Dallas to London. In no time they found that their sales were soaring as high as their planes.

The Business Committee for the Arts is helping companies of all sizes, from American Airlines to Pea Soup Andersen's Restaurants, discover that supporting the arts can give their business a lift. The Business Committee for the Arts will show you how collaboration with the arts can enhance your company's image, benefit your employees and offer tax advantages. To learn just how easily your business can form a successful partnership with the arts, contact the Business Committee for the Arts.

Don't be surprised if it helps your business take off.

BUSINESS COMMITTEE FOR THE ARTS
SUITE 510 • 1775 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019 • (212) 664-0600

Letters

Olympic Fever

To the Editors:

Your articles and photographs of the Olympics [SPECIAL REPORT, July 30] were magnificent. It was wonderful to see and read about young people who are vibrant, healthy and beautiful. We should have the Olympics every year.

*Donna Langsam
Chattanooga, Tenn.*

Thank you for the beautiful photographs of the Olympic athletes. I smiled all day!

*Terri Kollar
North Miami, Fla.*

Like the birth of a baby, the Games are a statement of hope. They symbolize the pursuit of excellence and the essential goodness of life.

*Richard W. Zalar Jr.
Palos Verdes Estates, Calif.*



The deceptive simplicity of Neil Leifer's knockout photographs is a perfect metaphor for the beauty and meaning of the Olympic Games. To the untrained eye, Leifer seemingly had only to step up and snap off a few frames to get the shots he wanted. We know better.

*Bruce Rogowski
Norwalk, Conn.*

If the world can bring off an Olympics with 140 countries from every continent participating, in spite of the pullout of a superpower, then perhaps we are learning to survive.

*Edward Henry
South Orange, N.J.*

Even in ancient Greece the Olympics were used as an instrument of international politics. Plato wrote that an ideal Greek state "should send as many athletes as possible to the Games, and the best that can be found, for they will make the city renowned at holy meetings in times of peace, procuring a glory which shall be a counterpart to that which is

gained in war; and when they come home, they shall teach the young that the institutions of other states are second-rate when compared to their own."

*John W. Welch
Provo, Utah*

After you convincingly demonstrated the absurdity of the amateur/professional classifications, I was stunned by your conclusion that "major leaguers" should be excluded from playing in the Olympics. If track athletes with seven-digit earnings can compete, why exclude pro-basketball players? Both play full time at their sport; both are paid to show up for competitions, win or lose; both should be allowed to compete in the Olympics.

*Wendy Ellison
Seattle*

When you say that "the U.S. is not yet able to produce an international fencing star," you are forgetting Norman Armitage, saber champion for the U.S. at six Olympics and flag-bearer in both 1952 and 1956.

*Robert C. Schnitzer
Weston, Conn.*

It is misleading and unfair to compare Carl Lewis and Jesse Owens. As a world-class competitor in the 1930s, I know that today's tracks are faster, shoes are better and training methods superior. I have seen both Lewis and Owens in action, and would say that they would be dead even in the sprints. Lewis might rate a slight edge in the long jump.

*Richard L. Lacey
Clearwater, Fla.*

Democratic Bash

TIME's coverage of the Democratic Convention was terrific [NATION, July 30]. The Democratic Party is the party of the people, and the people in the party had a wonderful convention in San Francisco.

*Noble E. Freden
Topeka, Kans.*

Three factors have come out of the San Francisco convention that make a Democratic victory in November much less a long shot than it was before the primary campaigns: the nomination of Geraldine Ferraro, the expectation of increased minority-voter turnout, and the improvement in Walter Mondale's newly impassioned delivery. The person responsible for all three is Jesse Jackson. He made the gender of the vice-presidential candidate a key issue, so that Mondale's choice seemed politically astute rather than eccentric. He got minorities to register and then endorsed Mondale, and he awakened depths of emotion and color in his fellow candidate that even Fritz did not know were there.

*James Mendelsohn
Atlanta*

**"I expect
the best
hospital
care,
no matter
what the
cost."**

We rejoice over the miracles of modern medicine. Yet we recoil from the hefty price tag.

As patients, we expect the best possible care, for ourselves and our families. But we know that business and government, the primary payers, are struggling to keep up with the bills.

Why are costs so high? What's being done about it?

There are no simple answers. But much is being done.

We know that advancing medical technology costs dearly. But who would stop life-improving advances in the name of cost control? Progress has its price in health care just as it does in other fields.

To tap the greatest cost-saving potential, we must focus on our health care delivery system.

The primary system, over 6,000 hospitals employing some four million people, is deeply rooted in American society. But the fact is, we have begun a new era of restructuring that system.

Hospitals are now being paid predetermined prices for Medicare services. They are responding well to this new financial incentive.

Improved utilization and staffing are lowering hospital admissions and patient length-of-stay. For example, one out of six hospital-based surgeries is now done on an outpatient basis.

With help from lower inflation, the rate of increase in hospital expenses slowed from 15.8 percent in 1982 to 10.2 percent in 1983. And in the first quarter of 1984, the annualized rate of increase was only 5.3 percent.

Costs are moderating. Attitudes are changing. But one attitude is not. Quality of care must not suffer as a result of cost pressures. Hospitals are resolute on that principle.

This is also a time for more dialog between providers and purchasers of health care. We must continue to examine our attitudes and understand one another's point of view.

Only by working together—hospitals, physicians, business and government—can we keep the highest quality of care accessible and affordable for everyone.

If you share our concern, please share this message. Pass it along to someone else who cares. And write for our latest economic data, "Hospital Trends: The Leading Indicators," to American Hospital Association, P.O. Box 96001, Chicago, IL 60691.

**"Hospitals
must
get costs
in line
with what
we can
afford."**

American Hospital Association



Who can help your doctor cure periphrasis?

Periphrasis may be a scourge but it is not some dread disease. It is the use of roundabout language instead of something shorter and more direct.

Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary, just published, can help. This new edition of America's best-selling dictionary has almost 160,000 entries including thousands of new ones, all defined clearly, concisely, and accurately. And at many of those problem words, you'll find authoritative essays on contemporary usage.

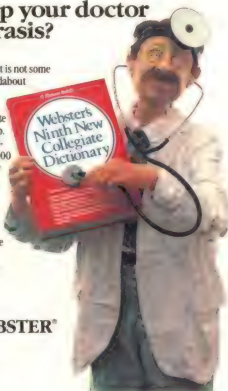
Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary. It's the one to turn to when you want to know about the language.

Take our word for it.

MERRIAM-WEBSTER®

More people take our word for it.

© MERRIAM-WEBSTER 1983



IN DISCOVER THIS MONTH—

Plotting the Conquest of Mars.

Is there life or hope of life on this dust-blanketed thirsty planet?

And what can Earth gain by manning a mission to unlock the secrets of this alien world?

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

- Teaching Computers to See.
- The New Vaccines.
- Reagan vs. Mondale on Science Policy.

Every month DISCOVER whisks you off on another intriguing voyage into the spellbinding world of science and the future. You'll preview exciting new breakthroughs and discoveries in space exploration... technology... medicine... inventions... psychology... biology... and more.



AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

or subscribe by calling toll-free 1-800-621-4800

DISC

Letters

First it was Chrysler's Lee Iacocca, then Continental Airlines Chief Frank Lorenzo; now it is Mario Cuomo and Geraldine Ferraro. From this, should we conclude that when an organization is floundering, an injection of Italian-American spirit will save it? I hope there are enough of us to go around.

Michael J. Cevera
Houston

So Mario Cuomo and Jesse Jackson are the heirs apparent after their "electrifying" speeches to the delegates. Since when does an individual who can write a good speech make a good President?

John R. Maestrelli
Fair Oaks, Calif.

Cuomo, Jackson, Ferraro and Mondale, the Four Horsemen who ride under the banner of the New Deal, promising enough things to enough people to get enough votes to win. They promise the nation a future containing all the better things of life, and will send the tab for that future to the welfare state.

Charles L. Foley
Bryantown, Md.

I could not believe Gary Hart's stand on the deployment of American troops abroad. He would use our military only after all negotiations have failed and only if U.S. security is at stake. Does he not realize that the placement, movement and threat of troops are a form of negotiation? If Hart does not know this, he shouldn't be a Senator, much less a President.

Robert L. Wendt
Lewisville, N.C.

How sad that a Democratic loss will be interpreted by some as a vote against a woman on the ticket.

Mark N. McKelvey
Chicago

Why all this fuss over Ferraro? After Golda Meir, Indira Gandhi and Margaret Thatcher, you guys are not "breaking through." You are catching up.

Louisa Miller
Melbourne, Australia

Tough Choice

Hugh Sidey's "Mr. Inside vs. Mr. Outside" INATION, July 30) was a brilliant delineation of the differences between the presidential candidates. To Mondale, Government is the solution whenever something hurts. To President Reagan, Government is the problem. Four more years will allow Reagan to put the individual in a position of strength and thus gain for our nation the world's respect.

Joan B. Hall
Park Ridge, Ill.

How can a man who has been President for four years, who oversees the largest deficit in the nation's history, who is

Treat yourself.

Choose one of these five sets and save up to \$305⁵⁰

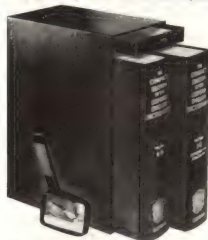
You simply agree to buy 4 books within the next two years.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for \$24.95 (Pub price \$175)

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled in collaboration with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses all aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source.



The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for \$24.95 (Pub price \$175)

"The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set had been reproduced in this two-volume Compact Edition. A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



Beethoven: The Nine Symphonies & The Five Piano Concertos

for \$19.95 (List prices total \$115.74)

Two of the most celebrated recordings of Beethoven's works. Sir Georg Solti conducts the Chicago Symphony in the fine-record set of Beethoven's complete symphonies. "A glorious musical combustion"—*Time*. In collaboration with soloist Vladimir Ashkenazy, Solti and the Chicago Symphony perform Beethoven's five concertos. "A major addition to the Beethoven discography"—*High Fidelity*. Available on 13 records or 8 cassettes.



The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire by Edward Gibbon, Edited by J. B. Bury

for \$24.95 (Pub prices total \$300)

The definitive Bury edition of the most acclaimed history of all, Gibbon evokes a world of grandeur and decadence, masterfully tracing its collapse under emperors noble and ignoble. Seven-volume set, newly available with maps and illustrations on long-lasting acid-free paper, quarter-bound in genuine leather.



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for \$29.95 (Pub prices total \$335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides,

the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests—to show the foundations of societies today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.

Facts About Membership: As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and about 150 other books that we call Alternates, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternates—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return Privilege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. *Cancellation:* Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought four additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, no wonder Book-of-the-Month Club is America's Bookstore.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

America's Bookstore® since 1926

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

A188-B-1

Check one box only.

912 Compact OED \$24.95

913 The Story of Civ. \$29.95

917 Ency of Philosophy \$24.95

932 Beethoven (13 Records) \$19.95

933 Beethoven (8 Cassettes) \$19.95

951 Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire \$24.95

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the set I have checked at left, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I agree to buy four books during the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Name _____ (Please print plainly) 4-64

Address _____ Apt _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally higher.

Power, sex and genius

No biography has ever offered a more revealing view of that explosive Hollywood mixture.

Darryl Zanuck was a little man with the talents, energies and appetites of a giant—manifested in everything from his pursuit of women to his incredible output of classic films, including *Little Caesar*, *The Grapes of Wrath*, *Gentleman's Agreement*, *All About Eve*, *Viva Zapata!*, *The Longest Day*.

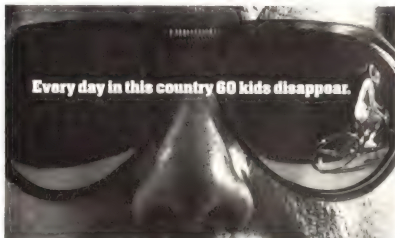
Leonard Mosley captures Zanuck and his world in a rich and thoroughly researched biography. "For anyone interested in the old days in Hollywood it's a fantastic story."

—*New York Times Book Review*



Illustrated with photos
At bookstores now

LITTLE, BROWN



Some run away. But others are kidnapped by strangers, or even by people they know.

Don't let your child be one of them. Teach your children:

- Not to accept rides or money from anyone without your permission.
- To tell a policeman if someone makes them feel scared.

To find out more, write me, McGruff the Crime Dog, at Crime Prevention Coalition, Dept. A, Box 6600, Rockville, Md. 20850. And find out how you can...

McGruffSM
the Crime Dog



**TAKE A BITE OUT OF
CRIME**

Letters

responsible for the deaths of 240 American Marines in Lebanon and who, by cutting social programs, has thrown half a million people into poverty be viewed as an innocent outsider? There are many Americans who wish that the President were an outsider. We will have to wait until November for our wish to come true.

Kelly A. Greene
Brookline, Mass.

Ex Miss America

The self-righteous pageant officials who demanded Vanessa Williams' crown (PEOPLE, July 30) should have supported her and instead gone after the source of the problem—publishers of pornography.

Barbara Shaloo
Tinton Falls, N.J.

Williams has been the best Miss America in my memory. In her appearances throughout the country, she has conducted herself with grace and dignity. I shall always consider her Miss America, regardless of the actions of a few narrow-minded people in Atlantic City.

Cynthia C. Bates
Louisville

Whether Williams was right or wrong in posing for the nude pictures is a judgment each individual must make for himself. But the behavior of Photographer Tom Chiapel and *Penthouse* Publisher Bob Guccione can best be described as sleazy, uncaring and self-serving.

Linda C. Barton
Norwood, Mass.

We use sex to sell everything from cigarettes to toothpaste. If we demand commercial sexuality, let us not point a finger at those who supply it. Our judgment of Williams is a judgment of our society and, more important, ourselves.

Phil Tinsley
Clayton, Calif.

Williams should take responsibility for her immoral actions instead of placing the blame on *Penthouse* magazine and pageant officials.

Anna Torrez
Williams, Ariz.

Murder at McDonald's

The mass murder at a McDonald's in San Ysidro (BEHAVIOR, July 30) was brutal and horrifying. However, it is pertinent to remember that two years ago California had a gun-control proposition that was defeated by a 2-to-1 vote. If Americans really want a memorial to those who died in the restaurant, they should pass a stringent gun-control law.

John Baker
Hyattsville, Md.

Armor-piercing ("cop killer") bullets were in the possession of Mass Killer

Second-Hand Smoke: The Myth and The Reality.

Many non-smokers are annoyed by cigarette smoke. This is a reality that's been with us for a long time.

Lately, however, many non-smokers have come to believe that cigarette smoke in the air can actually cause disease.

But, in fact, there is little evidence—and certainly nothing which proves scientifically—that cigarette smoke causes disease in non-smokers.

We know this statement may seem biased. But it is supported by findings and views of independent scientists—including some of the tobacco industry's biggest critics.

Lawrence Garfinkel of the American Cancer Society, for example. Mr. Garfinkel, who is the Society's chief statistician, published a study in 1981 covering over 175,000 people, and reported that "passive smoking" had "very little, if any" effect on lung cancer rates among non-smokers.

You may have seen reports stating that in the course of an evening, a non-smoker could breathe in an amount of smoke equivalent to several cigarettes or more.

But a scientific study by the Harvard School of Public Health, conducted in various public places, found that non-smokers might inhale anywhere *from 1/1000th to 1/100th of one filter cigarette per hour*. At that rate, it would take you at least 4 days to inhale the equivalent of a single cigarette.

Often our own concerns about our health can take an unproven claim and magnify it out of all proportion; so, what begins as a misconception turns into a frightening myth.

Is "second-hand smoke" one of these myths? We hope the information we've offered will help you sort out some of the realities.

**MAZDA 626 SPORT SEDAN.
PERFORMANCE NOT
USUALLY ASSOCIATED
WITH FOUR-DOOR
CONVENIENCE.**

Four doors. cavernous trunk. Fold-down rear seatbacks. Room for five adults. If convenience were the only thing to like about the 626 Sedan, it would still be an impressive value.

But there's more. Front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, steel-belted radial tires,



and a unique 4-wheel independent suspension system add up to exceptional handling.

And there's an easy-revving 2-litre overhead cam engine that helps whisk the 626 from zero to 50 in 8 seconds flat.

In other words, what you experience in the Mazda 626 Sedan is nothing less than outstanding performance. The sort of performance you might not expect to find in a road car this luxurious, this comfortable. And yes, this convenient.

RESALE CONSIDERATION 800 MODELS	RE-SALE VALUE		
	60%	80%	100%
Mazda 626 Sport Sedan	93.7%		
Honda Accord Sedan	89.5%		
Auto 40004 Data	62.2%		



With front-wheel drive, the engine is offset to the right. To counteract this imbalance and permit equal response in left and right turns, the 626 uses unique asymmetrical control arms (the right arm is 1.4 inches shorter than the left).

EXPERIENCE.





You find luxury everywhere you look inside the spacious 626 Sport Sedan. Richly textured velour upholstery. Full carpeting. 6-way adjustable driver's seat. Tilt steering wheel. Dual remote-control door mirrors. As a thoughtful touch, illuminated gauges when you've left your lights on, your key in the ignition, or your door ajar.

Standard features include 5-speed overdrive transmission (3-speed automatic optional) • Steel-belted radial tires • Rack-and-pinion steering • Power-assisted front disc brakes • Front and rear anti-sway bars • Halogen headlamps • Electric rear window defroster • Remote

41 EST. HRY
MPG. **29** EST. HRY
MPG. releases for trunk and fuel-filler door • 60/40 split fold-down rear seatbacks • Quartz digital clock • Carpeted trunk • 6-way adjustable driver's seat • Tachometer • Trip odometer • Tinted glass • Tilt steering wheel.

Experienced drivers buckle up.

1984 Mazda 626 Sport Sedan

\$8295**

To get your free copy of our 24-page, full-color catalog detailing the entire Mazda 626 Series, write to:

Mazda 626 Offer
Box 5960
Orange, CA 92668

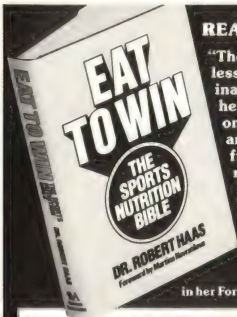
*EPA estimates for comparison. Your mileage may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Highway mileage will probably be less. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price may vary. Taxes, license, freight, options, dealer's fees, title, and other options charge extra. Price may change without notice. Availability of vehicles with special features may vary. †The mileage of original suggested retail price of our newly introduced according to the Blue Book, May-June 1984.

mazda

THE MORE YOU LOOK
THE MORE YOU LIKE

MAZDA 626.





READ THIS:

"The seemingly endless energy and stamina levels that have helped me defeat one opponent after another... spring from the unique nutrition program I have embraced... the Haas Peak Performance Program."

—MARTINA NAVRATILOVA

in her Foreword to EAT TO WIN

#1 National Bestseller
Over half a million copies sold.

America has discovered that the "Eat to Win" diet Dr. Haas created for sports stars can give everybody greater energy and endurance—on the job, at home, and in sports. His book includes daily menus and special recipes. Get it and eat to win in any activity!

RAWSON  ASSOCIATES

Letters

James Huberty. What more will it take for Congress to enact H.R. 5835 or S. 2766? These bills would ban the sale of such ammunition to licensed gun dealers and would limit possession to local, state and federal agencies.

*Steven L. Kendall, President
Washington Citizens for Rational
Handgun Controls
Seattle*

When Huberty announced to his wife that he was going to hunt humans, did she notify the police? If she did nothing, she must bear some of the responsibility.

*Diana Taylor
Hampton, Va.*

James Huberty was not "a grim drifter" at all but a serious family man. It was apparently his inability to support his family, his failed machismo, that finally drove him over the edge.

*Richard J. Kavanagh
Shreveport, La.*

The people of San Ysidro are trying to deal with their unspeakable sorrow. Your reference to their city as "seedy" was unnecessarily cruel.

*Kathleen McCord
San Diego*

Trend Toward Androgyny

Your discussion of androgyny in our society misses the point entirely. It is July 23! What would you say about a man who wears velvet pants, lace collars, silk stockings, a purse and a perfumed handkerchief? Would you consider him part of the breakdown of civilization as we know it? No, he is Louis XIV of France. History repeats itself, especially fashion history, and that is all this manifestation is, fashion regression.

*Lin Hartwell
Santa Monica, Calif.*

After thousands of years, we are finally discovering that men and women are more alike than different. Our acceptance of characters like Boy George and Grace Jones is proof of a new sexual tolerance. This trend is making our society more egalitarian and humane, not to mention more interesting and colorful.

*Christine M. Biehler
Grand Rapids*

Infallible Skier

Concerning the Pope's ski trip [Profile, July 30] of course he did not fall! He is infallible.

*Alfred J. Verstreken
Downey, Calif.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters will be edited for purposes of clarity or space.



**TIME's Subscriber Help Line
Is Now A Toll-Free Hotline**
1-800-541-3000 or 1-800-541-1000
for change of address orders Customer Inquiries

At TIME, you're a valued customer. Someone who deserves the best of services—especially when it comes to keeping everything smooth during the term of a subscription.

That's why we've staffed two toll-free hotline numbers with specially trained personnel. They'll answer your inquiries about payment, deliveries, change-of-address, correct the spelling of your name on TIME's mailing label, or add an apartment number to your address.

All you need to do to receive this service is pick up the phone and call the toll-free numbers above.

Dial TIME's Subscriber Service for prompt, courteous service. And fast results!

Of course, if you prefer doing business by mail you may write to us. Attach mailing label from TIME, and send correspondence to:
TIME Subscription Service Dept.,
541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611.

Write or call TIME toll-free. Either way, we're at your service.

Boogie Woogie with Tommy Dorsey

"I'll Never Smile Again, until I smile at you." Tommy Dorsey blew his dynamic trombone and Sinatra crooned. In 1936 Tommy Dorsey led the best dance band in the country. His sound was exuberant and rich with new musical energy. It was like nothing else!

Tommy Dorsey is still "Getting Sentimental Over You," on our two half-speed mastered discs or one chromium dioxide super-cassette. Big Bands are back and they never sounded better! Only \$14.95 plus \$2.91 shipping and handling.*VISA and MasterCard.

"...the fresh, remastered sound of these disks and chromium cassettes will be a revelation..."
—Gerald Gold, The New York Times

LIFE MUSIC **BIG BANDS**

Our Big Band Swing-Line is open all night! Call Toll free:

1-800-228-2028 ex. 722
(In Nebraska: 1-800-642-8300 ex.722)

*Residents of the following states will be charged sales tax: CA, DC, IL, IN, MI, MS, NY, VA, MD, DE, PA, WV.



© 1984 TIME-LIFE BOOKS INC.



It's a tradition with Chicago Ballroom. Appreciate the other ways our 50 million dollar renaissance has preserved a tradition of elegance.

Memorable Dining in Chicago's Palmer House and Towers

A HILTON HOTEL

In the Heart of Chicago's Vibrant Business District

For reservations call your local Hilton Reservation Service or 312 726 7500



Twenty-eight dollars will feed a starving child in Sahel, Africa for a month. Right now Protestants, Catholics, and

Jews are working together through the Interfaith Hunger Appeal to help the hungry in 125 countries. But, Interfaith can't help these people without your support.

Please. Send what you can. "You can have my check, Interfaith."



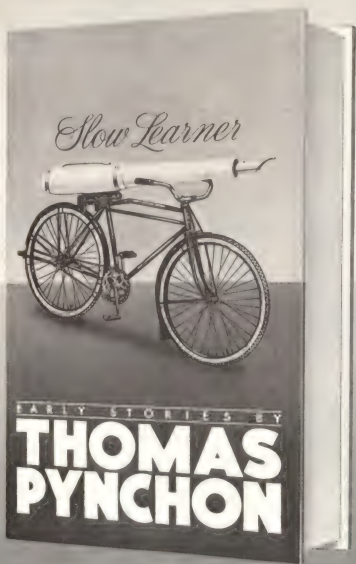
The Interfaith Hunger Appeal
Box 2088, F.D.E. Station, New York, NY 10108
YOU ARE THE HOPE OF THE HUNGRY
PLEASE GIVE

GRECIAN MEN NEVER DYE

THEIR GRAY JUST FADES AWAY

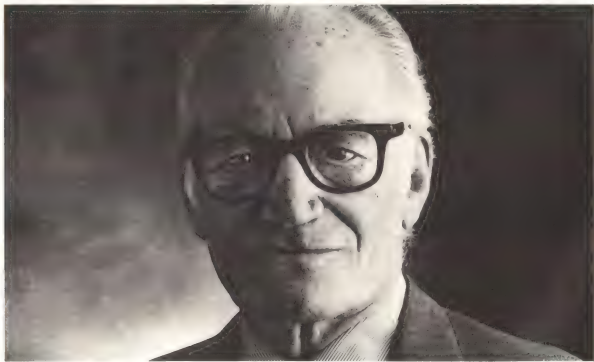
Grecian Formula 16⁺
You just can't tell who's using it.

Fast Seller



At bookstores now
LITTLE, BROWN and COMPANY

"RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY."



Our democratic way of life depends on a system of accountability. Government must be responsible to the people represented. And we the people are responsible for seeing to it that government represents us well.

Let's all do our part. Let's continue to watch the conventions. And be sure to register and vote.

It's more than political theory. It's a matter of conscience.

— Senator Barry Goldwater
Arizona



The **84**
Vote



THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION
STARTING MONDAY AUGUST 20 9 PM
EASTERN



Nation

TIME/AUGUST 20, 1984

Scoring Points with Candor

Mondale puts Reagan on the defensive by promising new taxes

CAMPAIGN



The \$263 billion deficit projected for 1989 is so large, the candidate said, that a stack of \$1 bills in that amount would reach halfway to the moon. The Federal Government, he went on, needs to borrow \$500 million today just to get through tomorrow. The simple, vivid images were right out of Ronald Reagan's 1980 campaign repertoire, but now the speaker was Walter Mondale. All week long the Democrat pounded away at the budget deficits ("a trap door under our economy") and at the President's denial that tax increases are inevitable. And all week long the Reagan Administration was peevish and confused as it responded. Said one White House aide of Mondale's *démarche* on the deficit: "He really stuck it to us. It was brilliant. We look terrible."

It is remarkable that the Administration has been put on the defensive about an economic issue: by most measures the economy is in crackerjack shape. Even as Mondale was exploiting the deficit issue, Wall Street was trading and taking profits

with pent-up gusto: 754.5 million shares were sold last week, a record. Both the Administration and the Congressional Budget Office issued somewhat cheerier economic estimates for 1984 and beyond. But the federal budget shortfalls continue to mar the Reagan record: the nonpartisan CBO predicted that without further budget cuts or tax increases, the deficits will continue to grow, almost doubling the cumulative federal debt (now \$1.3 trillion) over the next five years.

Last week's campaign attacks and counterattacks come down to a question of how and when those monstrous deficits will be paid off. Neither candidate has risked specifying all the budget cuts he would propose. When it comes to raising revenues, Reagan is sticking to the supply-side idea that, as the economy grows, tax collections will increase enough to stanch much of the red ink. Mondale believes that the go-go economic expansion is being bought with excessive Government debt that will drive up interest rates and, sooner or later, taxes.

The current, high-pitched debate began last month, with Mondale's convention speech. Taxes must be raised, said the Democratic nominee, but only he, not Reagan, would admit that up front. Recalls a White House aide, "Everyone here was saying, 'This is just wonderful. Nobody wins an election promising to raise taxes.'" But when asked about his opponent's contention a few days later, Reagan left the door open to new taxes, giving credibility to Mondale's charge that the Administration has a secret plan to impose them. Last week the President was considerably less equivocal. "I will propose no increase in personal income taxes," he said in a radio talk recorded at his California ranch, "and I will veto any tax bill that would raise personal tax rates for working Americans." Reagan was careful to limit his vow to personal income taxes: some kind of federal sales tax is favored by many of his advisers. He also claimed that Mondale's budget proposals would entail an average of "\$1,500 more per household" in tax hikes.

Mondale struck back quickly. "I'm convinced they are going to sock it to the

YES YIDOO
YES YIDOO
YES YIDOO
YES YIDOO

DO TOO
DO TOO
DO TOO
DO TOO



average American; they've got in mind a national sales tax or value-added tax." Reagan, he charged, "seems to be afraid to be straight with the American people." Mondale, for his part, has not yet specified how he would make good on his promise to reduce the deficit by two-thirds during his first term. Rather than seeking any sort of sales tax, which hits poorer people relatively harder than the well-to-do, he would probably rely partly on higher income tax rates. How much higher? Reagan's estimate of \$1,500, Mondale said, "is haywire and completely off. He has some hocus-hocus numbers there." In fact, until Mondale explains exactly where he would cut programs and raise taxes, the average family's prospective share is uncertain. However, a \$1,500-per-household increase would by itself slash the 1984 deficit by \$125 billion, or two-thirds.

Vice President George Bush also was drawn into the delicate to and fro of tax-policy clarifications. Bush, reasonably enough, told reporters that the President "will consider revenue increases." But even that was apparently overstating the President's flexibility. "Walter Mondale is not telling the truth," declared Reagan before a luncheon meeting with Bush. "We have no plans for, nor will I allow any plans for a tax increase. Period." The President thus painted himself into a tighter corner, although his careful disavowal of any "plans" could provide him an out if he raises taxes after all. At a press conference later in the day, however, Bush did not play along. Concerning tax increases, he said, "Any President would keep options open." In-

cluding Reagan? "Sure, I'd say so." Mondale capitalized on the Republicans' disarray. "I believe Ronald Reagan and George Bush should have a national debate on television," he joked. Reagan's policy, he said, recycling Candidate Bush's swipe at Reagan in the 1980 primaries, amounts to "voodoo economics."

By midweek the President's team was wary of talking about taxes. Between the fiscal ideas of President and Vice President, claimed Bush to reporters as he stepped into a limousine, "there are no differences." Then he said, "No more nitpicking! It's an upbeat day, it's off to the races." Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, during testimony before the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, repeated the presidential line almost word for word. "There are no plans for tax increases in 1985," he said. Yet he declined to venture an opinion about 1986 or beyond. "That's the trouble George Bush got in the other day." Nonetheless, in a television interview a day later, Regan tossed away caution. Said he: "We have no plans now for increases in 1986, 1987, 1988. Would you like to try for 2000?" Regan predicted that the gross national product will grow at a rate of 7.2% this year, while unemployment will drop to 6.8% and inflation will be at just 4.4%.

The CBO, however, has a more pessimistic view of the deficits for the later 1980s, the so-called out-years. While Regan predicts that economic expansion and much lower interest rates will help shrink the 1989 deficit to less than \$170 billion, the CBO reckons the 1989 shortfall at \$263 billion. Even one Reagan adviser conceded that the Administration's long-term projections are overly optimistic. "The out-year numbers are soft," he said, "in the sense that they tend to be low-balled." Mondale suggested the estimates are outright lies, or "Pinocchio projections." When the White House issues its official deficit forecast this week, he joked, "I think you're going to see the longest nose you ever saw in your life."

In addition to jabbing at the deficit,

Mondale blamed the Reagan Administration for high interest rates, the strong dollar, and thus the decline in American exports. But can he get serious political mileage out of rather arcane economic issues—let alone out of a promise to raise taxes? "Walter Mondale believes the people are smarter than the Administration thinks," says Aide Richard Leone. "They know the deficit is a major problem, that it has to be dealt with through hard decisions, not wishing. It also plays as a major fairness issue: do we want to continue to cut taxes for the rich and cut social spending for the poor?" So far the issue has made Mondale seem gutsier. Says Democratic Congressman Richard Gephardt of Missouri: "There is something very politically attractive about being honest with the American people."

Yet today's bracing candor could be tomorrow's tiresome nagging. There seems sure to be a backlash if Mondale spends the next three months talking mainly about tax increases. Moreover, he will have to become painfully specific about how he proposes to cut \$150 billion from the 1989 deficit. By what amount will he raise income taxes and for whom? Heavier taxes on the affluent, which he has already proposed, cannot do the trick alone; the middle class will have to pay a share too. Precisely where does he plan, as he says, to "squeeze the budget"? Social Security? Medicare? Mondale has to preach sacrifice, a sermon difficult to deliver from any political pulpit.

While it will be tough for Mondale to discredit a President presiding over a slam-bang economy, he showed last week that he can change the subject nimbly, and score points for frankness. "Let the Republicans ask the voters if they are better off than they were four years ago," says Mondale Campaign Chairman James Johnson. "That is not a forward-looking message. People know the future doesn't take care of itself." Or so Walter Mondale will try to persuade them.

—By Kurt Andersen.

Reported by Gisela Boits/Washington and John E. Yang, with Mondale

Mondale: an attack on "hocus-hocus numbers"



Bush: crossed signals with Reagan on taxes



Coronation in Prime Time

The Republicans wonder: Will anybody out there be watching?



When the Republicans gather in Dallas next week for their national convention, they will have a gleaming set, a boffo headliner and a friendly audience in the hall. But then the plot thins. For the first time since 1972, neither spot on the ticket needs to be filled. There are no renegades challenging the incumbent, no festering party feuds. The few philosophical conflicts that do exist are subterranean, more likely to be peaceably resolved in the dim light of back rooms than in the glare of prime time. So confident is President Reagan of a congenial coronation that he will not even arrive in town until Wednesday, the day of his nomination.

So what is there to offer the party faithful at the Dallas Convention Center and millions of television viewers? Desperate to add spice to their celebration of the Administration's first term, G.O.P. strategists briefly considered pumping up their mild ideological divisions into full-fledged floor battles. But the idea was eventually rejected as hokey. Says Washington Lobbyist William Timmons, who has played a major role in every G.O.P. Convention since 1968: "We will have a clean, crisply paced, well-managed demonstration of Republican unity. . . . There will be some powerful messages, well presented. But whether anyone will listen—well, we have to hold our audience somehow."

The Republicans have a tough act to follow. Last month's Democratic Convention, with its history-making nomination of a woman vice-presidential candidate

and its stirring speeches, was tailor-made for television. "The Democrats ended up with a sense of movement and energy," says a Reagan aide. "The G.O.P. is moving too, but almost entirely on the shoulders of one man, Ronald Reagan. We needed to find some way to use Dallas to broaden out." The President's strategists hit on a double-barreled solution: the party's rising stars and prominent women will be featured speakers in prime time.

Indeed, the Dallas convention is likely to be as much a soapbox for 1988 presidential hopefuls as a last hurrah for the reigning party patriarch. First up will be Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, who is leaving Capitol Hill at year's end to position himself for a run at the White House. Says a Baker aide: "The bottom line for him is to walk out of the convention having shown that he has a little more fire in him than people thought." Kansas Senator Robert Dole, Gerald Ford's running mate in 1976, and New York Congressman Jack Kemp will each have about five minutes in the spotlight Tuesday night. Kemp, who is best known for his supply-side economics and tax-cutting fervor, will have a chance to look statesmanlike in his role as chairman of the platform subcommittee on foreign policy.

Of the class of 1988, Vice President George Bush will get the most play. His acceptance speech Thursday night is slated for a generous 15 minutes and almost certainly will be broadcast in its entirety. He is expected to stress his varied government experience, an implied swipe at his Democratic rival, New York Congressman Geraldine Ferraro. Mindful that the party's right wing favors a Kemp-like



Keynoter Ortega and Chief Nominator Laxalt

conservative in 1988, Bush is likely to pound home the message that despite his reputation for moderate political views, he is a true believer in Reagan's policies.

Hoping to make a dent in the gender gap, the G.O.P. is going out of its way to showcase women. United Nations Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick and Secretary of Health and Human Services Margaret Heckler will speak briefly on Monday night. They will be followed by New Mexico Businesswoman Katherine Davalos Ortega, the second Hispanic woman to hold the largely honorific post of U.S. Treasurer, who will close the evening with the 15-minute keynote address. On Tuesday, Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Hanford Dole, touted as a Republican Veep possibility in 1988 if her husband is not the presidential nominee, will have a high-profile slot right after former President Gerald Ford.

On Wednesday, California Representative Bobbi Fiedler will give the second-inning speech for Reagan's nomination; Illinois Congresswoman Lynn Martin will second Bush. On the floor, roughly 45% of the delegates will be women. Blacks, however, will be considerably less in evidence: approximately 70 of the convention's 2,235 delegates are black, and there will be only one black speaker in prime time, Fundamentalist Preacher E. V. Hill of Los Angeles.

Like its Democratic counterpart, the Republican Convention will be broadcast by the three major networks in prime time (9 p.m.-11 p.m. E.D.T.), but not necessarily gavel to gavel. To make the proceedings more attractive to the networks, the party has scheduled only 13 hours of floor business over four days, which would make this G.O.P. Conven-



Chairman of the longhorn steering committee: Rancher Ball will run a cattle drive every day trying to re-create a bit of the Old West for gawking out-of-towners.



The site of the G.O.P. hoedown both inside and out, inset

tion the shortest in modern history.*

Network executives are wary of airing what may amount to a long-playing commercial. They have not yet said whether they will show the 18-minute movie of highlights of the Reagan presidency, scheduled to run Thursday night immediately before his acceptance speech, or the seven-minute film on Nancy Reagan set to herald her appearance the previous evening. The networks did not air a similar film on Mondale in San Francisco. Network representatives will view the Reagan film this week. Says Ray Lockhart, head of convention planning for NBC: "We'll decide if it's newsworthy after we see it."

Concerned that ABC, CBS and NBC will cut away to adventure series, the G.O.P. has formed its own Republican National Committee network (RNC) to cover the convention. With ten cameras and a staff of 40, RNC is offering commentary-free, live feeds of the podium action to any television and radio station or groups of stations willing to pay a nominal fee of about \$200. So far, the Republicans have signed up 38 television groups, including C-Span, Group W and PBS, and two large radio groups, Mutual Broadcasting System and Associated Press. In all, an estimated 1,048 television stations will have access to the party-generated material. Says White House Television Adviser Mark Goode, who is directing the RNC operation: "The country will be pretty well saturated."

As political theater, Reagan's renomination will be as stylized as kabuki. The plan: Alabama, the first state on the roster alphabetically, will yield to Nevada,

*The previous record low of 17 hours was set in 1972, when the Republican Convention renominated Richard Nixon.

so that Senator Paul Laxalt, the party's general chairman, can put Reagan's name in nomination for the third time (Reagan lost out to Ford in 1976).

The next state up, Alaska, will yield to the President's home state of California, so that Governor George Deukmejian can nominate Bush. Arizona, the third state in line, will promptly move to close nominations. Then there will be a single roll call to endorse the Reagan-Bush ticket.

More interesting TV pictures may originate outside the podium. To re-create a bit of the Old West for out-of-towners, Local Rancher John Ball plans to hold a cattle drive along the Trinity River, ending up less than a mile from downtown every morning of the convention. Some 150 longhorns and about a dozen cowboys will take part in the four-mile outings.

Though it lacks San Francisco's flare for protest, Dallas nonetheless will inspire its share of political sideshows. Activities are planned by gays, nuclear-freeze activists, union members and Moral Majority missionaries. The most elaborate demonstrations will begin the Saturday before the convention, when a consortium of organizations led by ACORN (Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now) kicks off a three-day Alliance for Justice in 1984 program. Organizers expect 2,000 visiting protesters to bunk at a tent city along the banks of the Trinity River. They and like-minded Dallasites plan a door-to-door voter-registration effort and a religious service led by the Rev. Jesse Jackson. Their goal: to protest the

effect of Reagan's policies on low- and moderate-income people.

To keep protesters out of rock-throwing range, the city has encircled the downtown convention center with a controversial \$65,000, 6-ft.-high hurricane fence, creating a buffer zone at least 350 ft. wide. The Dallas police department has canceled vacations for its 2,075 officers, each of whom has received special training in crowd control and explosives detection. Says Police Spokesman Ed Spencer: "We've tried to prepare for just about any eventuality."

With 4,470 delegates and alternates, 12,000 journalists and a projected 10,000 guests, the Republican hoedown will be both smaller than the Democrats' and smaller than expected (the party canceled about 12,000 unneeded hotel reservations last month). To ferry conventioners between the 47 delegation hotels and the convention, G.O.P. organizers will be running a fleet of 120 shuttle buses (price of a four-day pass: \$30).

Only minor skirmishes over platform positions are expected inside the hall. Conservatives, led by Kemp and Congressman Trent Lott of Mississippi, are pushing for three major planks: a return to the gold standard (tying the value of the dollar directly to the price of gold, a move that, they contend, would lower interest

rates and help bring down deficits); an end to the independence of the Federal Reserve; and an ironclad pledge against tax hikes. Meanwhile, the so-called Mainstream Republican Committee, a band of moderate-to-liberal House members led by Iowa's Jim Leach, has been tugging in the opposite direction: they are pro-choice on abortion and flexible on the question of tax increases.

The platform will be considered on Tuesday morning, out of the glare of TV, and disgruntled factions are unlikely to muster the 25% vote necessary to take a squabble to the floor. Says Dole: "The President is the candidate this year, not Jack Kemp or Bob Dole. We do have to protect the President in that platform."

Indeed, the platform, like the convention, promises to be a near-perfect reflection of Ronald Reagan. When he strides up to the beige-and-brown podium Thursday night to give his acceptance speech, he is expected to aim more at voters' hearts than heads, striking many of the themes that have been the hallmarks of his presidency: optimism, patriotism, traditional values. Republicans are hoping that Reagan's rhetorical powers will produce a postconvention bounce in the polls similar to what the Democrats got out of San Francisco. For the Great Communicator, it is another big opening night.

—By Susan Tifft. Reported by Laurence L. Barrett, with Reagan, and David S. Jackson/Dallas



PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



The unofficial municipal bird: construction cranes perch in the high-rising downtown

Showing Off for the G.O.P.

The Big D has come of age, but the funkiness is gone



All the good old stories have been worn down worse than river rocks. The oilman who re-created an entire Neiman-Marcus window display—gowns, gems, furs and all—in his living room one Christmas morn because his wife had said she had seen *something* in the window she wanted. The fellow who told LIFE magazine that he bought a Rolls-Royce because its powder-blue paint job matched his wife's favorite hat. Then there was H.L. Hunt, who, a Dallas editor once said, "would be the most dangerous man in America if he wasn't such a damn dick."

Loose lips, eccentric behavior—characteristics long affixed to this town—have to be searched for now, rooted out. Oh, evangelists still holler on the radio stations; they do not say things so much as they "sayeth" them. And H. Ross Perot did plan a commando operation against a whole country, Iran, to get two of his employees back. "Mad" Eddie Chiles—an ideologue who, says a longtime listener, "lives in a permanent state of incoherent fury"—is still on the air, and people drive around sporting bumper stickers that say I'M MAD, TOO, EDDIE.

But the romantic, down and dirty Dallas that television keeps alive has long since gone. "It's such a straight town," says Dallas Times Herald columnist Molly

Ivins. "It is so earnest about making itself a great city. When people spot funkiness in Dallas, they race around with a wrecking ball and get rid of it immediately."

"The Dallas of the '80s is a community that has adopted the construction crane as its municipal bird," the introduction to a fact book about Dallas crows, and it is a fact. A skyline that now looks like a comb on its back with some teeth knocked out will one day be blocked in, assuming the cranes persist. Dallas leaders, boosters to their marrow, want the world to know this. They hope the Republican National Convention next week will give them the stage to get out the message. That message—Dallas is an international city. Dal-



Low-rise beginnings: the city in 1874

lasites are so community-minded that they paid for the convention out of their pockets rather than dipping into public tills, Dallas is tidy, well-oiled and a most wonderful place to live—is, well, boring. It is also true. For a long time the success story was overshadowed by the act of a jackal with a firearm in 1963.

After the Kennedy assassination, Historian A.C. Greene writes in *Dallas USA*, "the old Big D arrogance was gone for years, drained away by attacks against which no defense was allowed. If someone reads Dallas newspapers of the seventies, for instance, it will be found that few local columnists ever displayed the old Dallas, or Texas, Brag."

Now, a generation later, notes Greene, "most of the guilt that 'it happened here' has disappeared. Dallas (and this includes the people who have become residents since 1963) now feels it is the guardian, the protector, if you will, of the history of the event."

Until the television program *Dallas* debuted in 1978, Dealey Plaza, the assassination site, was the most popular tourist attraction in town. Now the most popular place to see is Southfork, the ranch where *Dallas* is set. Fred Meyer, chairman of the Dallas

County Republican Party, finds an offensive image here. "When the No. 1 tourist attraction is a fictional location of a fictional TV show," Meyer says, "that's a powerful argument that there is a lack of knowledge about Dallas." Dallas Mayor A. Starke Taylor Jr. wants to send forth a truer picture too. "There are places in the world where people think we're still cowboys here, wearing boots and hats." So the truth: they wear pinstripes, gray flannel in season, wing-tipped cordovans, tasseled loafers; sunup brings the thump of the *Wall Street Journal* at the foot of the drive.

The city is so conservative that even its gay community has a Reaganaut flavor. "There are thousands of gay Republicans in this town," says one of them. "We pack some power."

Dallas, with over 900,000 people, seventh biggest metropolis in the nation, is the largest city with a manager form of government. It wants the world to know that politics has no place in municipal services here. Sewers and garbage are attended to with dispatch. Potholes—called chuckholes in Dallas—are supposedly filled within three hours. Dallas is a clean family town. In preparation for the convention, a "Haul a Heap" crusade towed away 4,418 abandoned cars.

It is also a town that pulls its own weight as much as possible and in doing that it is seen as a Republican ideal. When the city decided to build a new mass transit system, says G.O.P. Chairman Meyer, "we didn't send people to Washington for money. We voted a tax to pay for it." When the city and G.O.P. asked for volunteers for nonpaying

convention tasks, 20,000 Dallasites stepped forward. The city's share of the convention will be entirely funded by private donations, totaling \$3.9 million. "San Francisco spent 8 million bucks to put on that convention," huffed Dallas Welcoming Committee Chairman David Fox. "Here it's going to be put on by private citizens' money."

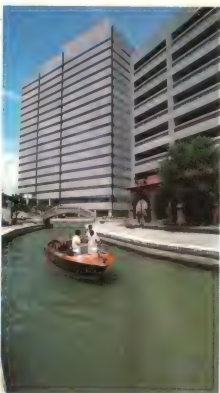
In Dallas, entry into society is shut tight to anyone who has not paid his or her dues in service to the city. If one has more money than one needs, a handsome percentage of the surplus is expected to be given first to God, second to Dallas. Money Titans Clint Murchison Sr. and Jr. used to say, "Money is like manure. If you spread it around it does a lot of good. But if you pile it up in one place, it stinks like hell."

Will Rogers said that Dallas is the city where the East peters out, and that Fort Worth, some 30 miles to the west, was in fact where the West began. Fort Worth welcomes comparisons. It has stockyards, Dallas does not. Fort Worth is Texas. Dallas in many ways is not. "Dallas is so smug, so pretentious," writes Greene. "The rest of Texas hates Dallas." Other Texans see Dallas as the place where the dry-goods salesmen from the East climbed off the stagecoaches and set up shop. Houston, good old earthy Houston, attracted the wildcatters. Houston has oil. Dallas does not. Dallas has class and flaunts it; Houston has money and is learning manners.

And Austin, liberal, Democratic Austin, has been known to take its own potshots at pompous Big D. In an anticipatory and funny recent stroke, *Texas Monthly*, a fat, fast and loose Austin publication, gave its readers a look at what the polls and the press might get into when the Republicans gather next week. The magazine asserted that the convention, a mangle-made-up affair, would be so surprising that the networks would pursue "The Other Dallas" (CBS), "The Hidden Dallas" (NBC) and "The Dallas the Republicans Don't Want You to See" (ABC). Poverty in the black sections of South Dallas would be revealed. Cases of provincialism would be found among the rich. One bit would be shot at Southfork to display "who has been helped by Reaganomics." In short, every boil the city imagines it possesses would be lanced in prime time.

The *Texas Monthly* forecast could easily turn out to be dead on the money, for to invite world attention is to endure meticulous investigation. In the face of it, Dallas is, as a Texan might say, as nervous as a cat in a room full of rocking chairs.

Nervous, but not scared, or hiding anything. Conventioneers will be offered a three-hour tour ranging from preppy Southern Methodist University to single-family ghetto homes, from the J.F.K. assassination site to the astonishing wealth



A pompom-punching Cowgirl, an urban cowboy, and a water taxi at the tony Las Colinas complex

of Turtle Creek. They will see Highland Park, just a nine iron away from the Dallas Country Club, the area's most exclusive. In Highland Park Village, even the Safeway is disguised as a hacienda. Throughout the town, in the rich north and the poor south, the visitor will notice crape myrtle in full, riotous bloom—the only living thing that seems to enjoy Dallas in August.

"We'll show 'em everything," promises Welcoming Committee Chairman Fox. To boot, says Mayor Taylor, the thing that will win strangers over to Dallas is its people. "You don't find people anywhere in the world better than those we have in Dallas."

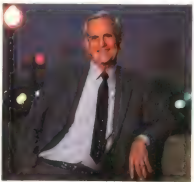
Indeed you do not. It is a please-and-thank-you kind of town, with a sheen of sophistication the rest of Texas begrudgingly still aspires to. Elsewhere, Texans have been known to agree to meet at

"dark-30" or "half-past dawn." Dallas people meet according to the clock. Elsewhere in Texas, the beautiful are "pretty as a speckled pup under a red wagon," and the plain are "ugly as homemade sin." Dallas prefers straightforward adjectives: gorgeous, beautiful, attractive, interesting looking.

Dallas does not like losers, poor-mouthers, pessimists. Dallas does not fool much with the banking term negative net worth. Negative net worth, meaning, of course, you owe more than you got, in a term that dogs cotton farmers, "Fellow came by here the other day," a farm-supply dealer outside Lubbock once explained, "and told me that if he could just get back up to broke, he'd quit. Trouble is, he has to get back up to broke first."

One suspects there is a measure of envy of Dallas out there in the Lone Star State, though no one, *no one*, admits it. Years ago there was a widely circulated cartoon that captured this never expressed emotion. In the frame were a man and a barefoot woman, a farming couple, with an oil gusher erupting on their barren land. The woman was saying, "How late does Neiman-Marcus stay open?"

The main-store answer is 5:30, 6:30 on Thursdays, probably because Dallas itself seems much in favor of being early to bed—it also follows Ben Franklin's advice on the other end of light. People are out of the chute and into a capitalistic day before a Type B visitor can finish the front page. Dallas. The chest-beating lyric will be heard a lot in the coming week "Big D—little a—double f—o—s!" —By Gregory Jaymes. Reported by David S. Jackson/Dallas



Boombtown booster: Mayor Starks Taylor

Oil Slick

Pipeline problems for Hatfield

Few U.S. Senators enjoy the reputation for personal integrity that Mark Odom Hatfield, the courtly, square-jawed Oregon Republican, has earned in his 18 years on Capitol Hill. A deeply religious Baptist, Hatfield, 62, was one of the first Senators to oppose the Viet Nam War and was in the forefront of the nuclear-freeze movement. But last week, to the dismay of friends and colleagues, Hatfield found himself under investigation by the Senate Ethics Committee and the FBI. The issue: whether four payments totaling \$40,000 to Hatfield's wife constituted a bribe to win the Senator's backing for an oil pipeline across Central Africa. And if they were not, what were they?

The pipeline was the brainchild of a Greek financier, Basil Tsakos. While Tsakos did not need American money or approval, an endorsement by U.S. officials would lend his plan credibility. He arrived in Washington in 1980 and began courting the capital's top lawyers, bankers and politicians. His pitch: the \$6 billion, privately financed pipeline would allow Saudi Arabia to transport oil through Sudan, the Central African Republic and Cameroon. The oil could then be shipped across the Atlantic to the U.S., detouring the Persian Gulf. Hatfield, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, found the idea appealing. Said Hatfield last week: "I maintain the fierce conviction that an oil pipeline through Africa would substantially reduce the potential for conflict in the Persian Gulf—a conflict which could trigger World War III." Hatfield introduced Tsakos to Energy Secretary Donald Hodel and Exxon President Howard Kauffmann. Hatfield also discussed the project with Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger and Sudanese President Gaafar Nimeiri.

The controversy erupted when Columnist Jack Anderson publicized Tsakos' financial relationship with Hatfield's wife Antoinette, a prominent real estate broker. The Senator initially said that the payments to his wife, which were listed in his financial-disclosure report, "were for locating and supervising the renovation of an apartment in the Watergate complex that Tsakos bought for \$520,000. When the seller of the apartment said he had never met Mrs. Hatfield and had sold the apartment to Tsakos directly, the Senator elaborated. Mrs. Hatfield, he said, had been paid \$15,000 for showing Tsakos several apartments, including some in the Watergate that he did not buy, another \$15,000 for giving the entrepreneur's wife decorating tips and \$10,000 for suggesting investment properties for Tsakos. The financier claims he paid Mrs. Hatfield \$30,000 for telling him about the Watergate apartment and \$10,000 for



Hatfield testifying on tax reform last week. Embarrassment for a moral exemplar.

lending him furniture and contracting decorators. Tsakos says he did not pay her for investment advice.

To quiet the controversy, the Hatfields turned over their records to the Senate Ethics Committee. Former associates of Tsakos also filed sworn statements to the committee, charging that the financier had tried to buy Hatfield's support for the pipeline. The chronology of events is awkward for the Hatfields: the final check for \$10,000 was delivered only days after the Senator wrote a letter to Tsakos supporting the project.

Complicating matters further is the shady background of Tsakos. Washington Attorney Carl Shipley resigned last year as president of Tsakos' Trans-Africa Pipeline Corp. when he received an intelligence report from the Greek secret police alleging that Tsakos had a criminal record and once worked as an arms dealer. U.S. intelligence sources, Shipley says, largely confirmed the report. It is also believed that Tsakos may have sold American-made helicopters to Iran. Shipley passed along the charges to Hatfield. The Senator confronted Tsakos, but was satisfied with the financier's denial of the charges.

Running for re-election to a fourth term, Hatfield is having his integrity called into question for the first time in his career. He stoutly denies any wrongdoing. Says Hatfield: "There was not, is not, and never will be any connection between her real estate dealings and my senatorial responsibilities, including my support for a trans-African pipeline." —By Jacob V. Lamar Jr.

Reported by Neil MacNeil, Washington

Pulpit Politics

Religion enters the campaign

It is "unacceptable" for a politician who opposes abortion personally to favor free choice as a matter of public policy. So wrote James W. Malone, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Youngstown, Ohio, and head of the U.S. Catholic Conference, the executive agency of the 285 American Catholic bishops, in a formal statement released last week after portions of it had started to leak. He mentioned no names, but the position he assailed happens to be the one taken by a number of prominent Catholic politicians, most notably Democratic Vice-Presidential Nominee Geraldine Ferraro.

The bishop's statement thus seems likely to intensify a budding controversy over the proper role of religion in the 1984 campaign. The issue cropped up early this year with Ronald Reagan's fervent advocacy of school prayer, and erupted more recently in New York with a tense exchange between Governor Mario Cuomo, a Catholic, and Archbishop John O'Connor. Democrat Cuomo accused O'Connor of implicitly advising Catholics to vote against him and other officeholders who accept the church's insistence that abortion is morally wrong but contend that as public officials they have no right to impose that belief on others. O'Connor said he had only re-emphasized the church's traditional moral teaching.

That was also the stated purpose of Malone's pronouncement on behalf of the U.S. Catholic Conference. That body, said the bishop, believes "it would be regrettable if religion as such were injected into a political campaign." But, he asserted, the Catholic hierarchy has not just a right but a "need to join the public policy debate" by defining the moral principles that should guide political behavior, "with particular emphasis on abortion and nuclear war." On many other issues, Malone said, "there is room for sincere disagreement" on how moral guidelines should be applied to public policy, but on those matters involving "the direct taking of innocent human life" the bishops are speaking in accord with "the highest teaching authority of the church."

Obviously referring specifically to abortion, Malone sharply criticized "candidates [who say] their personal views should not influence their policy decisions." Said the bishop: "The implied dichotomy [between personal morality and public policy] is simply not logically tenable." Ferraro asserted, "I am amazed at how times have changed. Twenty years ago, people were afraid that John Kennedy would impose his religious beliefs on his decisions in Government. Now some people are afraid that I won't."



Bishop Malone

*Hatfield reported his spouse's income under the same provision of the Ethics in Government Act from which Geraldine Ferraro has claimed exemption.

Taking an Ax to the PACs

Critics of special-interest contributions fight back

"What is Representative Dan Rostenkowski going to do with half a million dollars in leftover campaign money? Take it with him?" So asked a full-page ad in Chicago's Albany Park News, deep in the district of the Democratic chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. "Who does Representative Mickey Edwards care more about? You and your vote? Or the auto dealers and their money?" So read another ad in the Ponca City, Okla., paper in Republican Edwards' district. Both ended with the same kicker, "Write and ask him."

The provocative ads, and eight others like them, are the first volleys in a new war against political action committees (PACs). Leading the PAC attack: Philip Stern, a Washington philanthropist and liberal Democratic activist who last September joined forces with New York Republican Whitney North Seymour Jr., a former U.S. Attorney, to form the nonpartisan "citizens against PACs." The group's goal is to pressure Congress into eliminating the corporate, labor union and special-interest PACs that make what Stern calls "ax-to-grind" contributions to candidates. Says he: "We want to make it uncomfortable for Congress to continue accepting PAC money."

Stern has mailed copies of his ads to every Senator and Congressman to put them on notice that their campaign finances might be similarly scrutinized. When Democratic Congressman David Obey of Wisconsin received his packet, he shot back a sizzling letter decrying the tactic as "immoral." Stern counters that every ad is meticulously documented and published only after a Senator or Congressman has been offered a chance to tell his side of the story. When Democrat Jeff Bingaman of New Mexico was asked why he did not return a \$10,000 gift from the American Medical Association PAC (AM-PAC), Bingaman replied forthrightly, "I can't afford to."

Indeed, elections have become so expensive that turning down funds from any legal source is difficult. Largely to blame,

ironically, are the post-Watergate reforms in the law governing election spending. Amended in 1974 to reduce the influence of wealthy contributors and end payoffs by corporations and unions, the law instead legitimized PACs, enabling individuals to band together in support of candidates. It also gave such groups an outside voice (a PAC can donate \$5,000 to both a candidate's primary and general-election campaigns, while an individual can contribute only \$1,000). The unintended result: in the decade since 1974 the number of PACs has grown from 608 to 3,803; in the same period, annual PAC donations have leaped from \$12.5 million to an estimated \$120 million. Says Republican Congressman Jim Leach of Iowa, a virulent PAC opponent: "It's a myth to think they don't want something in return."

Democrat Steve Sovern, who lost his bid for Iowa's Second Congressional Dis-

trict seat in 1980, remembers his first trip to Washington to solicit campaign funds. "I found myself in line with candidates from all over," he says. Each PAC asked the money-hungry hopefuls to fill out multiple-choice questionnaires on issues important to the PAC. If a candidate's views measured up, and he looked like a good shot to win, he got the money. Says Sovern: "The process made me sick."

It also moved him to act. In 1983 Sovern established LASTPAC (an acronym standing for Let the American System Triumph) to make Iowa voters aware of the moneyed influences entering state campaigns and to support national anti-PAC legislation. "It is the PAC to end all PACs," says Sovern.

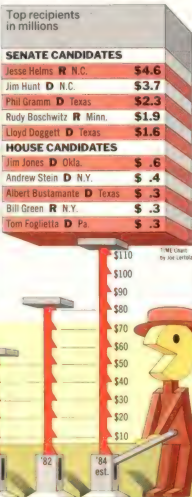
Through the activities of LASTPAC, Citizens Against PACs and the citizens' lobby Common Cause, PAC is becoming a dirty word and a campaign cudgel. Pressured by PAC-shunning opponents and an anti-PAC crusade by the Boston Globe, the leading contenders in this year's Massachusetts Senate race—Democrats James Shannon and John Kerry and Republican Elliott Richardson—are refusing PAC support. Complains Shannon: "We keep hearing how quiet this race is. Well, without PAC money no one can afford to be on television or in the newspapers."

Candidates who elect to run PAC-less campaigns, however, are still in a decided minority. Only two members of the Senate and eight Congressmen decline to accept PAC contributions.* No wonder: unless a candidate is personally wealthy or politically invulnerable, the highroad can be a short cut to defeat. Democratic Congressman Tom Harkin of Iowa, for example, takes PAC money even though he has voted repeatedly to limit PAC influence. Says a Harkin aide: "To refuse PAC money would be to lay down your sword when you know your opponent has a gun."

To make money less of a weapon, Activist Stern is lobbying to include the offices of Congressman and Senator in the legislation that this year will provide \$130 million in tax revenue for presidential candidates. Several bills now before Congress provide for public financing. But there is a practical roadblock on Capitol Hill: incumbents, who receive 77% more in PAC donations than challengers, have no desire to vote away their built-in advantage.

PAC opponents are confident that they will succeed eventually. "The confrontations over the PAC issue are going to get worse, not better," predicts Fred Wertheimer, president of Common Cause. "We all have the same goal to get rid of a rotten system that simply has to be changed." —By Susan Tift. Reported by Hays Gorey/Washington and Richard Hornik/Boston

*Democratic Senators David Boren of Oklahoma and William Proxmire of Wisconsin. Democratic Congressman Anthony Beason of California. Andrew Jacobs Jr. of Indiana and William Natcher of Kentucky. Republican Congressman Bill Archer of Texas. William Gooding of Pennsylvania. Willis Gradison Jr. of Ohio. Jim Leach of Iowa and Ralph Regula of Ohio.



JACKING UP THE ANTE

PAC contributions to congressional candidates in millions





A little competition

Ever since we invented it, people have been trying to top the Apple IIc Personal Computer.

In their exuberance, some competitors have resorted to kidnapping, espionage and patent theft trying to imitate the world's most popular and versatile personal computer.

But we're willing to let bygones be bygones. Being good corporate citizens, we thrive on competition. Even if we have to create it ourselves.

Hence, we'd like you to meet the new Apple IIc.

The first genuine imitation of the original Apple IIc.

As you can see, it's quite a bit smaller—about the size of a three-ring binder.

It weighs less than 8 pounds.*

It costs less than \$1,300.***

It comes complete with everything you need to start computing. Including a

free 4-diskette course to teach you how. An RF modulator that turns your TV into a monitor. And a gaggle of built-in features.

128K of memory—twice the power of computers twice its size.

A built-in disk drive that could cost \$400 if it weren't.

And built-in connections that let you add printers, modems and another disk drive without adding \$150 goodies called "interface cards."

Since it's an Apple II, the IIc can run over 10,000 programs. Including the software that's made the IIc the most popular computer in education.

A breakthrough of incredible proportions. 12" x 11" x 2 1/2"





n for the Apple IIe.

And advanced business software like AppleWorks, a three-in-one program that integrates word processing, electronic filing and spreadsheets.

The IIe is also on speaking terms with the whole family of Apple II computers and accessories. You can even add an AppleMouse—that clever little device that lets you tell a computer what you want simply by pointing.

Of course, the Apple IIe isn't going to take this kind of blatant

competition sitting down.

It can offer you up to four times more internal memory. And the option of a ProFile™ hard disk with



The IIe has built-in ports for making all the right connections.

external storage for up to 2,400 pages of anything you'd like to remember.

And the IIes still the most

expandable computer there is. So it can run a lab-full of test equipment. Or a basement-full of mainframes. Or a small family business.

Like Saudi Arabia.

So the only question is which II you need more.

An expandable Apple. As in IIe.

Or a compact Apple. As in IIc.

Just visit your friendly authorized Apple dealer.

And tell them the competition sent you.



*Don't let a mouse make you suspicious as all get out? Well, all this nice news is that the IIe alone weighs 7.5 pounds. The power pack, monitor, an extra disk drive, a printer and several floppies will make the IIe weigh more. Our lawyers were concerned that you might not be able to figure this out for yourself. **The FCC is concerned about price fixing, so this is only a Suggested Retail Price. You can pay more if you really want to. Or less. © 1984 Apple Computer, Inc. Apple, the Apple logo and ProFile are trademarks of Apple Computer, Inc. For an authorized Apple dealer nearest you call (800) 538-9696. In Canada, call (800) 268-7796 or (800) 268-7637.

The Satin™ woman has great taste.



The new engraved pack says great taste.
The Satin™ tip says great taste.
The rich Satin flavor says great taste.

Satin™ tip 100's



© 1984 B&W T Co.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1984

American Notes

CHILD ABUSE

Preying on Preschoolers

After policemen arrested three employees of a Bronx day care center on child-molesting charges, shouting parents milled angrily in front of the center. Thirty of the 135 children at the center had told investigators that they had been sexually abused. No sooner had the city-funded facility reopened last week than it was revealed that four other Bronx institutions were under investigation for similar reasons. Criticism centered on New York City's mammoth agency, the Human Resources Administration, which oversees 385 day care programs. The long-controversial HRA had been under a shadow since last May, when a city investigation found a subagency "seriously negligent" in the deaths of nine Brooklyn children between 1979 and 1981. The HRA director and one of his top deputies resigned after harsh criticism from Mayor Ed Koch.

Cases of child abuse also made headlines elsewhere in the country. New Jersey prosecutors are investigating reports of child molesting in nine state-supported and private facilities. In California, preliminary hearings got under way in the case of a private Manhattan Beach preschool that was shut down last November; seven teachers were indicted on 207 counts of rape, sodomy and sexual abuse. The prosecutor charged last week that one of the defendants drugged a seven-year-old boy to make him sexually compliant. Such horrific tales are becoming depressingly familiar. Said Bronx District Attorney Mario Merola: "This kind of child abuse has been going on for a long time."

CAMPAIGN FINANCE

Ferraro's Disputed Exemption



A change of heart

Geraldine Ferraro has handled with aplomb most of the questions thrown at her on the campaign trail. But she seemed evasive last week when asked why she has been so secretive about the income of her husband John Zaccaro, a wealthy New York real estate man. Like 20 other members of Congress, Ferraro has claimed an exemption from saying anything about a spouse's business activities in the financial-disclosure reports that all federal lawmakers must file.

Critics point out that the exemption is open only to a Congress member who has no knowledge of and derives no benefit from a spouse's business, but Ferraro is secretary-treasurer of her husband's company. The right-wing Washington Legal Foundation has called for an investigation by the House ethics committee. Ferraro said she would explain her reason for claiming the exemption in a letter to the committee but would not discuss it with the press. The mystery, in any event, will not last long. Under a different section of the same law, Ferraro as a vice-presidential candidate must report fully on her own and her family's finances. She promises not to claim any exemption and intend to "disclose more than I'm required to do."

DIPLOMACY

Tips for Travelers

When the U.S. issues a travel advisory, it is usually to keep Americans from getting caught in war zones. Last week the State Department took the unusual step of warning U.S. citizens to stay out of Leningrad. It is one of the most popular tourist destinations and the home of the Hermitage art museum. The State Department said Americans may be subjected to "unlawful, ar-

bitrary and unjustifiably embarrassing" behavior. The move came after an off-duty U.S. Marine consulate guard was beaten by six men and then arrested as he walked to the consulate at about 2 a.m.

In an article in *Izvestia* last week, the Soviets countered that the Marine had been rowdy and drunk and that the police had intervened only to save his life after he had wandered into traffic. Yet in the past six months, the U.S. claims, security agents or other Soviets in Leningrad have arrested, detained and harassed at least a dozen Americans, including diplomats, without provocation. Said a State Department official: "This is intended to convey our considerable unhappiness."



In Leningrad: the Hermitage museum

CONGRESS

Overdue Steps for Women

It could have been election-year politics. Or maybe it was a case of male guilt. Whatever the reason, Congress last week unanimously approved measures to redress long-ignored economic injustices borne mostly by women.

One bill provides tough new methods to collect child support from delinquent divorced parents. Less than half of the 5 million families who are owed support payments ever receive the full amount; a quarter never see a dime. Now deadbeats will have a portion of their salaries withheld or their property attached. Child-support debts will be reported to credit agencies, and the IRS will deduct past-due payments from tax refunds.

The other bill guarantees pensions for homemakers whose employed spouses die before retirement age and lets working mothers keep their retirement-plan credits if they leave their jobs to raise families. The pension measure was introduced three years ago by Congresswoman Geraldine Ferraro. President Reagan is expected to sign both bills into law this week.

MASSACHUSETTS

Violence in a Factory Town

It had been a long, hot, quiet summer—ominously quiet. Then came the most banal of incidents: a dispute over a shattered windshield. "One thing led to another," said Police Captain Samuel Aliano. Soon a section of the fraying factory town of Lawrence, Mass. (pop. 62,770), was a battleground of ethnic animosities. On consecutive nights last week, Hispanics and whites pelted one another with rocks, bottles and fire bombs. Some 40 local policemen, backed up by state troopers and SWAT teams, used tear gas and nightsticks against the mob. The authorities declared a state of emergency, imposed a ten-hour curfew, halted liquor sales and posted extra police in the area. By then a local bar had been ransacked, homes damaged by fire bombs and a liquor store gutted. Seventeen people had been hospitalized, half a dozen with gunshot wounds.



A rioter subdued by nightstick

"We always figured it would break out," said Aliano. "We didn't know the magnitude." After a tour of the site, Massachusetts Congressman James Shannon said, "What we have here is the frustration of people in need who are going after each other."

World

TERRORISM

Mystery Mines

The U.S. sends helicopters to the Red Sea

It was an extraordinary performance, even by the standards of the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini. Late last week the Iranian leader issued a statement denouncing his own state radio for applauding the unidentified terrorists who had planted mines in the Red Sea. Radio Tehran had lavishly praised that action, declaring: "All the arrogant powers are helpless, unable to save the dozens of ships facing destruction in the Gulf of Suez and the Red Sea every day. . . . Now Washington, Paris and London will not be able to find a secure place to stand in pursuing their scornful goals."

But Khomeini was not having any of it. He denounced the Red Sea mining, for which the shadowy Islamic Jihad organization had claimed responsibility, and he seized the opportunity to deny that his government had been involved in any recent airplane hijackings. Declared Khomeini: "How could we support something that is against world feelings, against Islam and against reason?" He added ominously that "serious measures should be taken in order to stop unsound statements on the national radio that defame Iran."

Khomeini's comments added fuel to speculation about conflict within the Iranian leadership over the country's costly war with Iraq, which took a more serious turn last week when Iraq claimed that it had attacked and destroyed several Iranian jets and warships in the northern reaches of the Persian Gulf. But Khomeini's remarks did nothing to resolve the mystery of the Red Sea mines. By last week at least 15 ships had experienced some sort of explosion as they plied the waters of the Red Sea on their way to or from the Suez Canal (see map), and there no longer seemed to be any doubt that sabotage was involved. Perplexed by the implicit threat to shipping in the Suez Canal, which his country controls, Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak appealed to the U.S., Britain and France for help, not only to clear the threatened shipping lanes but to solve the mystery. By week's end American Sea Stallion helicopters and British and French minesweepers were on their way to the trouble zone.

So far, the only suspect to have confessed was Islamic Jihad, the fanatical organization that admitted causing much of last year's terror in Beirut, including the April 18 car bombing of the U.S. embassy and the Oct. 23 attacks on American and French military facilities outside the Lebanese capital. Two weeks ago, a clandestine

radio station in Lebanon claimed that Islamic Jihad had planted 190 mines along the Red Sea and the Gulf of Suez.

The exact nature of the organization remains murky; indeed, many experts doubt that it really exists as a cohesive entity. "It's very mysterious," said a Western diplomat in the gulf last week. "It's not really one group at all, but an umbrella name for the work done by any number of smaller groups." Taken together, the units appear to work with the aid and support of Iran, but not as a single body.

More important, many Western experts doubt whether a terrorist organization could on its own carry out a task as logistically difficult as planting mines along the length of the Red Sea. Says a diplomat in the gulf: "Mine laying is beyond the capabilities of the usual terrorist group. A government has to be involved, but no government is going to take responsibility for this sort of terrorism." Speculation quickly centered on two radical Islamic nations with reasons of their own to disrupt Western shipping and embarrass Egypt: Iran and Libya.

Locked into its no-win war with Iraq for almost four years, Iran has been either unable or unwilling to launch a land offensive that has been expected since March. Iraq, deprived of its export facilities in the gulf, has been unable to transport enough oil over its remaining outlet via Turkey to meet its quotas under the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC). Work is expected to begin soon on two pipeline projects, including one that would cut across Jordan to the port of Aqaba, and another that would join with Saudi Arabia's pipeline and carry Iraqi oil to the Red Sea port of Yanbu. Iraqi officials talk of finishing one or both projects within 18 months. Together with the existing line that carries 1 million bbl. a day of Iraqi crude through Turkey, these pipelines would give Iraq an export capacity of 2.5 million bbl. a day, twice its present OPEC quota.

Thus the mining of the Red Sea could be interpreted as a warning to Iraq and its closest Arab allies, Saudi Arabia, Jordan and Egypt. The Saudis are cooperating with Iraq in the pipeline project as well as helping fund the Iraqi war effort. Jordan helps Iraq buy arms throughout the world, and then allows the weapons to be shipped through Jordan to Iraq. It also permits an estimated 90,000 bbl. of Iraqi oil a day to



One of four Egypt-bound helicopters being loaded





aboard a C-5A in Norfolk last week; below, on maneuvers in the Atlantic with a minesweeping "sled"

pass through Jordan by truck. Egypt annually sells Iraq \$800 million worth of locally manufactured arms and ammunition, while acting as a middleman in securing planes, tanks and other weapons from third countries. It has also contributed 30,000 volunteers to the Iraqi armed forces.

According to disaffected Iranian officials, the decision to mine the Red Sea is an aspect of the terrorism to which Iran is resorting in the face of military weakness and domestic troubles. The country confronts increasing difficulty in buying arms on the world market, partly because the U.S. has made an effort during the past two years to stop the flow of weapons not only from American suppliers but from U.S. allies as well. As a result, Iran today is manufacturing more and more of its own crude weaponry. There is little doubt it has the ability to make floating mines.

Egypt is also suspicious of its troublesome neighbor to the west, Libya. In April, several Libyan agents were captured, while trying to slip into Egypt. According to Egyptian authorities, the Libyans admitted that their mission had been to locate targets for Libyan sabotage. In another incident, a Libyan pilot defected to Egypt several months ago with his MiG-23. He told the Egyptians that he had been training for an attack on the Aswan Dam. Such a move would be devastating, since 95% of Egypt's 46 million people are concentrated in the Nile Valley. The Egyptians, who consider Libyan Leader Muammar Gaddafi to be capable of anything, think he may reason that a threat to Red Sea shipping would bolster Libya's lagging oil exports.

But who actually planted the mines, which appeared to be centered in four clusters along the length of the Red Sea and the Gulf of Suez? Egyptian military experts have established that several Iranian ships and one Lib-

yan vessel passed through the Red Sea not long before the explosions began. Interestingly, the Libyan ship is known to have sailed through the Red Sea from north to south, then reversed its course near Djibouti and returned to the north. On July 9, only a few days after the Libyan ship entered the Red Sea, the explosion occurred, damaging a Soviet container ship just five miles south of the canal. Since then, at least 14 more vessels have been hit, though overall damage has been light. The only apparent fatality occurred when a seaman disappeared and was presumed dead in an explosion aboard the Liberian-registered *Oceanic Energy* last week, but Western officials were not certain that this particular blast had been caused by a mine.



JOHN F. WHELAN

From the beginning, Egyptian officials were embarrassed by the explosions and tried to minimize their importance. They knew that their six antiquated minesweepers were not capable of clearing the entire Red Sea of mines, but they were also reluctant to call on the U.S. and other Western powers for help in solving the problem. As late as last week, the Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Defense, Field Marshal Abdel Halim Abu Ghazala, was insisting that the explosive devices, which he refused to call mines, "were not designed to destroy ships but to create confusion and make noise." Egyptian newspapers pointed out that traffic using the canal had remained constant at about 60 ships a day. But the problem was still unresolved. Nobody knew the number or nature of the mines involved, or whether they possessed timing devices that would cause explosions over a period of weeks or even months. As a Western diplomat in Cairo put it, "The Egyptians have not even been able to recover a piece of a mine, much less an intact one. So the mystery surrounding them and who planted them remains."

By week's end an international military operation was under way. Britain was sending four minesweepers and a support vessel, with a total of about 200 men, and France was sending two minesweepers and a support ship, in addition to three warships stationed in Djibouti. The U.S. had sent a 15-man team of mine-warfare experts two weeks ago, and last week dispatched four Sea Stallion helicopters, support equipment and about 200 men to join the search. Their mission was not just to destroy the mines but to find and analyze them first. A Sea Stallion, flying at an altitude of 200 to 300 feet, uses a "sled" to tow a sonar detecting system through the water. Once a suspected mine is located, the unit sends divers down to take a look at the object. With some luck, the divers are able to retrieve the mine and examine it for clues to its origin.

While the Egyptians and their allies were preoccupied with the mystery of the Red Sea mines, repercussions from the gulf war were being felt throughout the region. In the third hijacking involving Iranians since June, two young opponents of the Khomeini regime commandeered an Iranian Air jetliner and ordered it flown to Cairo and Rome, where they gave themselves up. In the gulf, after a respite of about four weeks, the Iraqis resumed the tanker war by hitting a Greek ship with an Exocet missile. As in the case of the explosions in the Red Sea, the renewed fighting served as a reminder to the world that the region's belligerents do not hesitate to draw outsiders into their conflicts. —By William E. Smith, Reported by Philip Finegan/Cairo and Barry Hillenbrand/Bahrain

World

POPULATION

A Debate over "Sovereign Rights"

U.S. views on capitalism and abortion stir controversy

They were dressed in Indian saris, African robes and Western business suits, and they spoke a cacophony of languages. More than 3,000 delegates from 148 nations crowded into Mexico City's Tlatelolco Center last week to attend the second United Nations-sponsored International Conference on Population. Their purpose was nothing less than to find ways to curb the growth of the world's population, which threatens nearly to double to 8.3 billion by the year 2025.

The most controversy was generated not by the depth of the problem but by the attitude of the U.S., which accounts for 44% of the developed world's contributions to global family planning. In his address, Radio Free Europe Director and Chief U.S. Delegate James Buckley announced that the U.S. would redirect its financial assistance to organizations that do not promote abortion as a method of family planning. Said Buckley: "This reflects a sharpening of focus to make U.S. foreign assistance programs more responsive to true needs and more reflective of fundamental values."

Buckley also angered many delegates by emphasizing the Administration's view that the solution to the world's population problem lies not just in family planning but in the adoption of free-market policies. "Concentration of economic decision making in the hands of planners and public officials," he said, "tends to inhibit individual initiative and sometimes cripples the ability of men and women to work toward a better future." Buckley cited the examples of Hong Kong and South Korea, in which increases in population were accompanied by rapid economic growth because, he said, the private sector has been allowed to flourish.

Although federal law already prohib-

its the use of U.S. funds for abortions in other countries, the new policy threatens to go further. It would cut off funds to private organizations that perform or actively promote abortion. The U.S., Buckley said, will continue to support the United Nations Fund for Population Activities and other agencies, but it will require that they provide concrete assurances that funds are not being used for abortion or "coercive family planning," a reference to forced sterilization. In addition, any government that practices or promotes abortion as part of its family-planning program will have to assure Washington that U.S. money is not being used for that purpose.

Delegates from other countries criticized the U.S. position as an inappropriate attempt to impose American values on the rest of the world. Formal speeches avoided direct attacks on the U.S., but the phrase "sovereign rights," meaning that each country should be able to choose its own population-control program, cropped up repeatedly, even in the statements of industrial nations friendly to the U.S., like Australia and West Germany. In the corridors, however, diplomatic façades gave way to resentful, at times bitter, comments. "The U.S. may be concerned about abortion," said Satpal Mittal, a delegate from India, where an estimated 15 million abortions are performed annually, "but it cannot impose its view on the free world." The U.S. attempt to advocate a capitalist model worldwide is unrealistic, some contended, because not all poor countries are capable of developing in the way the West's indus-

trialized nations did. "Times are different, and governments have to take a positive role in all kinds of programs," said Mwai Kibaki, Kenya's Vice President. "Even if it were true [that rising standards of living lead to reduced population growth], the time schedule is 100 or 150 years. No one has the right to ask the developing nations to wait."

Many delegates attacked the U.S. policy as an election-year move designed to appeal to conservatives and Catholic voters loyal to the Vatican's antiabortion stance. Buckley strenuously denied the charge. Said he: "Ronald Reagan's views on abortion have been known since long before he was President, so he has already alienated those who support abortion and gained support from pro-lifers."

Some of the bluntest criticism came from private organizations. Sharon Camp, vice president of the Washington-based Population Crisis Committee, refuted the U.S. correlation between rising incomes and falling birth rates.

In Mexico, she pointed out, a rising income level in the 1960s did not help birth rates fall significantly until the government initiated a family-planning program. At the same time, Thailand and Indonesia lowered their birth rates through family-planning programs, but still have comparatively low income levels. The Reagan position, she said, is "full of voodoo demographics. It is a very simple-minded analysis that ignores ten years of experience since the last conference."

The London-based International Planned Parenthood Federation (I.P.P.F.), the largest nongovernmental family-planning organization in the world, does not advocate abortion, but it condones the practice when it is part of an individual country's program. Under the new U.S. policy, the organization stands to lose some \$13 million in U.S. aid, or fully 25% of its budget. I.P.P.F. Deputy Secretary General Donald Lubin pointed out that of the 89 countries receiving I.P.P.F. grants in 1983, only twelve had abortion programs. "If they do cut the money, that would mean cutting back on programs, and ultimately, more abortions."

Some population specialists argued that, whatever one's own views, many countries need abortion programs. According to a World Bank survey, some 65 million couples in developing countries want no more children. Until methods of birth control become more easily available, many of these people will continue to seek illegal abortions. Yet, despite these considerations, the conference in its final proposal recommended that abortion "in no way should be promoted" as a method of family planning.

—By Laura López.

Reported by Janice C. Simpson/Mexico City



America's Buckley



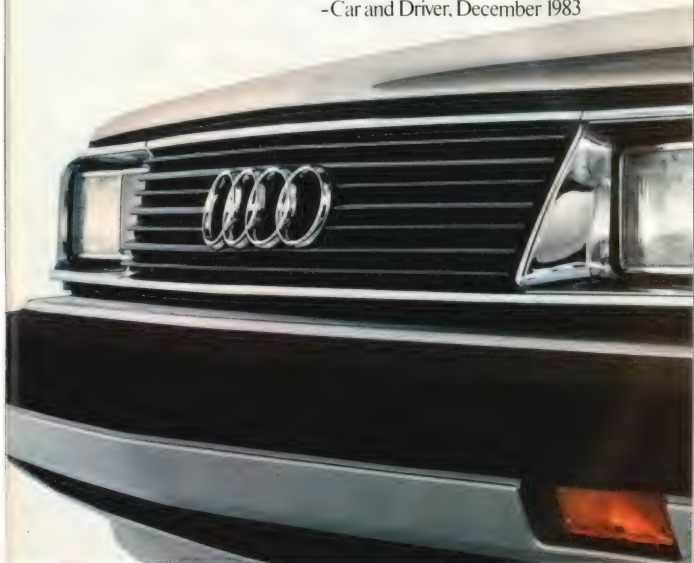
A cacophony of languages and a diversity of views: delegates in Mexico City

"No one has the right to ask the developing nations to wait."

"At Audi the future of the automobile is being decided."

©1984 Porsche-Audi

-Car and Driver, December 1983



Have you noticed where the great developments in automotive engineering have been coming from?

Many of them have come from one place: From Audi.

They have come from a group of hand-picked engineers working under a man they respect: Ferdinand Piëch, Audi's Chief of Research & Development in Ingolstadt, Germany.

Consider these Audi engineering achievements:

The five-cylinder gasoline engine. A six would have been too big and heavy; a four would not have been smooth enough for the kind of luxury car Audi had in mind.

It was the innovative five that made the Audi 5000 feel just right.

The quattro permanent all-wheel-drive system for sports coupes and sedans: A major breakthrough in performance and driving safety that increases mobility about 100% on wet or snowy roads. This all-weather system enabled the Audi racing quattro to win the World Rally Championship. It was recently introduced on the Audi 4000S quattro at \$16,830*.

Audi 5000S & 5000S Turbo: The technology that makes these the most aerodynamic luxury sedans sold in America also makes them two

of the quietest.

We solve problems. Audi's engineers proved the world's fastest luxury sedan need not be the most powerful, and started an aerodynamic revolution that sent the industry back to its computers and wind tunnels.

Many people believe Audis are beautiful. We believe they are buying them in record numbers for more important reasons. For your nearest dealer, call toll-free 1-(800) FOR-AUDI within the continental U.S. *Mfr's sugg. retail price. Title, taxes, transp., registration, dealer delivery charges add'l. **PORSCHE + AUDI**

Audi: the art of engineering.

**WHAT DO
YOU DO WHEN
YOU'VE SET
THE STANDARD
FOR FAST
DELIVERY?**

**YOU SET
A NEW ONE.**



It's hard to imagine not being able to call Federal Express and be confident your important packages and papers can be just about anywhere in the country, overnight.

It's even harder to imagine improving on that kind of performance.

But we have a very good imagination. And we used it to invent the service we're introducing here. It's called ZapMail™ and it's incredible.

ZapMail can get high-quality duplicates of important original letters, memos, charts—just about anything up to 11" x 14"—to thousands of communities in two hours.

ZapMail works without any special equipment

other than a phone and this number: 1-800-238-5355. When you call, a Federal Express courier will come by, pick up your material and transmit a high-quality copy to another courier, who will then deliver it. All in two hours. Your original comes back to you by 10:30 A.M. the next business day, or you can have it forwarded, for an extra fee.

For more information on ZapMail, call 1-800-238-5355 or write us at Federal Express Corporation, P.O. Box 727, Dept. **TB93**, Memphis, TN 38101-9976.

You'll find that even though it took quite a bit of imagination for us to dream up ZapMail, it takes very little imagination for you to dream up ways to use it.

**FEDERAL EXPRESS INTRODUCES ZAPMAIL.
THE TWO-HOUR DOOR-TO-DOOR DUPLICATE.**

It's More you.

*It's long.
It's slim.
It's elegant.*



© 1988 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

World

UGANDA

Tarnished Pearl

Charges of wanton violence

Before the seven-truck convoy of Ugandan soldiers moved into Namugongo, the village was known primarily for its shrine commemorating the martyrdom of 45 Christians who were burned alive in 1885. But in a modern-day massacre, by the time the troops left last May they had ransacked the town, executed an Anglican priest and tortured and killed as many as 100 villagers. When army units swept north through the Karamoja region, there were reports of more atrocities. After driving more than 20,000 farmers and cattle breeders from their homes, the soldiers obliterated villages, killed livestock and destroyed fields so that nothing would be



Obote addresses a political rally

Fears that the army may be out of control.

left for those brave enough to return.

"Cambodia, African-style." That is how some Westerners describe Uganda today, five years after the fall of Dictator Idi Amin Dada. They contend that the government of President Apollo Milton Obote, whom Amin deposed in 1971 and who returned to power in 1980, has caused the deaths of as many as 100,000 Ugandan civilians and brought another 150,000 to the brink of starvation in a ruthless campaign to wipe out guerrillas. "We had hoped that the country would continue to make progress away from the terrible Idi Amin years," said U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights Elliott Abrams during a congressional hearing last week. "But in recent months repeated reports of large-scale civilian massacres, forced starvation and impeded humanitarian relief operations indicate that Uganda has one of the most serious human rights problems in the world today."

The Ugandan government responded that all the talk of human rights abuses was "highly distorted." It announced the suspension of a \$100,000 program to train Ugandan officers in the U.S. and barred

an American military attaché from entering the country. Congress, meanwhile, took steps to slash \$7 million from \$9 million in aid to Uganda.

At one time known as the "Pearl of Africa," Uganda has been beset by tribal rivalries ever since it won its independence from Britain in 1962. The once powerful and privileged Baganda tribe in the south has chafed under a central government and army largely controlled by Langi and Acholi tribesmen from the north. The discontent has given rise to a ragtag insurgent movement that has tried to disrupt Obote's efforts to reassert control. The government has taken brutal countermeasures. Ugandan soldiers have destroyed villages and crops and herded civilians into detention camps in an effort, as Abrams put it, "to dry up the civilian sea that the guerrillas swim in."

U.S. officials say that the Ugandan army has never been adequately trained or disciplined. Incidents of random violence have increased in recent months, and some analysts suspect that the army may be out of Obote's control. Underfed and poorly paid, soldiers roam the country in gangs, setting up roadblocks to rape and rob hapless travelers. Funeral announcements on the radio and in the press refer more frequently now to "sudden death," a euphemism used when the deceased has been killed by the army. Says a U.S. expert: "They can't end the guerrilla movement so they seem determined to demoralize it by killing off civilians."

The Reagan Administration has frequently said that private pressure is more effective in reducing human rights abuses than public campaigns. U.S. officials were continuing to consult with the Obote government last week. But as a frustrated analyst observed, "We can't just sit here and wait for quiet diplomacy to work while people continue to be hacked to death." ■

ZIMBABWE

One-Party State

Announcing a hard left turn

When black-ruled Zimbabwe was a white-ruled Rhodesia, it was a bastion of conservatism and free enterprise. But last week, after four years of independence, Prime Minister Robert Mugabe, 60, declared his intention to transform the former British colony into a one-party Marxist state. The announcement was greeted with enthusiasm by the 6,000 delegates and visitors who had gathered at a race track in the capital of Harare for the first congress in 20 years of Mugabe's Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU). The meeting was conducted in the finest leftist tradition, from rhythmic hand clapping to the playing of the *Internationale*. Proclaimed one banner: LONG LIVE OUR MARXIST-LENINIST PARTY!

In a three-hour address larded with ideological clichés ("the running dogs of

imperialism," "the exploited class"), Mugabe pledged to make Zimbabwe a "great and prosperous nation" under Marxism and the ZANU party. He admitted that "we made some mistakes along the way, but these were honest mistakes." He mentioned organizational errors, as well as misplaced trust in party leaders who "betrayed the [ZANU] cause."

Not joining in the acclaim for Mugabe's speech were rival Black Leader Joshua Nkomo, white former Prime Minister Ian Smith and Bishop Abel Muzorewa, who served as Prime Minister during the transition from white to black rule and who has been detained without charges since November. Nkomo, whose guerrillas joined forces with Mugabe's during the struggle for black majority rule, was booted out of Zimbabwe's coalition Cabinet in 1982 for allegedly plotting to overthrow the government. "Any coercion leading to the one-party state is



Mugabe at last week's party congress

A three-hour speech larded with clichés.

digging a grave for Zimbabwe and will lead to disaster," Nkomo said last month. Smith, whose Conservative Alliance holds seven of the 20 seats reserved for whites in the 100-seat House of Assembly, charged that one-party rule would "mean we are prepared to forgo our freedoms, the basic fundamental rights enshrined in the United Nations charter."

Under the constitution painstakingly negotiated with Britain before independence, Mugabe cannot alter the basic structure of the country until 1987-88. His government remains partly dependent on British financial assistance, notably to complete an ambitious land-reform program that involves resettling by next year some 162,000 homeless families on government-purchased land. But Mugabe has said that he plans to call a general election early next year, and that he would interpret a big victory as a mandate for a one-party state. Even if he can persuade Nkomo's party to merge with his own, thereby co-opting the black opposition, he will have to convince the country's 90,000 to 100,000 whites that they still have a role to play in the country. ■

World



Miskito fighters pass through an Atlantic coast settlement after an antigovernment foray

CENTRAL AMERICA

Indians Caught in the Middle

A jungle war flourishes over the right to land and autonomy

Of all the territory caught up in Central America's diverse wars, none is less hospitable than the steaming jungles, malarial swamps and sluggish rivers that make up Nicaragua's Atlantic coast. There, bands of Miskito Indians, their uniformed shoulders draped with bandoliers, travel on foot, by leaky dugout canoe and on horseback. Using modern, U.S.-made M-16 automatic rifles and M-60 machine guns, they are carrying out a hit-and-run campaign of harassment and sabotage against the government. Their mission: to regain the ancestral lands and autonomy that they feel were taken from them by the Sandinistas who have ruled Nicaragua for the past five years.

Some 65 miles south of Nicaragua's border with Honduras, at a cluster of settlements known as Tasba Pri (Free Land), Sandinista officials hail what they describe as a model of revolutionary Indian development. Everything is new, from the tin-roofed wooden houses to the local schools and clinics. Equally new are the residents, some 8,500 Miskitos who were forcibly moved to the settlement two years ago from 42 villages near the Honduran border. A blanket of benign restrictions governs

Tasba Pri; the residents are free to travel, for example, only after they apply for permission. Above all, the newly domesticated Indians are forbidden to enjoy the kind of free-roaming, communal existence that was the Miskito heritage for centuries before the Sandinistas took power.

The problem is as old as the European conquest of the New World. Between 86,000 and 110,000 Miskito, Sumo and Rama Indians, members of tribes that had lived for centuries in relative isolation from the rest of Nicaragua, are now locked in a battle for the survival of their culture and life-style. Since the Sandinistas took power, escalating clashes between the natives and the revolutionary government have slowly developed into something approaching a full-scale Indian war. An estimated 3,000 to 4,000 Miskitos have taken up arms against the Sandinistas, operating from Honduran and Costa Rican bases with covert U.S. support. Hundreds of Indians have died in the conflict, while an unknown number have been imprisoned, often without charges. Some 20,000 Indians have been forced by the Sandinistas into relocation camps such as Tasba Pri; another 21,000

have fled to Honduras and Costa Rica.

The size and bitterness of Nicaragua's Indian war have long been obscured by the broader hostilities between the Reagan Administration and the revolutionaries in Nicaragua. The Sandinista government has painted the native rebels as mere pawns of the CIA. Similarly, Washington has lumped the Miskito guerrillas together with the entire fractious spectrum of 15,000 active anti-Sandinista rebels known as the *contras*. As a result, the Miskitos have been tarred with conventional political labels, even though the Indians have jealously guarded their own goals within the loose *contra* alliance. Says Tom Hawk, Central American director of World Relief, the humanitarian arm of the National Association of Evangelicals: "The Miskitos are being used by everybody. They are caught in the middle."

The Miskitos and the much less numerous Sumos and Ramas make up at most 4% of Nicaragua's 2.9 million people. Their traditional lands include most of the country's northeast region, which to the Sandinistas has strategic value as a buffer against Honduras. The underpopulated and economically neglected Miskito territory is a trove of timber and gold. Less than a year after they took power, the Sandinistas began to seize control of the area by transferring authority over land ownership to the state. Eventually they launched a direct assault on the Miskitos by proclaiming an agrarian reform law that, according to Miskito leaders, ignored traditional Indian claims and set up rules for giving Indian land to others. The Miskitos so far have received only four land titles, totaling 37,152 acres, for nontraditional farming cooperatives at Tasba Pri.

Privately contemptuous of the Miskitos as "politically and culturally backward," in the words of a Sandinista *commandante*, government officials shunted aside the Indians' "councils of elders" in favor of tightly controlled Sandinista defense committees operating on orders from the capital. When a native association known as *misurasata* tried to raise the issue of Indian autonomy, the organization was disbanded. The *misurasata* leadership, headed by a young Miskito named Steadman Fagoth Müller, fled into

Women train for war at a camp near the Honduran border



In a canoe on the Coco River, preparing to infiltrate Nicaragua



exile and began to organize an armed resistance. Meanwhile, the Sandinistas turned on the other major pillar of Miskito society, the Moravian Church,* as "counterrevolutionary." As harassment led to violent encounter, the Sandinistas finally committed what is widely considered a massacre of as many as 50 Indian workers near the town of Leimus in 1981. When the Indians struck back, the Sandinistas began their relocation, and warfare started in earnest.

In a cautiously worded report issued in May, the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights of the Organization of American States reviewed a shower of accumulated charges against the Sandinistas. The accusations have ranged from illegal killings, disappearances and torture to indiscriminate air attacks on Miskito settlements, unlawful expropriation and cultural genocide. The commission recommended that the Sandinistas hold a conference of reconciliation with the Miskitos to improve the situation. The Nicaraguans accepted the idea in principle, but balked at calling such a meeting, the commission reported, under "prevailing circumstances."

TIME's Jon Lee Anderson recently joined a squad of 20 Miskito rebels on a foray by boat that ended some 80 miles inside Nicaraguan territory; the guerrillas eventually camped in a mangrove swamp near a Miskito settlement south of the coastal town of Puerto Cabezas. At dusk, several of the rebels approached the village. The residents were friendly: women prepared food for the guerrillas, while a young instructor at a local Sandinista center for popular education complained about the pressures for political conformity from the revolutionary regime. Commented Leonard Zuhiga, 46, the Miskito rebel commander: "The village protects us. The Sandinistas know the people help us, but they can't do anything about it."

Lately, the government has embarked on a new scheme to address the demand for a separate Indian identity. "We want the Miskitos to organize and elect representatives who can tell us their thoughts," explains William Ramirez, the Sandinista commander of the Miskito region. In June the Sandinistas for the first time named a Miskito, Myrna Cunningham, 36, as civilian governor of North Zelaya province, the Indian heartland.

Last month 300 delegates convened at Puerto Cabezas to organize a regional Indian council that is ostensibly designed to give the Miskitos a recognized political voice. Says Cunningham: "I think people are ready for the responsibility." The trouble is that the new council shows signs of being a consultative "mass organization," without legislative power. The Miskitos are not likely to accept such a cosmetic institution in exchange for the rest of their identity.

—By George Russell.

Reported by David DeVoss/Tasha Pri

*A communitarian Christian sect, the Moravians began proselytizing American Indians in the 18th century. An estimated 80% of Nicaragua's Atlantic coast residents are members.

Tracking the Arms Pipeline

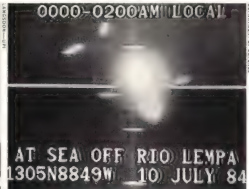
The U.S. presents new evidence of Nicaraguan meddling

Time and again, the Reagan Administration has charged Nicaragua with running a secret arms pipeline to the Marxist guerrillas of El Salvador. The insurgents deny the accusation, claiming that they capture most of their arms from U.S.-supported Salvadoran troops. Last week, in a bid to prove its case as Congress considered a request for additional military aid to El Salvador, the Administration opened its intelligence cupboard wider than ever before.

The most intriguing exhibits were blurry "low light" television footage taken from U.S. AC-130 reconnaissance aircraft off the Salvadoran coast. According to General Paul Gorman, head of the U.S. Southern Command in Panama, one series of images showed a Nicaraguan "mother

156 of the rifles had been sent to U.S. forces in Viet Nam during the 1960s; only 40 were delivered to the Salvadoran army. The evidence, Gorman said, suggested that the weapons were supplied by Viet Nam through Cuba and Nicaragua. Likewise, captured Chinese-made grenade launchers bore serial numbers in sequence with those of identical weapons captured by U.S. troops in Grenada. The U.S. explanation is that all the launchers were part of the same shipment from Cuba.

Impressed by that information and by the performance in office of Salvadoran President Jose Napoleon Duarte, the Senate, by a 69-to-29 vote, granted Reagan's request for \$117 million in supplemental military aid to El Salvador for the fiscal year ending Sept. 30. In a surprise turn-



Southern Command's Gorman; television image purporting to show an arms transfer at sea

From Cuba to Nicaragua to El Salvador via ships, canoes and mules.

ship" unloading crates into small seagoing canoes. The canoes then sped toward shore near El Salvador's Lempa River, where the cargo was packed onto mules and taken inland. To novice viewers, the film sequence resembled nothing more than a series of large and small white blobs. Gorman insisted, however, that the film showed only about 60% of what the reconnaissance crew could see clearly through night-vision goggles.

Gorman also traced an earlier shipment of guerrilla munitions from its April 28 arrival on El Salvador's Pacific coast. The weapons, he said, were moved north by backpack and mule train up to the provincial capital of San Miguel. After a battle on May 6, Salvadoran government troops found Bulgarian-made ammunition and a North Vietnamese mortar sight that Gorman said "probably" arrived in the April 28 shipment. Then Gorman displayed a map discovered at a guerrilla campsite on May 25. The crude chart showed "safe routes" nearly identical to those that Gorman had earlier outlined.

The general offered intelligence tracings of the serial numbers on 214 U.S.-made M-16 rifles that were discovered in a guerrilla cache on July 27. No fewer than

around two days later, the House voted 234 to 161 to approve \$70 million of the Administration's request.

In Nicaragua, meanwhile, the Sandinistas announced that they will withhold political privileges from a coalition of opposition parties, businessmen and labor unions that so far has refused to take part in presidential elections on Nov. 4. The move would limit the opposition's freedom of expression. Both sides were still seeking a compromise, but the threat is bound to undercut Nicaraguan claims that the elections are a manifestation of political pluralism. Further grounds for skepticism about Sandinista intentions came last week in the Miami *Herald*, which published remarks allegedly made in May by Bayardo Arce Castaño, a member of the country's nine-man National Directorate. Arce reportedly told members of a small Marxist-Leninist splinter party that the elections were "bothersome" and indicated that they had been scheduled only because of U.S. pressure. According to the *Herald*, he invited his audience "to begin to think about eliminating all this, let's call it facade, of pluralism... which has been useful to us up to now. That has reached its end."



WE'RE GIVING

People, know-how and state-of-the-art communications.

Motorola's best people and products will play a vital role in making the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics the smoothest run and best coordinated in history. In addition to providing communications equipment for the U.S. team, we'll be installing, operating and maintaining complete radio communications systems for the Games.

It's an immense project, demanding extraordinary performance from our people and equipment. We're happy to accept this challenge, because it gives us an opportunity to show the world how good we are at what we do.

More than 300 Motorolans will be working behind the scenes, providing supervision and technical expertise. They'll help link together all aspects of the Games through tightly-knit radio communications and wide-area radio paging that will cover a 200-mile region. Thousands of Motorola 2-way radios and

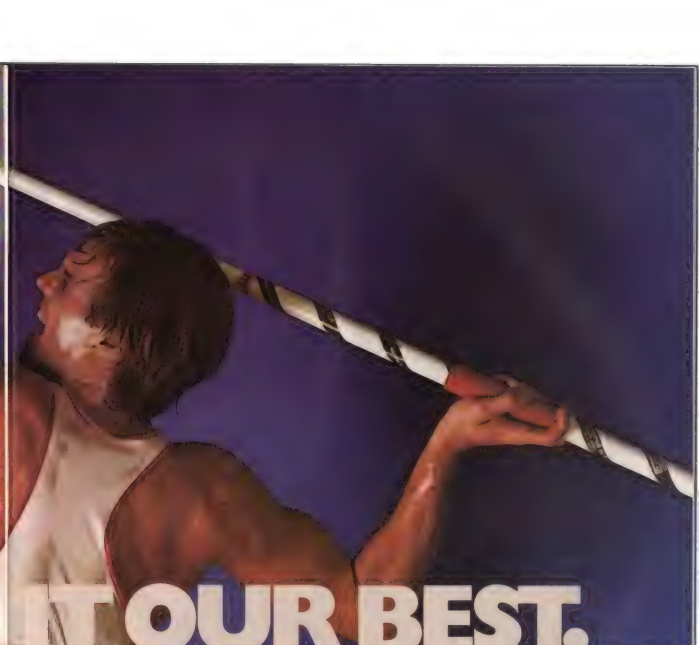
paggers will be in use—in the Olympic villages, at competition sites and by personnel enroute. Here's a brief look at some of them.

DYNA TAC Cellular Portable Telephone. The world's first and best portable phone. This compact, hand-held unit will enable key personnel to call any phone in the world from their cars, street locations or even from seats in the stands.

MOSTAR Trunked Mobile Radio.

This multi-channel, 2-way radio will be installed in hundreds of vehicles, allowing game officials and security people to hold private, interference-free conversations while on the move.





IT OUR BEST.

That's how Motorola supports the 1984 Olympics.



EXPO "Handie-Talkie" FM Radio. Our rugged, pocket-sized 2-way radio will aid coaches and trainers in coordinating practices, and prove useful to spotters and sports commissioners. No larger than a pager, the EXPO performs beautifully in the toughest environments—dust, water and temperature extremes.

OPTRX Display Pager. The versatile OPTRX pager will furnish information to delegation heads, Olympic officers—anyone needing instant data. It offers

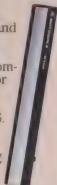
visual display messages up to 80 characters long, making it ideal for statistics and scores. The OPTRX will be tied into the International Telex Network, allowing pages from overseas

to be received in seconds.

SENSAR Pager. This compact pager will be an invaluable aid to managers of Olympic events and the press. The world's smallest pager, SENSAR offers big features, including message storage.

Go with the best. The same state-of-the-art communications equipment that will be working for the 1984 Olympics can work for you. For more information, write or call us toll-free: Motorola, 1301 E. Algonquin Road, Schaumburg, IL 60196. Phone: 1 (800) 367-2346, Ext. 84.

Tomorrow's communications today.



MOTOROLA
Communications and Electronics Inc.

Grand Old Party

Hold on to your hat—this time, it's the Republicans' turn to party! And if you've got Cable News Network, you've got the best seat in the house.

Nobody else brings you this close to the action. With more live coverage than CBS, NBC and ABC combined. And the chance to phone in your own votes on the campaign's hottest issues.

Find out how our democracy really works. Come to the party with CNN.

CNN

CABLE NEWS NETWORK

The Network of Record

**REPUBLICAN
CONVENTION**

**Live, today
through
Thursday!**

World Notes

ISRAELI

What Price for Unity?

Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres was a man of two minds last week, after President Chaim Herzog charged him with the task of forming a new government. Peres had to decide whether to join forces with outgoing Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, leader of the Likud bloc, in a broad, bipartisan coalition, or try to build a narrower alliance of his own by enticing some of the 13 smaller parties. He conferred twice with leaders of the National Religious Party in an effort to pick up enough seats for a Labor-led majority; he also met twice with Shamir for talks on a government of "national unity."

The notion of a Labor-Likud coalition enjoys enthusiastic public support. But Peres may not be willing to pay the price that the Likud has set for its cooperation: it wants Shamir to stay on as Prime Minister. There are also deep differences over other issues. Labor supporters were angered last week when, with backing from the Shamir government, four Jewish families established a new settlement in the town of Hebron. Labor favors a freeze on settlements in the occupied territories, and the surprise move was certain to add another stumbling block to unity talks.

HUMAN RIGHTS

Passing Along the Word

The call came late at night. "Hello, it's me," said a voice at the other end. "Can you come over for a few minutes? I have something to tell you." The American reporter recognized the caller: it was a Soviet citizen with close ties to the dissident community. He was eager to pass along word that Nobel Peace Prize Recipient Andrei Sakharov had ended the hunger strike he began more than three months ago and was being held in a hospital. The news came from friends who had spoken to Sakharov's wife Yelena Bonner. She reportedly also told them that she was awaiting trial on charges of "anti-Soviet slander," a crime punishable by up to three years of hard labor. She had incurred the authorities' wrath by acting as her husband's link to the West.

One day after the telephone call, other Soviets told Western reporters that Bonner had written two letters to friends in Moscow in which she said she did not know what had happened to her husband, but that she was expecting to go on trial soon. Her friends believed the letters were intercepted and then released by Soviet authorities in order to let the world know of the impending trial.

CHINA

Humpty Dumpty, Peking-Style

The Great Wall, which snakes across some 4,100 miles of northern China, has long been a symbol of national unity. Today the world's longest man-made structure also symbolizes disintegration. According to the *Peking Evening News*, more than half of the 100-mile segment within Peking's municipal limits is in ruins. One 19-mile stretch in Miyun county has virtually disappeared. The collapse is due partly to erosion and neglect through the ages; much damage was also done by peasants who expressed their contempt for tradition during the Cultural Revolution (1966-76) by ripping off pieces to build houses and pigpens. Local authorities are now promising to



Peres at unity talks

compensate citizens who return pieces of the pilfered masonry.

Five Peking newspapers have mounted a fund-raising campaign to help put the wall back together again. The drive has already attracted around \$250,000 in contributions. The project will not be completed for several years. Until then, the Great Wall will continue to look, as Peking Journalist Su Wenyang puts it, "like a great sleeping dragon covered with cuts and bruises."

BURKINA FASO

A Name for All the People

Located on the southern edge of the Sahara, it is one of the poorest countries in Africa, with a per capita income of \$210 a year. Its 6.7 million people have been suffering from recurring drought that has caused widespread hardship and political instability. This month Upper Volta shed the name that the French bequeathed along with independence 24 years ago. President Thomas Sankara, 34, who seized power last year, decreed that his country would henceforth be known as Burkina Faso.

The change is but the latest of a series that has kept cartographers busy as independent African nations shed their colonial past. The new name was derived from two of the country's main languages. In More, spoken by some 3 million people, *burkina* means "ancestral home"; *faso* means "those who are dignified" in Dioula. Sankara also redesigned the flag and commissioned a national anthem that can be performed with traditional instruments. "Our new name represents a psychological and spiritual change," explains Minister of Environment and Tourism Basile Guisso. "It will help revolutionize the way people think and help them deal with the modern world."



President Sankara

NORWAY

A Rivalry over Roots

Mundal (pop. 150) is in the heart of Norway's scenic fjord country, and cruise-ship guides point it out as the place where Walter Mondale has his roots. Although nearly all Mondale's relatives left for the U.S. 130 years ago, the name evokes considerable civic pride. At the Mundal Hotel, where Mondale stayed in 1979, Manager Billie Orheim displays a guest book that reads, "Joan and I were thrilled to return home!"

But across the fjord in Vangsnes (pop. 270) some folks, including Mondale's fourth cousin Gunda Langeteig, have a different view of history. Mondale's great grandfather, Frederick Vangsnes, was a native of Vangsnes, the town, she says. He went across to Mundal, where he married Brita Mundal and for some reason took her name. "If he had not done so, Walter Vangsnes would be the Democratic presidential candidate," she declares. The fjord rivalry has risen along with Mondale's fortunes. "We are not interested in a fight over which place has the thickest Mondale roots," insists a Mundal resident. Even so, one elderly Vangsnes man offers this advice: "The next time Mondale crosses the Atlantic, he had better visit both sides of the fjord."



Whence came the Mondales?

OLYMPICS

What It Was About

The Olympics end: with glory, with anguish and reason for all to be proud



Could the celebration have been richer if the competition had been better? America's Olympics closed with the usual expressions of hope, as the

five-ring flag was passed from Los Angeles to another neutral location, Seoul, Korea, where doom is expected again in four years, and the athletes will probably come through once more. The XXIII Olympiad was handsome and bright, not completely smog-free but, as British Runner Steve Cram said, "You should see it where I live," just outside Newcastle. Bringing a world of people to Los Angeles did seem a little like fetching coals to his neighborhood, but the capacities of the freeways were not overloaded. The capacities of the citizens were overlooked.

In off years the reasons for having Olympics tend to fade, but the proof of value is fresh now in the faces of the athletes. Certainly nowhere else in sports, and maybe nowhere else at all, do the emotions show through the contests so clearly or compellingly, to the point of dominating first the action and then the results, finally becoming a theme more powerful than any one anthem or all of them combined. There must be a lot of great Communist Greco-Roman wrestlers around the Soviet Union and East Germany, but no one spoke of hollow victories in boycotted company at the moment of burly Jeff Blatnick's memorable tears. It staggered him and everyone else. And the financial stripe of Mary Decker's shoes stopped being a topic of much interest once they became tangled in the loose limbs of a dramatic child, as Decker fell by the wayside of her lifelong race. Bare-foot Zola Budd of South Africa and England padded onward in tears and boos, but her heart appeared to have dropped beside Decker. So that was the outcome of the Games' great confrontation: a double knockout.

How delicate they all really are, and how fragile their dream. For every flying Carl Lewis there is a fallen Mary Decker, and the fullest appreciation of sport requires both. Joan Benoit breezes in gracefully from her marathon, while Gabriela Andersen-Schiess lurches along grotesquely behind, and the picture-memory of the spectators develops into a compos-

With just one giant leap, Lewis floats through the air to his long-jump victory

ite of both images—the terrific and the terrible—much more touching as an entry than either could be individually. The happiest circumstance, of course, is when they take turns. First U.S. Gymnast Mary Lou Retton rejoiced as Rumania's Ecaterina Szabo sighed, then a couple of days later Ecaterina laughed and Mary Lou made a petulant face. The athletic world, like the real world, is seldom so equitable. Fairness is not really the essence of sport.

Partly because of new events inaugurated for women—the cycling road races, the marathon, even synchronized swimming—the Games had a strong feminine strain. They also had an unavoidable American flavor. Two of the world's three best teams were missing, after all. The first American gold-medal volleyball team was thoroughly unbothered by the asterisk. Nationalism was rampant but ugliness restrained. The boxing mobs were as sour as the judging: it is probably too soon to tell Evander Holyfield, a U.S. light heavyweight disqualified for not pulling his punches, that in the end this headache may end up distinguishing him from the crowd of champions. The ironies of the Games usually outlast the scores: Swimmer Rick Carey is criticized for preferring a world record to a gold medal; Carl Lewis is blamed for the reverse.

The second best long jump in Olympic history, 28 ft. ¼ in., thrilled Moscow four years ago when East German Lutz Dombrowski accomplished it. By the exact measurement, although a slightly dif-

ferent standard, Los Angeles was a little disappointed with Carl Lewis. He reached that distance on his first jump, fouled on the second and folded the rest. If it was more than a foot less than he could have done, it was almost a foot more than he had to do. Stopping was good track and bad theater: some of the \$60 customers, not including Bob Beamon, booted. "My friend lives," murmured Beamon, referring to a 29-ft. 2½-in. companion of his, a record now 16 years old.

Just the workaday production of Lewis is superlative, but in conserving his strength so calculatedly over the four-medal haul, he never completely strained either his own talent or anyone else's imagination. And the effect was not enhanced by his omnipresent moneymen or the press releases and voice tapes he sent to the victory conferences in lieu of himself. In a humorous snag, Lewis charged that he was "misquoted" by newspapers reporting his declaration: "If someone had jumped farther, I would not have come back." It was on his cassette.

First, two Saturdays ago, he won the 100-meter dash. As the aficionados put it, Lewis was fast and Sam Graddy only quick. The time was 9.99, the margin comfortable. Then the long jump, and it could have been mailed in. "My strategy will be the same as always," he announced beforehand, "to pop a very big jump early and make everyone chase after me. If I feel 'on' after my first jump, I

might take a second." For a personal Olympic motto he chose: "A gold medal is first. The world record is last." If his priorities did not earn admiration, there was at least irony in the boos. Criticized by some for grandstanding too smoothly in order to build his public image, he was being ragged now for his insufficient pursuit of glory. "I understand why he didn't jump," said Rival Larry Myricks, no friend of Lewis', adding, however, that in the same situation he would have tried. Said Lewis later: "I was booted because they wanted to see more of Carl Lewis. In a way it kind of flattered me."

Before the 200-meter race something special seemed afoot, but Lewis could rouse only victory. One of his legs was complaining quietly and he decided, "I just want to get the race over with." He looked tired to Tom Tellez, his Houston coach. "He wasn't smooth. There's been a lot of pressure on him. Only Jesse Owens would know how Carl Lewis feels after the last few years of expectations." The 19.80 Carl dashed off was no embarrassment though. Only Pietro Mennea of Italy (19.72) and Lewis himself (19.75) have run the 200 in a faster time. Mennea was in the race, incidentally, as he has been in four straight Olympic 200 finals since 1972. Imagine, a sprinter achieving such a thing, age 32. "Carl Lewis will never do it," the Italian said after finishing seventh, not meaning any unkindness. "He will run the fastest 200 some day, but he will never be back for four Olympics."

Down and out but recovered from the initial shock of her fall, Decker watches in anger as the race goes on without her

BURKETT—CONTACT



Three Americans swept the 200; up the track they stopped and lighted on one knee with Lewis in the middle banded Kirk Baptiste and Thomas Jefferson in his long arms. Afterward again the prepared statement: "It was great to jog around holding the flag with two other guys and not just by myself." Now only the relay separated him from Owens, and Lewis appeared ready to go all out. "I have three guys that are unparalleled in front of me." Though early-round under-studies are permissible in the relay, he staffed every round. "If anyone drops the baton," Tellez said, "he wants to be the one."

The baton passed smartly from Sam Graddy to Ron Brown to Calvin Smith, whose only role in the Olympics was this 100-meter leg. Smith's famous early burst won the lead, and Lewis' 8.94 split topped off the first world record of the Olympic track meet: 37.83. Lewis' sister Carol, who had failed to make the finals in the women's long jump, greeted him with a bouquet and a heart-shaped balloon—hearts and flowers. "This has been the time of my life," he said. "I'm tired emotionally and physically. The world record lifts me up." He planned to celebrate by jumping fully clothed into a swimming pool.

Decker's Olympic epitaph is the saddest one, that she never had the chance to succeed or fail. Without challenge, almost

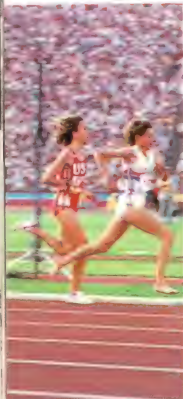
invisibly, formidable Rumanian Maricica Puica finished the ill-starred race with her yellow hair flying. It was the Games' inaugural 3,000-meter run for women, another piece to the creeping acknowledgment of their athletic competence. Puica looked eminently competent, and not being able to see her hooked up with Decker in the stretch was a sore loss. In 1972 Decker was just starting out as little Mary, 14, not yet contrary, who ran so extremely hard, her bones occasionally came out of their sockets. A major reconstruction job on her shins kept her from Montreal in 1976. A war in Afghanistan stopped her in 1980. "Obviously, myself and the Olympics don't have a very good relationship," she said after the crash last Friday night.

Stirred by Benita Fitzgerald-Brown's victory in the women's 100-meter hurdles, the audience was ready for a main event, but unprepared for a drama deeper than a race. The pack holds no attraction for either Decker, 26, or Budd, 18, front runners in every sense. They would naturally fight for the lead, where they could ignore the jostling and bumping behind them. A half-stride ahead on the outside at the 1600-meter mark and in tight quarters with Decker, Zola was knocked first abobble and then akimbo (see box). Deck-

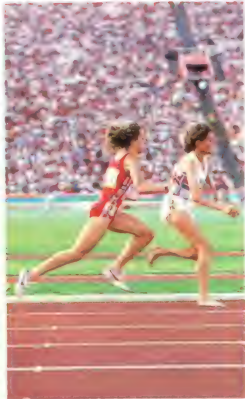
er, meanwhile, could not have been flipped so unexpectedly if someone in the infield had stuck out a cane. Budd's left leg had angled out so oddly that she could not have done it voluntarily, much less intentionally. Bleeding from a spike hole in her left ankle, where Decker's foot had hit her, covering from the booing, Budd dropped back to seventh.

Immediately, Referee Andy Bakjian, an American, ruled that she was disqualified, but the British appealed to an eight-member board, which swiftly reinstated her. After studying numerous television replays and discussing every known rule of track etiquette, nobody except Decker seemed absolutely sure there was a foul, let alone who committed it. Cornelia Buerki of Switzerland, also South African-born, had a respectable view from the back of the pack. "I would say it was Mary's fault," she said. "She was trying to pass Budd on the inside and spiked Zola's Achilles. Zola couldn't help anything because she couldn't see in the back of her head." Instantly, ABC Commentator Mary Liguori thought Budd's inexperience was the culprit, but he changed his mind the next day: "Both runners could have done something to avoid it. Both aren't blameless. Neither is guilty."

Not that it can be any consolation to her, but Decker never looked so attractively human. Her running expression is



Budd's foot grazes Decker's thigh



Decker pitches forward, grabbing Budd's number...



... and tumbles onto the grass infield

either vinegary or no expression at all, and there has always been an edge to her that seemed chilling. Trying to leave the field under her own power, crying as hard as she ever ran, Decker faltered before reaching the tunnel and was lifted up into Fiancé Richard Slaney's arms. He is a discus thrower on the British team, and they are massive arms. Set down on a small flight of steps in the tunnel, she accepted condolences from all the other runners but one. "Don't bother," she told Budd, who once kept a photograph of Decker tacked on her bedroom wall, the one in South Africa. "Zola Budd tried to cut in basically without being ahead," said Decker, who added she would have pushed Budd but feared newspaper headlines and disqualification. "I should have pushed," she said. They will push each other in the future.

In the Olympics, where femininity is literally put to the test, the right to trudge 26-plus miles had been withheld from women until this year, when unsinkable Benoit, 27, of Maine and Andersen-Schiess, 39, of Switzerland came to opposite conclusions in the marathon. "I was extremely comfortable the entire way. It was a very smooth, happy, training-run atmosphere," said Benoit, whose 2-hr. 24-min. 52-sec. frolic was dramatic only in light of the arthroscopic knee surgery she underwent 17 days prior to winning the



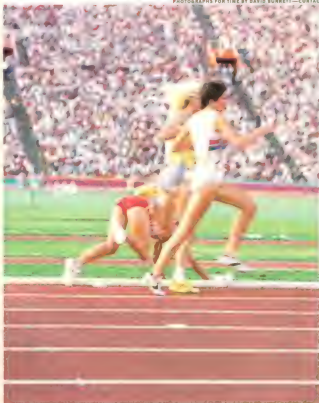
The Winner: Puica of Romania

U.S. trials in May. For death-defying suspense, the spectacle of Gabriela reeling to a 37th-place finish was the most prolonged horror of the Games. She is a ski instructor in Sun Valley, Idaho, grotesquely adept at staying upright. Nobody in the Coliseum could either help, touch or help being touched by the looniness of the long-distance runner.

For such a momentous event, history's fastest all-woman marathon began in a quaint setting at the compact track of Santa Monica City College, where the mood was suitable for a high school pep rally, and so few tickets were sold at just \$4 a head that the gates eventually were thrown open to all. Being a 5-ft. 3-in. feather in the wind, Benoit found that just 50 jostling women caused a terrific congestion. She hurried into the clear under a delightful painter's hat with the bill brushed back. About three miles out, Benoit ran away completely and was astonished when no one kept up. "I didn't complain," she said. "I just sort of followed the yellow brick road."

The other side of vainglory, Benoit is so down-home she picks blueberries and puts them up in preserves. Responding to a question about fame, she referred to her impending marriage: "People have wondered whether I'm going to keep my maiden name. Well, I'm going to drop it

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT



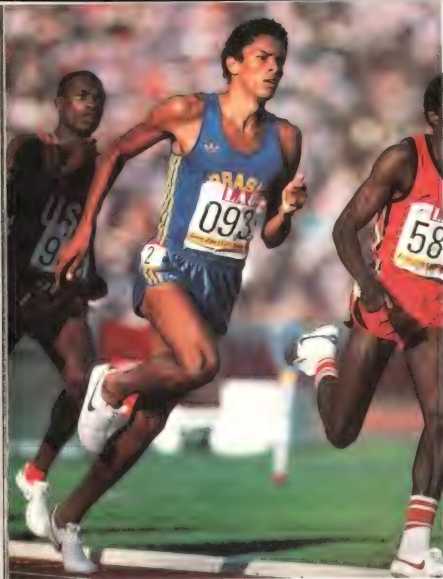
Wendy Sly of Britain and Puica avoid the falling Decker

A Bump, a Spike, a Fall

Just past the halfway mark of the 3,000 meters, Mary Decker and Zola Budd were running at the front of the pack when Budd pulled ahead by half a stride and began to crowd Decker in the inside lane. Coming out of the turn and into the straightaway, the two bumped. Budd lurched slightly but recovered. Six strides later, her left foot grazed Decker's right thigh, causing her to reel off balance. Her left foot suddenly splayed out wildly—directly in Decker's path. As Decker took her next step, her right foot came down hard on the inside of Budd's left ankle, gashing the South African and drawing blood. Budd's face contorted in pain as she staggered, but she kept her balance. At the same moment, Decker screamed and toppled forward. As she went down, her right hand reached out for balance and grasped Budd's number, ripping it off her back. Decker landed hard on her left hip as she crashed in the grass infield. She lay sprawled face down for several seconds, grabbing the back of her left thigh with one hand, pathetically clutching Budd's crumpled number with the other. "My first thought was, I have to get up," Decker said later. "But as soon as I made the slightest move I felt the muscle tear or pull." She tried to rise but could not. "I felt I was tied to the ground, and all I could do was watch them run off."



Sprawled next to Budd's crumpled number, she grasps her thigh in agony



Brazil's Cruz won the 800 meters; Coe took the 1,500, the only man ever to win it twice in a row



as quickly as I can." It even crossed her mind that rushing out so far ahead might be "showboating," but only if she faded along the way. A banner from Bowdoin College (her alma mater) made Benoit grin, and a mural of herself on a building prompted her to look away. "I'm not trying to make any statement," she said. "I run because I love to run."

Norway's gaunt and great Grete Waitz finished second, 1 min. 26 sec. late, without encouraging any discussion of her chronically creaky back. It had been in severe spasm the day before. Benoit was "too strong," said Grete, who had never before lost a marathon that she finished. By the halfway point, according to her old Norwegian saying, "the train had already left." Waitz was one of the few runners who viewed the Swiss straggler with a totally unmixed emotion: "I would have taken her right off the track. I don't like to watch that." Benoit sighed, "She had come so far," but had to agree. "Nothing is more important than life."

Before anyone could read women's frailty into the issue, Benoit added, "Wait until you see some of the men Sunday," when the race would be later in the day, and the cloud cover figured to be less. Aside from Pheidippides, the gasping Greek who established the marathon distance in his farewell appearance as a messenger, the most famous Olympic swooner before Andersen-Schiess was, of course, a man: Dorando ("Wrong Way") Pietri, an Italian who mislaid the finish line in 1908 in London. When last the Los Angeles Coliseum greeted a winning Olympic marathon champion, he was Juan Carlos Zabala of Argentina, in 1932. Zabala would have finished a poor tenth to Benoit.

Maybe because they had not collected any gold medals since 1968, U.S. women runners celebrated their victories most animatedly, fumbling with flags and even tumbling with coaches. None appeared more joyful than Valerie Brisco-Hooks, 24, now the only 200 and 400 double winner of any sex in all Olympic history, and the first American to win three gold medals in track and field since Wilma Rudolph's unprecedented triple in 1960. Two-and-a-half years ago, Brisco turned away from track to marry former N.F.L. Pass Catcher Alvin Hooks and have a son. Once Alvin Jr. grew old enough to attend workouts and the sport began to call her back, she discovered the amazing power of motherhood. "I know for a fact that it gave me extra strength. It's easier for me to work out well now." She is one of ten children raised in Los Angeles, the only daughter of three to follow her brother Robert to foot racing. He was killed by a stray bullet while running on a high school track in 1974. "I was close to Robert," she said.

Before the 200-meter race, its most remarkable feature was Florence Griffith's Howard Hughes-length fingernails gaily lacquered in red, white and blue. She had the sticker fingernails, but



Moses' form in the 400-meter hurdles was, as always, impeccable

He won the gold medal easily, his 105th straight victory in his specialty

Brisco-Hooks the happier feet. As she screamed through the curve, her 21.81 time made it two Olympic records for her, and the U.S. won the women's 4-by-400 relay on the last day of competition. Her trademark bulky glasses were discarded for contact lenses; a row of braided bangs fell across her forehead like a beaded door hanging. She ran like a cougar, like Evelyn Ashford.

At last Ashford's position as the world's finest sprinter was confirmed in the 100-meter dash. Since she was twelve, and she is 27 now, none of Ashford's records and all of her dreams have been set at the Olympics. But she has been awakened frequently by nightmares: in 1979 she ran away from the best international 100 and 200 fields, celebrated East Germans Marlies Göhr and Marita Koch included, at the World Cup. But by 1980 her fine, fragile legs were popping strings, and they could not be summoned to try out for a symbolic team. Ashford posted her world record 100 (10.79) in Colorado last summer to chill the East German runners awaiting her in Helsinki. But she arrived there, as usual, grabbing her right hamstring, which she racked in the heats and wrecked in the finals. At the Olympic trials in June, taped as tautly and poignantly as Mickey Mantle, she won the 100 but could not finish the 200. "To be injured at the trials put a fear in my heart," she admit-

ted. How many rehabilitation programs before a person quits? Well, Ashford finally held together for the Olympic 100.

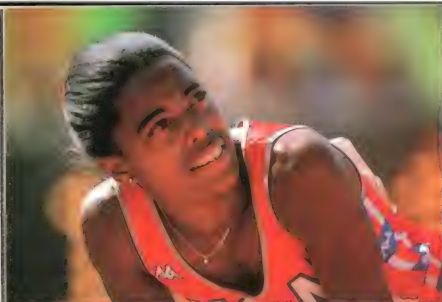
The world's fastest fragile female runner is now also the only sub-11-second woman in the history of the Games. "I have the world record, and I'm the Olympic champion," she announced to herself. On the victory stand she held the gold medal out with her thumb to look at it. "I don't know what, but something came over me and I couldn't stop crying." She thought, "My God, it's over. I've done it. I can rest in peace." But no: "I'll continue to compete as long as I have speed." The new gold-medal class had been too long catching up to the last one, Madeline Manning and Wyoming Tyus, to stop running now.

In the melancholy absence of Czechoslovak 400 and 800 World Record Holder Jarmila Kratochvilova, 33, the mortal women of the 800 all brought a reasonable hope to the start. But Eastern Europe turned out to be well represented after all by Rumanian Doina Melinte and an associate—American Kim Gallagher might say, an accomplice—Fita Lovin. At about the 600-meter station, Gallagher heard them conversing ("I thought that was strange"), and her ears burned. Just as Gallagher, 20, was about to unleash a figurative kick, she absorbed a literal one in the heel, broke stride and ended up finishing a slightly indignant second to Melinte,

who denied any conspiracy. "I still feel good," Gallagher confessed. "Starting in the Olympics is a thrill, but finishing in them is a relief."

Edwin Moses knows the feeling. For seven years, 105 victories, 90 of them finals, Moses has maintained complete custody of the 400-meter hurdles he gained title to unexpectedly at the Montreal Games. Streaks always include a burden, but by some quality of grace, dignity most likely, Moses has run the course and won the crowd. Carl's entrances into the Coliseum may have been slightly louder, but Edwin's were appreciably warmer. Moses is no less a capitalist, though he hands out surprisingly precise figures (\$457,000 earned last year, maybe double that sum now), along with agreeably straight talk. "Amateur athletics is just a play on words. No one can run hurdles as fast as I can. No one can run the 100 as fast as Carl Lewis. We're the professionals in our fields."

He is better at describing pressure than demonstrating it: "I do feel it," he said, "probably more than anyone else. It's like going to your execution 14 times a year." But the reflection is better in Wife Myrella's eyes. She hurled a few barriers of her own to get to him on the track afterward. "For four years," she said simply, making it sound profound, "all you think of is the Olym-



Ashford won a gold in the 100 meters, then came back for another in the 4-by-100 relay



Benoit, left, and El Mourhachel celebrate their victories; Brisco-Hooks sets for her winning 400



pics." Together they wept. The last man to defeat Moses, West German Harald Schmid, admitted the night before the race that he aspired only to the silver. Behind American Danny Harris, who accidentally interfered with him, Schmid fell one slot short. "I wasn't sure I could win any medal," the West German shrugged. "I saw the American trials." Despite nine consecutive losses to Moses, he will try again. "The chance is always there. I don't think I'll ever give it up." At the same time, Moses denied that he will quit soon. But he did not say, as he likes to say, "When I beat a guy who is 18, I feel 18." He felt good and 28.

When the other U.S. hurdler supreme, Intermediate Specialist Renaldo Nehemiah, abdicated for the love of the San Francisco 49ers two years ago, Greg Foster was the party to whom he bequeathed the favored status. A touchy fellow sometimes, Foster was more pleased to have received the gift than to have had to hear about it ever since. The Games were supposed to lead him into the sunlight, but instead they gave him a new football player to shadow. University of Pittsburgh Defensive Back Roger Kingdom caught Foster by a 03 blink, and neither of them even realized it until the replay lit up the scoreboard first and Kingdom next. In Foster's opinion, "It was a false start and they didn't recall it," but he showed a new side in losing to a man and not a memory. Graciously, he accompanied Kingdom on his victory lap, as Bronze Medalist Arto Bryggare of Finland watched them. "I was looking for a rare race to beat Foster," he said. "Kingdom had it."

If the 800- and 1,500-meter races have not been British realms in the time of Steve Ovett, 28, and Sebastian Coe, 27, they have at least been British subjects. Ovett and Coe split those gold medals in Moscow, but by three and four years, they were the senior members in the final heat of the Los Angeles 800, which introduced a new legend, the Brazilian Jantorena. Joaquim Cruz, 21. "In my country football [soccer] is first, then volleyball," he said. "Track and field is last. I hope this will change something. I hope, I can't tell you my feeling, it is too strong." Cruz's streamlined ease moved Coe, the world record holder (1981) and 800 runner-up, to say poetically, "Clocks have nothing to do with Cruz." Joaquim locked away the race in overdrive. "This man doesn't worry about the speed he's running," said Coe. "The guy was just a little bit stronger, just a little bit fitter and just a little bit faster, just when it really mattered. He is a supreme champion." And it was Cuban Alberto Jantorena's 1:43.50 Olympic record of eight years ago that he broke.

From either end, the 800 was compelling; the straggler was Ovett. Just to make it into the final eight, he had required a desperate dive in the semi. "Steve," said Seb softly, "don't you think we're getting much too old to play around with this

It takes
one year to
grow an orange...

and seconds
to make it
sensational.



Bacardi rum and orange juice.
Stir up a sensation! Splash a jigger of Bacardi light rum over ice
in a tall glass with 5 oz. of natural orange juice. So bright and tangy you'll
wish you had discovered it sooner.

BACARDI_® rum. Made in Puerto Rico.

BACARDI AND BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED © 1984 BACARDI IMPORTS, INC. MIAMI, FL. RUM 80 PROOF

Newport's



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

©1966 U.S.A. - 1964

Newest



Box 100's



Alive with pleasure!



"The pioneer spirit that pushed the railroads across America drives many of today's emerging growth companies."

Robert E. Brennan, President, First Jersey Securities

Only 150 years ago much of this country was still rugged frontier. Enterprising men and women seeking opportunity could travel by wagon and canal boat, but the trip required courage and took months.

The opening of the transcontinental railroad in 1869 changed all that. By cutting coast to coast travel from five months to one week it united the nation, opened up the West and ushered in an era of extraordinary economic growth.

Populations and cities boomed. In ten years Kansas gained 432,000 inhabitants. Commerce exploded.

Huge markets in cattle and grain were created. By 1900, U.S. trains carried nearly half the world's freight.

Today that same pioneer spirit that built the railroads inspired hundreds of small to midsize companies whose new ideas, new jobs and new technologies will push back today's frontiers.

First Jersey Securities is a nationwide investment firm providing capital for such emerging growth companies. If you are an investor with vision and want to discuss current investment opportunities, please contact us.



First Jersey Securities, Inc.

50 Broadway, New York, NY



New York, NY • San Diego, CA • San Mateo, CA • Denver, CO • North Palm Beach, FL • St. Petersburg, FL • Atlanta, GA • Columbia, GA • Mount Pleasant, SC • Shawnee Mission, KS • New Orleans, LA • Denver, MA • Great Falls, MD • Raleigh, NC
Charleston, NC • Pittsburgh, PA • Piedmont, PA • Tucson, AZ • Woodbridge, NJ • Buffalo, NY • Springfield, IL • Garden City, NY • Naperville, IL • Rochester, NY • Columbus, OH • Cincinnati, OH • Houston, TX • Houston, TX • Irving, TX • Ft. Lauderdale, FL • Long Beach, CA • Long Beach, CA

Come grow with us

kind of fire?" Hyperventilating and hacking a bronchial cough, Overt finished eighth and doubled over for air. "It was as if someone pulled the plug out of my main system," he said. All along the last lap, he had been thinking, "This is an Olympic final. Don't drop out." And later: "For God's sake, don't faint." Gratefully, Overt made it from the track to the tunnel, but once there he began to feel clammy and claustrophobic. "That was the last I saw of the world until I woke up in the hospital." He stayed two days. On the third day he returned to the track with a pasty face to win a slow heat in the 1,500. "The last night I stepped on an Olympic track, it was not going to go out on a stretcher. It's a matter of pride."

But then he did go out on a stretcher again in the final, lasting to the bell lap in the thick of the field before casually stepping into the infield and melting. Neither Cruz nor South African Expatriate Sydney Maree made it even to the starting line, the strapping Brazilian having to excuse himself from the semis with flu, and Maree waiting until the last week to give in reluctantly to a slow-healing knee. Black or white, the South Africans who changed countries in search of sport found no glory in Los Angeles. Coe won the milers' race, emitting a defiant and uncharacteristic shout at the finish, presumably toward Fleet Street. The penny press has given Coe a couple of rough years, but he is the first man in Olympic history to repeat in the 1,500. "It took me back to some of my better races," he said.

The men's 400 was advertised not only as a splendid match but as a juicy grudge between Jamaican World Champion Bert Cameron and chaty Antonio McKay of the U.S. "I just set my sights on the guy in front of me and chew him up, blip, blip, blip," boasted McKay. "I'm going to destroy Bert Cameron." Dismissing McKay's threat, Cameron checked the field, including two beautifully named Nigerians, Sunday Uti and Innocent Egbunike, and mused, "Alonso Babers is so relaxed when he's running. Maybe McKay should be watching him instead of me." So it happened that Cameron was injured in the semifinals, and in the end McKay finished third to Babers, a U.S. Air Force lieutenant about to begin pilot training—jets, naturally. McKay pushed his forehead into the track and rocked with embarrassment.

Gabriel Tiacoh's silver medal in the 400 was the first of any kind for the Ivory Coast. Morocco got two golds, including Said Aouita's in the 5,000 meters. Casablanca-born Nawal El Moutawakel won the women's 400 hurdles to give Morocco its first, also thought to be the only medal ever won by an Arab woman. When someone handed her a flag to flap about the Coliseum, she cried into it instead, explaining, "The people in my country have hoped this." A gang of

Americans intended to monopolize the discus throw with 230-ft. throws, but a goateed West German in dark glasses, Rolf Danneberg, won instead with a modest fling of 218 ft. 6 in. He looked mortified.

Another happy scene: the Joyner siblings of East St. Louis, Ill., finished practically together on the same night, although in an ironic order. Al has always been the plodder, Jackie has always been the star. But as she was winning the silver in the heptathlon, he was winning the gold in the triple jump. Al qualified for the final on his last attempt, but won it on his first, a hip, hop



With four gold medals his target, Lewis scored a bull's-eye
"I think Jesse would have liked this guy."

and leap of 56 ft. 7½ in. Not that he stopped jumping, though he did pause once to run the infield curve near Jackie in the 800, her climactic ordeal. Leading narrowly after six events but obliged to stay within a couple of seconds of Australian Glynis Nunn, she slipped three seconds behind and lost by a mere five points (6,390 to 6,385). The long jump, her staple usually, betrayed her when she managed only 20 ft. ½ in.

The hulks of the infield tossed their anchors and made their muscles, but rather obviously missed the boycotters. Nobody can handle a ball and chain quite like a totalitarian. It did not spoil his mood too much when opening-day Flagman Ed Burke missed the finals in the hammer throw. "Just because I didn't advance doesn't mean I didn't enjoy it," he said. Should some young U.S. hammer thrower be inspired, he will be pleased. "They need to learn how to compete," he said kindly. "A lot of them are marshmallows." The winner,

Finland's Juha Tiainen, sighed, "It's not the same without the Eastern bloc countries."

In the high jump, the celebrities were World Record Holder Zhu Jianhua of China and Dwight Stones of the U.S., but the winner was Dietmar Möggenberg of West Germany. He never missed at any height until everyone else was out and, alone with the bar, he tried raising Zhu's 7-ft. 10-in. mark by a half-inch. Möggenberg was not distressed when he failed twice. Both Zhu, 21, and Stones, 30, went out at 7 ft. 7½ in., but with fewer misses, Zhu got the bronze. Stones went out smiling, though. "At least you have four years to look forward to," he told Zhu.

Two Frenchmen and two Americans argued it out in the last stages of the pole vault. Only Mike Tully of the U.S. deigned to try at 18 ft. 6½ in. and casually cleared. Pierre Quinon of France went over comfortably at 18 ft. 8½ in., while Countryman Thierry Vignerone and the other American, Earl Bell, fell out. Tully passed. Again on the first vault, Quinon surmounted 18 ft. 10½ in.

Tully failed once more. But they both failed the next height, and therefore Quinon, 22, won. "I am young and learning," he said, "perhaps how to lose mostly, but how to win this time." Vignerone, a 19-ft. vaulter who lost his world record some time ago to Soviet Sergei Bubka, observed Quinon coolly. They are not close. "It was a very difficult competition," complained Vignerone. "due to the fact that Americans were rooting for Americans."

David Albritton, 71, cheered the Americans as he watched on television in Dayton, where he no longer coaches high school track—not officially. A silver medalist in the Hitler Games of 1936, a high jumper, Albritton was Jesse Owens' best friend.

They roomed together both at college and in Berlin. On the subject of people rooting for one another, Albritton might have some knowledge of what Jesse would have thought of Lewis' equaling his four gold medals. "Different times, different circumstances," he said, "different places, different people. Nobody will ever be Jesse. If Carl is fortunate, he will always be Carl. Neither one of them is stumbling stock, you know."

"I think Jesse would have liked this guy. He never resented his records' being broken. It kind of made him happy. Owens was special. Lewis is special. He grew up thinking of Jesse, and now some kids will grow up thinking of him." It is a pleasant thought. These were good Olympics both for making and reprising memories. With his second victory, British Decathlete Daley Thompson brought back Bob Mathias. With her three gold medals, Valerie Brisco-Hooker recalled Wilma Rudolph. The happy side of these Games was.

—By Tom Callahan. Reported by Steven Holmes and Melissa Lutfke/Los Angeles

OLYMPICS

Call This Briton Great

Running, jumping or throwing, decathlete Daley Thompson was a winner



Just a year ago, Daley Thompson mailed a postcard to Bob Mathias, the only man ever to win two decathlon gold medals (in 1948 and 1952). "I'm going to get you," the card said with the jocular pointedness that is Thompson's singular way. Last week, after the two days and ten events that test for the title of world's greatest athlete, Thompson, 26, the cheeky, irrepressible winner of the 1980 decathlon, had made good on his challenge. He did not make it look easy, but he managed to make it look like fun.

To catch Mathias, chunky 6-ft. 1-in. Thompson had to clamber over statuette-like 6-ft. 6½-in. Jürgen Hingsen, the "German Hercules" who holds the decathlon world record. In style and personality the two duellists are a classic study in contrasts. Thompson the Dionysian, Hingsen the Apollonian; the fiery full-back and the shining knight. Thompson, an infectious extravert from a working-class neighborhood of London who blithely chatters away whether or not anyone is listening, treats the field of play as though

it were an enormous sandbox. Hingsen performs without wasted motion or emotion, intently striking the perfect form even in his warmups.

In a running repartee beforehand, Hingsen said Thompson's braggadocio made him think of Muhammad Ali; Thompson called his rival "Hollywood Hingsen" because of his Burt Reynolds mustache and his perpetual golden tan. Hingsen predicted he would win the gold. Thompson replied, "There are only two ways he is going to bring a gold medal home; he'll have to steal mine or win another event." Thompson has added an eleventh event to the decathlon: clowning around. He came to one press conference sporting a floppy hat, then doffed it, revealing his head swathed in bandages. "All this talk of Hingsen is giving me a headache," Thompson said in his lilting London accent. In their four international head-to-head contests, though, Thompson had never lost.

In the first event last week, Thompson powered his way to 10.44 sec. in the 100 meters, equaling his best time in a decathlon. In the long jump, roaring down the runway on his third try, he flew 26 ft.

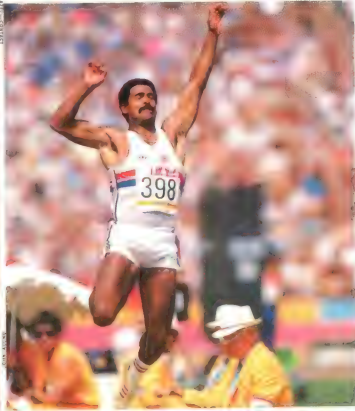
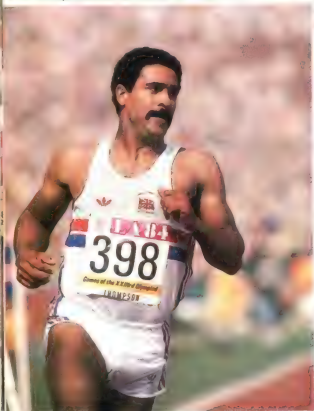
3½ in., 8¼ in. ahead of the West German, and good enough to have placed fifth in the regular competition. The shotput should have been an event in which Hingsen trimmed Thompson's lead. Hingsen heaved his blue shot (color-coordinated with the German uniform) 52 ft. ¾ in. Not bad; better than Thompson's best, though not quite up to Hingsen's. Then Thompson, in his first try, launched the shot 51 ft. 7 in., a new personal record, and sported an "aw shucks" grin to go with it. In the high jump, Hingsen did what he had to do. His 6 ft. 11½ in. was well above Thompson's jump, and he closed the gap somewhat. Thompson cruised to a 5-meter win in the 400 meters and led Hingsen after the first day by 114 points, well ahead of world-record pace.

In the first event of Day 2, the 110-meter hurdles, Hingsen edged Thompson by 05 sec. The discus was next, and here Hingsen had to make a move if he was to stay in contention. He did.

Winding his Rhine-wide shoulders, he hurled the platter in a high arc and hit a personal best of 166 ft. 9 in. Thompson's first two throws were stubby line drives,

Thompson won the first event, the 100-meter dash, in 10.44

His 26-ft. 3½-in. effort would have put him fifth in regular long-jump competition



neither exceeding 140 ft. If he had done no better on his third try, Thompson would have slumped to second place. But he reared back and uncorked his alltime best of 152 ft. 9 in. His lead was preserved, though only 32 points now separated the two men.

Then, in the pole vault, Hingsen nearly succumbed to the decathlete's nightmare: disqualification for not making height. Before vaulting, he had thrown up twice, and on his first two tries at 14 ft. 9 in. he looked like a clumsy fledgling. On his third effort he cleared it by a whisker, but that was as high as he went. Under the point system, each inch in the vault is worth about 6 points, making it a disproportionately weighted event. So with Hingsen grounded, Thompson rose for the kill. When he cleared 16 ft. 4 1/2 in., he delightfully executed a back flip on the pink landing pad. No points were awarded for the extracurricular flip, but Thompson landed with a cushy lead of 152 points.

Hingsen knew it was over. He managed a javelin throw of only 198 ft. 3 in., 23 ft. short of his best. After several awkward practice heaves, Thompson launched a toss of 214 ft., followed by the obligatory grin. In the final event, the 1,500 meters, Thompson could have changed his shirt while racing and still won the gold. But he had to run at least 4:34.8 to break Hingsen's decathlon record of 8,798 points. Seemingly easing up at the end, however, Thompson trudged across the finish line in 4:35, two-tenths of a second—and two points—shy



The German Hercules labored

of what he needed to establish a new world mark. But he had the Olympic record, and he had won, 8,797 points to 8,673 for Hingsen.

"I was just running on feeling," he said later. "I was having a good time." After his victory lap (wearing a light blue T shirt that read across the chest, THANKS AMERICA FOR A GREAT GAMES, and added on the back BUT WHAT ABOUT THE TV COVERAGE?), Thompson was greeted by Princess Anne. "Daley, what did she say to you?" a reporter asked. Answered Thompson: "She said I was a damn good-looking guy." So began another stand-up comedy routine.

But Thompson never jokes about the

decathlon. He is his own coach and does not have a fool for a pupil. He claims that he revels in the rigors of the training; competition is dessert. "I sound rather eccentric, don't I?" he asks rhetorically. "No, when you're rich you're eccentric, when you're poor you're mad. So I'm mad," Thompson grew up poor and angry. He is the son of a Nigerian British immigrant who died when Daley was twelve and a Scottish mother who sent him at age seven to a school for problem children where track offered the chance to run away from trouble. His nickname is a shortened version of Ayodele, the African name his father gave him, which means "Joy comes home." His home, day in, year out, is the track. His joy, publicly expressed, will be privately savored. Says he: "There is a feeling that one who performs in public becomes a public property. I do not believe that." Daley is adored from afar, the distance he likes best. He plans to rest now for a year, then train for a try at a third gold in 1988. The world record, he said at his celebratory press conference, "would have been nice. But all I wanted to do was win." While the gold was enough, it turns out he will have the record too. A new weighting of decathlon points has been adopted for next year; under that future tally, Thompson's performance will earn him the world record. So on Jan. 1, without even lacing up his track shoes, Thompson, the most irreverent decathlete of all time, will become the undisputed greatest decathlete of all time.

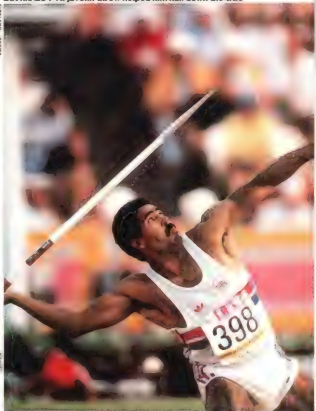
—By Richard Stengel.

Reported by Melissa Ludtke/Los Angeles

He cleared 6 ft. 8 in. in the high jump, letting Hingsen pick up points



But his 214-ft. javelin throw helped him nail down the title



OLYMPICS



On his way to the gold, the ballyhoed Breland throws a long right at South Korea's Young-Su An

Gold Today, Green Tomorrow

U.S. boxers launch careers with an overwhelming team victory



They call it the sweet science, but at the conclusion of the Olympic boxing competition Saturday, fight fans could be forgiven for thinking that what they saw was more like a gloved version of the dismal science instead. Economics, not fisticuffs, was on everybody's mind. "After I get that gold medal, I'm turning pro," declared Lightweight Winner Pernel Whitaker, 20, before the tournament began. Boasted Flyweight Gold Medalist Steve McCrory, 20, younger brother of World Boxing Council Welterweight Champ Milton, after the semifinals: "I'm going to make this the richest division in boxing—\$10 million in two years, and that's on commercials only." As for Welterweight Mark Breland, 21, the media star of the talent-rich U.S. squad, he showed up at press conferences with his manager in tow and with the eminently reasonable expectation of making more than \$100,000 the first time he laces up professionally. For many of the record-setting American boxers, who won eleven medals on the way to an overwhelming team victory, the promise of future green seemed to outweigh the pleasure of present gold.

It was a week marked by a combination of athletic heroics within the ring and judgmental pusillanimity without. The twelve-man U.S. team, spared by the Soviet-led boycott from facing their toughest competitors, the Cubans and the Soviets, coolly advanced through the field, mowing down Ugandans, Tongans, South Koreans, Mexicans and Italians along the way. Only three U.S. fighters lost a bout. The lopsided results drew protests that the judges were unduly dazzled by the prospect of the Americans' impending

pro careers. When Super Heavyweight Tyrell Biggs won the gold medal with a 4-1 decision, his opponent, Italy's Francesco Damiani, gestured angrily in disgust. After South Korean Light Welterweight Dong-Kil Kim lost a 4-1 decision to Jerry Page, 23, in the quarterfinals, the South Koreans briefly threatened to pull out of the tournament. And when Heavyweight Henry Tillman's 3-2 loss to Italy's Angelo Musone was overturned by the jury that reviews all such decisions, even the chauvinistic crowd at the Los Angeles Memorial Sports Arena booted lustily. Tillman's earlier fight, with Tonga's Tevita Taufouo, had ended when the Japanese referee mysteriously stopped the contest late in the second round. Charged

Taufouo: "The Americans are getting whatever they need to win these fights."

Make that North Americans. Seemingly, nothing could impede the march of two Canadians, Light Middleweight Shawn O'Sullivan, 22, and Heavyweight Willie DeWit, 23, to the finals. The two white fighters were featured in promoter's-dream match-ups with black Americans Frank Tate, 19, and Tillman, 24. O'Sullivan's war with Tate was an Olympic highlight, a furious battle during which Tate was twice given standing eight counts before rallying to win unanimously. Earlier, O'Sullivan had been tattooed during the semifinals by a tough Frenchman named Christophe Tiozzo, and won only when the jury, an innovation supposedly designed to eliminate controversy rather than foment it, reversed the judges' decision. DeWit, a rugged Dutchman from Grande Prairie, Alta., sleepwalked his way through a couple of fights, but displayed his box-office appeal in a quarterfinal bout when he put Dodovic Owiny of Uganda down and out with a thunderous left. Even though he lost a unanimous decision to Tillman in the finals, his pro future as a white hope with a punch seems assured.

Not all the breaks went the Americans' way. Evander Holyfield, 21, an unheralded, hard-slugging light heavyweight from Atlanta who had won his first three bouts by knockouts, suffered a bizarre loss to a thoroughly outclassed Kevin Barry of New Zealand. Holyfield was disqualified for striking a blow after the Yugoslav referee had ordered a break. Never mind that the punch knocked out Barry; never mind that Barry had been fouling Holyfield and was on the verge of disqualification; never mind that Holyfield probably could not have heard the referee's command over the crowd noise. But do bring to mind the moment when Barry gallantly raised Holyfield's arm in acknowledgment of the American's tri-



Foretaste of triumph: Super Heavyweight Biggs after quarterfinal with Canada's Lennox Lewis



THE LUXURY EXPRESS.

The 1984 Nissan Maxima is true luxury in motion. No longer do you have to make the choice between luxury and performance, because Nissan technology now brings you both. In one magnificent automobile.

When you slip into a Maxima, the luxury is obvious. Choose optional, sumptuous leather or rich velour, a power driven sunroof, a digital dash with graphic read-outs. Enjoy conveniences like the vocal warning system, power windows, door locks and antenna.

Listen to the eight speaker stereo that includes a cassette deck with Dolby. Available in either sedan or wagon models.

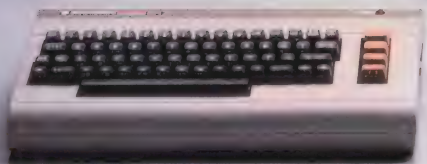
And when you drive it, the performance is striking. A fuel-injected six cylinder engine whisks you away on fully independent suspension. Everything about the new Maxima tells you. This is more than a luxury car. This is Major Motion.

AT YOUR DATSUN DEALER.

CLIMB ABOARD, COME AND DRIVE

MAXIMA
*MAJOR MOTION
FROM NISSAN*





**IT'S NOT
HOW LITTLE IT COSTS,
IT'S HOW
MUCH YOU GET.**



We have a surprise for all those people who think that in order to get more you have to pay more.

The Commodore 64™

We also have a surprise for all those people who think they have to settle for less just because they're paying less.

The Commodore 64.

The Commodore 64 has a full 64K memory, high fidelity sound and high resolution, 16-color sprite graphics.

It's fully capable of running

thousands of programs for schools, business or funny business.

But the Commodore 64 is about one third the price of the 64K IBM PCjr™ or the Apple IIe™. In fact, for about the price of those computers alone you can get the Commodore 64, a disk drive, a printer and a modem—a powerful computing system.

We don't do it with mirrors, we do it with chips. We make our own. So we can make them for less, more efficiently and more

economically than people who don't. (Which is just about everybody else.)

So because it's a 64, it's powerful. Because it's a Commodore, it's affordable. And because it's a Commodore 64, it's the world's best selling computer.

COMMODORE 64 

IT'S NOT HOW LITTLE IT COSTS,
IT'S HOW MUCH YOU GET.

BENSON & HEDGES

Deluxe Ultra Lights



6 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '84

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The Deluxe 100.
Regular and Menthol.

umph. A U.S. protest was ultimately disallowed, and a disappointed Holyfield had to settle for the bronze. Barry won the silver, leaving Yugoslav Anton Jospovic to win an uncontested gold.

The judging controversies were largely rooted in the idiosyncrasies of Olympic scoring, which rewards boxing, not brawling. Under the rules, a cleanly landed jab counts as much as a knockdown blow; in three 3-min. rounds, the objective is to be effectively aggressive, not lethal. Despite a strong third round, U.S. Middleweight Virgil Hill, 20, lost a split decision in the finals to Joon-Sup Shin because the South Korean had outpointed him in earlier rounds. On the judge's part, it takes surgical concentration to count the blows and apportion their weight. Spectators conditioned by the blood sport of the pros often forgot that.

But losses or judging reversals were rare exceptions as the U.S. juggernaut rolled on. Even ABC's Howard Cosell, the unofficial cheerleader of the team, seemed taken aback at the one-sidedness of the competition. Said Cosell, just before Holyfield's disqualification: "The overwhelming succession of American victories has become almost embarrassing." Nearly every weight-class competition yielded a U.S. champion with a distinctive style and something to prove.

There was Light Flyweight Paul Gonzales, 20, for example, 106 lbs. of controlled *barrio* macho with an elegant command of the ring. Favoring an injured right arm, Gonzales disposed of his Venezuelan opponent in the semifinals by scoring repeatedly with a classic left jab. He won his final in a walkover when his opponent, Salvatore Todisco of Italy, turned out to have broken a thumb in a previous bout. Ten years ago, Gonzales was running with the violent gangs of predominantly Hispanic East Los Angeles. Taken in hand by Sympathetic Cop Al Stankie, Gonzales emerged as a home-town hero who had gone for the gold, and won.



Faces of controversy: Holyfield, Barry



Gold Medalist Tillman vs. Tonga's Taufuoc: "The Americans are getting whatever they need"

There was Meldrick Taylor, 17, who missed his high school graduation to make the team. Raised in Philadelphia, a city with impeccable boxing bloodlines (Smokin' Joe Frazier, *et al.*), Taylor is a good-looking fighter who can slip a punch, hit hard with both hands and move well. In his semifinal bout with Venezuelan Omar Catarí Peraza, Taylor floored him in Round 2 with a straight right and went on to win unanimously. Nigerian Peter Konyegwachie gave Taylor all he could handle in a hotly contested final, but Taylor, surprisingly, won a unanimous verdict. His flamboyant teammate Whitaker, who sometimes mocked opponents, fought stylishly for his gold, easily defeating Luis Ortiz of Puerto Rico.

And of course there was Breland, who went into the tournament with the biggest reputation (a record five New York Golden Gloves titles, a major role in the 1983 film *The Lords of Discipline*). A lanky,

6-ft. 3-in. 147-pounder from Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto, Breland is blessed with an exceptionally long reach and a strong right hand. But he was lackadaisical and distracted in his opening fight against a brawling Canadian, and suffered the ignominy of a standing eight count before winning the decision. Breland flashed his old form in stopping Mexico's Genaro Leon in the first round of the quarterfinals, and handily whipped Italy's Luciano Bruno to reach the gold-medal round. His 5-0 victory over South Korea's Young-Su An for the gold was something of a formality.

Breland's early distraction may have been caused by yet another controversy. During the competition, Breland, McCrory and Tate left the team's training site, supervised by U.S. Coach Pat Nappi, to work with Emanuel Steward, their private tutor from Detroit's Kronk Gym, home to pros like Thomas Hearns. Indeed, the aura of proto-professionalism hung over the ring throughout the week. Fighters met the press in postfight interviews attended by their agents. Instead of boasting of their knockout prowess, they projected their income for 1987; rather than discussing Olympic strategy, they talked about how soon a pro title bout could be arranged. And hovering at ringside were boxing promoters from across America, eager to capitalize on the fighters' rise to prominence.

It was left to Gonzales to sound a loftier note. Anticipating a medal-winning performance, East Los Angeles' favorite son was talking accomplishments, not three-fight contracts. "I'm going to wear that gold medal with pride, and then I'm going to put it around my mother's neck," he said. "She deserves it more than me." In a tournament in which it seemed that the amateur ideal of pure sport had taken more than a few shots to the head, this was refreshing indeed. —By Michael Walsh.

Reported by B.J. Phillips/Los Angeles



After the reversal: an anguished Museone

OLYMPICS

Faster, Higher, Stronger

Against the U.S. basketball teams, the world was second



No burden: U.S. winners shoulder Knight



Almost everyone, it seemed, had a pet theory of how and why the unthinkable could happen. The U.S. men's and women's basketball teams, so the reasoning went, might look invincible. But they were pickup squads, assembled in March and still learning one another's moves, matched against seasoned teams, in some cases professionals. They would play on the slightly different international court, under different rules; the men would face unfamiliar zone defenses that would force them to shoot from outside rather than dazzle with dunkmanship. Indeed, before the Games opened, former Marquette Coach Al McGuire, now a basketball analyst for NBC, bet U.S. Men's Coach Bobby Knight a dinner that his charges would lose. Said McGuire: "The way our system is structured, we don't have time to put a team together."

In the end, of course, all the speculation proved pointless. The American women beat their opponents by an average margin of 33; the men by 32. Even the scores did not fully convey the sense of hopelessness with which the other teams went onto the court. Coach Antonio Diaz-Miguel of Spain, whose men's team lost by



Deft moves, deep bench: In the final, Perkins shows the sure-handed talent that swamped Spain

101-68 in a preliminary game and by 96-65 for the gold medal, predicted from the outset that the U.S. men would not lose a game. Said he: "American basketball is 50 years ahead of other countries, and I think no one will ever arrive at the same place." South Korean Women's Coach Seung Youn Cho, who endured an 85-55 defeat in the final, said before the tournament started, "To be honest, the rest of us are playing for the silver medal."

The American teams regretted only that the Soviet boycott had denied them the chance to avenge defeats in their last Olympic encounters. The U.S. women took the silver to the Soviets' gold in the first Olympic women's basketball competition in 1976. Anne Donovan, a holdover from the 1980 boycott team and a member of a U.S. squad that last year beat the Soviets once and lost to them twice by a total of three points, maintained last week that "we are too motivated to lose to anyone, especially the Soviets." Coach Pat Head Summitt agreed: "We are at least 15 points better than when we last played them." The U.S. men have not met the Soviets in the Olympics since the controversial 51-50 U.S. defeat in 1972, a delayed-buzzer game so bitterly

disputed that to this day not one of the U.S. team members has claimed his silver medal. Said the victorious Knight: "We would beat the Soviets. They don't know how to play defense."

In keeping with the Olympic motto, the American teams moved faster, leaped higher and drove stronger than anyone else. They also had the deeper benches: in the women's final, all twelve U.S. players scored at least two points; in the men's eight games, five different players took turns being top scorer, and eight started at least once. Said Forward Michael Jordan: "We can put any five we have out there and get the job done."

The men displayed their talent and versatility to the fullest in the final. Before halftime, the Americans staged a 9-min. onslaught during which Spain yielded 11 turnovers and had no field goals and no rebounds. Patrick Ewing, the 7-ft. Georgetown center, raised his total to 19 blocked shots in the tournament, and at one point forced a Spanish player to shoot from behind the backboard.

The Americans opened the Games against the Chinese, who lost 97-49 and seemed baffled by American-style play; when Ewing made a leaping block of a shot, China's Haibo Wang bolted as if he



Playing like a man: the U.S.'s Miller embodies women's change to a fast-break game

had glimpsed an evil spirit. Later games were closer, but only the West Germans, who had four present or former U.S. collegians on the team, and the Canadians, who had three, lost by fewer than 30 points.

The flashiest men's player was Jordan, the 6-ft. 6-in. University of North Carolina senior who has won six awards designating him America's best collegian. Born to dunk, he penetrated the zone defenses of opponents to slam at least one goal in each of the eight games. In the first half against hapless Uruguay he hit three dunks and his teammates had three more, vs. eight total field goals of any kind for the Uruguayans. He also hit from outside: in the preliminary game against Spain, he widened a narrow U.S. lead with a 28-ft. shot at the first-half buzzer, and finished the game with 24 points, the highest for any U.S. player during the Olympics.

The surprise heroes of the team were two dead-eye outside shooters, Chris Mullin, a senior at St. John's University in New York, contributed 20 points in the semifinal. Steve Alford, a sophomore on Knight's Indiana squad whose selection initially caused controversy, led the team with 18 points against France, and again with 17 against a West German team that gave the U.S. its closest thing to a scare,

losing by only 78-67. Two better-known players, Ewing and 6-ft. 9-in. Wayman Tisdale of Oklahoma, at first spent a lot of time on the bench because they were not adroit enough at defense to please Knight, whose Indiana teams have won six Big Ten titles and two N.C.A.A. championships with smothering man-to-man play. Indeed, the coach's favorite player was Jordan's less glamorous North Carolina teammate Sam Perkins, whose hustling style prompted Knight to say, "If I could coach Perkins all the time, I might stay in this game forever."

Whether Knight should coach forever—or ever again for the U.S.—was hotly debated by people who watched his treatment of players in Los Angeles. Knight is a relentless perfectionist; to him, a flawed victory is as unsatisfying as a defeat. Late in the quarterfinal against West Germany, Jordan carelessly dribbled the ball out of bounds. From the bench Knight bellowed, "Michael, get in the game!" With six minutes left to play in the semifinal against Canada and with the U.S. ahead 62-42, Guard Leon Wood threw a loose pass and was pulled out of the game for a full-volume lecture. Wood professed not to be bothered, but said lat-

er: "When you have made a mistake, you know it, and you don't need someone calling it to your attention, especially not the way he does, in front of a crowd." Some observers wryly suggested that basketball should impose the same rules as soccer, in which coaches are required to sit on the bench and to have minimal contact with the team on the field.

Summitt coached her women in a more supportive style, and achieved perhaps more impressive results. For decades, women's play lagged behind the fast-breaking, street-smart style of the men's game. When the women began to catch up, it was the Soviets, headed by 7-ft. 1-in. Center Uliana Semenova, who led the way. Now, in 6-ft. 3-in. Forward Cheryl Miller of U.S.C. America at last has a player who can dunk and who has the elbows-out style to say, and mean, "In your face." Men and women alike pay her a compliment that even feminists could approve: in the words of her friend Magic Johnson of the Los Angeles Lakers, "That lady plays like a man."

She also plays like a team member. After Summitt benched her in practice for ball-hogging, Miller learned that she could be valued just as much for shrewd passing as for shooting. Her bursts of brilliance, known to the admiring as Miller Time, were typified by one spectacular 52-sec., eight-point rampage in the gold-medal game. With the U.S. ahead by 50-38, she soared above the rim to tap in an offensive rebound, snared a defensive rebound and drilled a 60-ft. pass up court to Denise Curry for a score, stole the ball and traversed the length of the court for a lay-up, and finally attracted a trio of Korean defenders before passing deftly to Curry for another score. Her stats for the game: 16 points, eleven rebounds, five assists, two steals, all in just 23 minutes of playing time.

The player who showed the surest instinct for spontaneous drama was Pam McGee, who hurtled into the stands moments after the medal ceremony to give her hold for her twin sister and U.S.C. teammate Paula, who was among the last candidates cut from the team. Like several of the 1980 holdovers, the McGees are exploring opportunities to play for pay in Europe—but only if chosen together.

Unlike most of the other U.S. Olympians, the basketball players, particularly the men, can make a lucrative career out of their skills. But in Los Angeles, they were among the few true amateurs, and they felt a special pride in sustaining the U.S. record, now 77-1 in men's competition, or 78-0 in the eyes of the millions who still dispute the outcome in 1972. Said Knight after winning the gold: "I didn't think players could come together and play as hard and as well as these kids did." The first Olympic basketball competition, in 1936, was played outdoors on sand and clay, and the final was held in a drizzle-deadening rain. The game may have to be played that way again before the U.S.'s hard-charging knights fail to scale every summit. —By William A. Henry III
Reported by Lee Griggs/Los Angeles

A Soaring, Majestic Slowness

That describes Greg Louganis, the class of a classy field



This is the measure of Greg Louganis of the U.S. in a diving competition: after the other best male divers in the world—gifted, graceful, beautifully muscled athletes—have tied the ends of the limits of possibility into bowknots and arrowed into the pool with only the most demure of splashes, Louganis then shows how it should be done. He dives last in each round because he qualifies in first place. Because he can jump higher than any other diver (his vertical leap has been measured at 33 in.), he hangs in the air longer before he begins to fall toward the water. Quickness is the special talent of divers; their spins and somersaults are conjuring tricks that confuse the eye. Louganis alone is able to go beyond such dazzle to a majestic slowness that is no trick, but true magic. The most ignorant of spectators sees Louganis go off a springboard and thinks, "Oh, *that's* what it's all about." The experts are awed.

Dr. Sammy Lee, who won Olympic golds for the U.S. in platform diving in 1948 and '52, and who coached Louganis from '74 to '77, says, "I have been around diving for 50 years, and no one I have seen, past or present, or whom I see coming up in the future, will equal Greg's performance." Tan Liangde, the flashingly acrobatic 19-year-old Chinese who came in second to Louganis in the Olympic springboard competition last week, laughed aloud at the silliness of the question when someone asked him whether the American could be beaten. "No," he said, and then added, no doubt with some Asian equivalent of crossed fingers, "not at this moment." Louganis, 24, says revealingly that he does not think of diving as a competition—unless he makes a rare blunder, he has no competition—but as a difficult performance, to be done in order to give the greatest pleasure possible. He prefers outdoor meets, like the one last week at the Olympics, "because of the blue sky." Of course: the sky is a splendid stage setting.

Closer to earth and water, however, there was plenty of spectacular diving competition at the Games. Since 1980, China has been sending powerful men's and women's diving teams, perhaps the best in the world, to international meets. They specialize in acrobatics and "ripped" entries—eerily splashless plunges that make a sound like ripping cloth, in

which the hands and arms drill a hole in the water for the body to follow. At first the American women, traditionally the world's best, could not match these elegant entries. They learned soon enough, but the Chinese kept improving too. As the Olympic women's springboard finals began, the question was whether Li Yihua, 21, or Li Qiaoxian, 16, the two slim, graceful Chinese divers, could take the gold over two Americans: Kelly McCormick, 24, daughter of Pat McCormick, who won springboard and platform golds in both 1952 and '56, and Chris Seufert, 27, veteran of the U.S. Olympic boycott team of 1980.

While onlookers placed their mental bets, a slight, pretty, 20-year-old Canadian named Sylvie Bernier found a new consistency to support her delicate and precise style, and took the lead midway through the competition. McCormick, who had overrotated and made a splashing entry on her eighth dive, a reverse $2\frac{1}{2}$ somersault with a tuck, which had given her trouble before, had a

chance to win the gold with a superlative score on her tenth and last dive. ("Divin' is just landin' on your head ten times out of ten," she had said after the preliminary round, in her husky, Dead End Kid's voice.) She stood there on the 3-meter board, hands on hips, gathering herself. Then she marched sturdily to the end of the board, turned, stood motionless and threw a back $2\frac{1}{2}$ that missed high excellence by an ounce or two of rebounding water. Bernier won the gold by 530.70 to 527.46. Seufert, who had overcome a shaky start, won the bronze. Li Yihua and Li Qiaoxian wound up fourth and fifth.

Three days later, after Louganis had won his gold and Ron Merriott, 24, of the U.S. had followed Tan Liangde's silver with a bronze, springboard diving gave way to platform competition. The contrast is sharp and fascinating. The best parallel in sport may be to skiing. Springboard diving, like slalom racing, requires great agility and timing as the diver catches the flex of the board and rides it for maximum spring. Platform diving is like downhill racing, a dangerous, gut-sucking plunge that seems insane to onlookers and sometimes to participants. The concrete platform, of course, does not bounce. It just stands there, 10 meters (33 ft., or three stories) in the air. The drop looks perilous and it is.

Neither McCormick nor Seufert lacks courage, but each has dropped out of platform diving. McCormick once ticked the 10-meter platform with one leg after taking off, and "lost the water" (lost track of her position in the air). She landed badly, and the impact enlarged what she figures was a small cut on her shin to an ugly eight-inch gash, whose scar is still there. Seufert bruised the back of her neck severely in hitting the water on a 10-meter dive, later reinjured herself the same way, and eventually noticed a tingling in her fingers. A neurologist told her that if she continued to land on her neck, not her head, she could become paralyzed.

All the women on the U.S. team admit that there is a "fear factor" to 10-meter competition. Wendy Wyland, a compact, agile, formidably confident 19-year-old who was the current world champion as competition started, talks of her "cat sense," and says that she has never for so much as an instant been lost in the air. Nevertheless, her fear of losing her orientation in mid-dive is so great that she seeks help for it from a sports psychologist who is on call to the team. Michele Mitchell, 22, missed her hand grab (divers clasp their hands as they enter the water, then let go) while practicing 10-meter dives last



Louganis in the springboard finals: the rhythm of the day

THE TRIVIAL PURSUIT® SURVIVAL KIT.

While the Trivial Pursuit® game shortage lasts, please accept our apologies (and a few samples to tide you over).

G What U.S. city has been called Little Havana?

E What movie theater has sold the most tickets?

H What British beverage gave its name to an overcoat, a sofa and a cigarette?

AL What actor's autobiography is titled *All-My-Yesterdays*?

SN What is xenophobia?

SL Who retired with 755 home runs to his credit?

G What country is home to Heineken beer?

E How many seconds usually elapsed before the tape self-destructed on *Mission: Impossible*?

H What date in 44 B.C. was Julius Caesar assassinated?

AL What heroic group did D'Artagnan lead?

SN What's the term for opposition to an electrical current in a conductor?

SL What's the main vegetable in vichyssoise?

G What are the only two landlocked countries in South America?

E Who was the first host of the original *Tonight Show*?

H What British prime minister's mother was born in Brooklyn, New York?

AL What philosopher-author lived on the shores of Walden Pond?

SN What's the hardest bone in the human body?

SL Who's the youngest golfer to have won the Masters?

G What country is the resort city of St. Moritz in?

E What film featured the line: "Open the pod bay door, Hal"?

H What song is traditionally heard when the president of the U.S. arrives on the scene?

AL Who wrote *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*?

SN What substance must mix with food to give it taste?

SL What team did Abraham M. Saperstein establish and send on the road in 1927?

G What city is served by Dulles International Airport?

E Who won the 1961 best actor Oscar for his role in *Judgment at Nuremberg*?

H What army was founded by William Booth and his wife Catherine?

AL Whose biography is titled *Hitch*?

SN What's the largest satellite orbiting Earth?

SL What drink was invented by oymen, who used their tools to stir it?

G What's the world's smallest independent state?

E Where did Betty meet the leader of the pack?

H What was described as "two all-beef patties, special sauce, lettuce, cheese, pickles, onions and a sesame seed bun"?

AL Who wrote the poem *The Road Not Taken*?

SN What food got its name from the way it hung in bunches like grapes?

SL What playing card was once known as the devil's bedposts?

Turn page for answers.

THE TRIVIAL PURSUIT[®] SURVIVAL KIT

(CONT.)

If you like these, remember: there are 5,964 more questions in the Trivial Pursuit[®] game worth waiting for.



Genius

- G** The Netherlands
- E** Five
- H** March 15, or the Ides of March
- AL** The Three Musketeers
- SN** Resistance
- SL** Potato

Genius

- G** Miami
- E** Radio City Music Hall
- H** Chesterfield
- AL** Edward G. Robinson
- SN** Fear of strangers or foreigners
- SL** Hank Aaron

Genius

- G** Switzerland
- E** 2001: A Space Odyssey
- H** Half-term/Chri*
- AL** James Thurber
- SN** Salvia
- SL** The Italian Giobertottos

Genius

- G** Bolivia and Paraguay
- E** Steve Allen
- H** Winston Churchill's
- AL** Henry David Thoreau
- SN** The jawbone
- SL** Severiano Ballesteros

Genius

- G** Vatican City
- E** At the sandstone
- H** A Big Mac
- AL** Robert Frost
- SN** Grapefruit
- SL** The four of clubs

Genius

- G** Washington, DC
- E** Maximilian Schell
- H** The Salvation Army
- AL** Alfred Hitchcock's
- SN** The moon
- SL** The screwdriver



TRIVIAL PURSUIT[®] is the registered trademark of Hasbro, Inc. © 2001
 All Trivial Pursuit[®] questions are the property of Hasbro, Inc. © 2001
 Trivial Pursuit[®] is a registered trademark of Hasbro, Inc. © 2001



winter. Her right shoulder "jerked around somewhere behind me," and eventually required surgery. She was out of action for 4½ months.

Such stories were hard to forget on prelim day as, one by one, 21 young women, sacrificial maidens in imagination, skipped lightly to the edge of the tower and cast themselves off. There were sloppy landings, but no disastrous ones, though Mitchell stopped hearts when she balked on her first try at a platform-edge arm stand. Two nerveless Chinese, Zhou Jihong, 19, and Chen Xiaoxia, 22, qualified one-two, with Mitchell and Wyland coming in three and five. Zhou and Chen barely disturbed the water as they dove. "They are so flat!" McCormick had said admiringly a couple of days before. Apparently breasts and hips are streamlining flaws for women divers.

In the next day's finals, first Chen and then Zhou held the lead. Mitchell nailed a running forward 3½ with a tuck on which she "almost broke the end off the platform" getting her initial spring, as she says she tends to do. She passed Chen, China's top platform expert, but Zhou held steady. In the seventh of eight rounds, Wyland passed Chen for third with a snappy back 2½ pike (legs extended, hands touching toes) and held it on the last dive for the bronze. Mitchell gained points when Zhou splashed her last entry, but not enough of them. Zhou won by 435.51 to Mitchell's 431.19. It was China's first gold medal in diving.

For all the success of Bernier and Zhou, no woman outclassed the field the way Louganis did. He had dominated his sport, seemingly without effort, since the great Klaus Dibiasi of Italy retired in 1976. Dibiasi, whose natural rip entry was a marvel in its time, won his third Olympic gold in platform diving in that year. The silver medalist in those Games was 16-year-old Greg Louganis.



Canada's Bernier shows her gold-medal form

"I went around Montreal with my eyes bugged out and my jaw dragging on the ground," he recalled last week. Since then the eyes of his judges and competitors have bugged out. The Chinese are known to have studied tapes of Louganis, though a major factor in his success—his remarkable physical beauty—is not readily imitated. It is widely assumed that he takes the lead in any competition simply by putting on swim trunks.

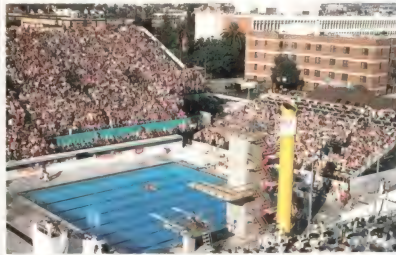
He gets his deep chest and glowing bronze skin from a Samoan father (the was adopted as a baby by Peter and

Frances Louganis, then of El Cajon, Calif., to whom he refers fondly as "my real parents"). His shoulders are broad and his waist is narrow, and his thighs flare as if he were wearing riding breeches. As Louganis prepares to dive, he seems taller than his 5 ft. 9 in. Years of dance lessons have toughened his legs and refined his natural grace. It is clear that something, possibly the experience of overcoming childhood dyslexia and stuttering, has given him impressive poise and an unusual degree of self-knowledge.

This assurance has not come easily; until a couple of years ago, he was so shy that he could hardly bring himself to talk, even to his old friend Sammy Lee. Says he: "People didn't know how to take me, and I didn't know how to take them, so we never said anything to each other." Now he appears at press conferences in the company of Gar, a Teddy bear given to him by the wife of his coach Ron O'Brien, and explains to puzzled reporters that his mental preparation begins with finding the "rhythm of the day; it could be upbeat or melancholy" and flowing with it. Sometimes, in his mind, he sets his dives to music: the *Chariots of Fire* theme, or some such.

Otherwise, his major problem, which he solves adroitly, is to fend off adulation. He is the only diver in history ever to receive perfect scores of 10 from all seven judges on a single dive (in 1982 at the world swimming championships in Guayaquil, Ecuador), and the only one to score more than 700 in a competition (most recently in the springboard finals last week, when he scored 754.41). He is asked, by journalists who sound serious, why he is better at his sport than any other Olympic athletes are at theirs (Carl who?). This gentlest of champions throws up his hands, smiles ruefully at the nonsense of it, and says, "Ask my mother."

By the last days of competition, Louganis had not said how much longer he would continue to dive, though he did say he had "many other things" on his mind, including an acting career. In the meantime, there was one final Olympic event, the 10-meter platform. His most important rivals were the Chinese, of course, and his own teammate Bruce Kimball, son of Team Coach Dick Kimball Bruce, 21, is a gritty and talented diver who has brought himself back to top form after a serious auto accident in 1981. He is the only man to have beaten Louganis recently (at Gainesville, Fla., in April). If Greg were to hear the wrong rhythm on the closing day of the Games, Kimball would have a fair shot at the gold. More likely, Kimball and the Chinese faced the familiar wry pleasure of hearing one of the authentic geniuses of sport invent a new way of saying "Aw, shucks." —By John Skow, Reported by Melissa Ludtke/Los Angeles



Competition at McDonald's Swim Stadium on the University of Southern California campus. Tucks, rips and a gut-sucking plunge that seems insane, sometimes even to participants.

A Spray Of Other Events

■ In the Groove Out on the Ocean

They went down to the sea off Long Beach expecting rough going against the able yachtsmen from Western Europe and Down Under. But for the U.S. fleet, winning turned out to be a breeze. In the seven classes of boats, U.S. skippers took three gold medals and four silvers, followed by the Canadians and the New Zealanders, who sailed away with three medals each. The men at the helms of these swift, finicky craft needed the cunning of a chess player, the agility of a gymnast. And experience counted too. The most weathered sailor was Denmark's Paul Elvstrom, 59, career winner of four Olympic gold medals, whose daughter Trine served as crew. With Trine flying on the boat-stabilizing trapeze, the gray-bearded Elvstrom raced to a fourth-place finish in the Tornado catamaran class. The U.S. had its own old salt, William Buchan, 49, who finished first in the Star class.

■ Coming to Grips In a Convention Hall

On their way to winning big in freestyle wrestling, the U.S. athletes grappled as much with controversy as they did with rival matmen. The 180-lb. contender Mark Schultz lost an early match because he used an illegal armlock that broke a Turkish opponent's elbow. Capping it all, a letter from a top U.S. wrestling official was sent to Coach Dan Gable asking him to resign once the Olympics are over. Reason: Gable, a gold medalist in the 1972 Games, had taken sides with one of two wrestlers in a court dispute over which athlete had legally made the team. Yet, aided by the absence of Soviet, East German and Bulgarian wrestlers, the U.S. shrugged off its setbacks and earned seven gold medals in ten weight categories. The sellout audiences at the Anaheim Convention Center took particular delight in the superheavyweight bouts, which featured bruisers like Canada's Bob Molle and Japan's Koichi Ishimori, in action here. Molle stayed on top and went on to the finals, where he got the silver medal. America's Bruce Baumgartner beat him for the gold.

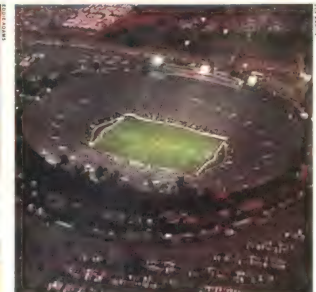
■ It Wasn't New Year's, But the Bowl Was Full

For 61 years Pasadena's Rose Bowl stadium has attracted huge crowds for New Year's Day gridiron clashes between the likes of Ohio State and Southern Cal. But in the eyes of most of the world, *real* football came to the Rose Bowl last week, when Olympic soccer teams took the field. A throng of more than 100,000, the largest audience ever for a soccer game in the U.S., gathered to watch France defeat Brazil 2-0 in the final match last Saturday. The confrontation was the climax of a cross-country tournament that drew cheering crowds in Cambridge, Mass., Annapolis, Md., and Palo Alto, Calif., and had as competitors teams from such unlikely lands as Saudi Arabia, Qatar and Cameroon. Both finalists survived tense overtime tests to reach the championship contest: France beat Yugoslavia 4-2, while Brazil nipped Italy 2-1. Some of the action was almost tough enough to warrant shoulder pads and helmets; in the semifinal, France's Didier Senac fractured his skull in an on-field collision, and two Yugoslavs were ejected for excessive roughness.





DANIEL FORSTER



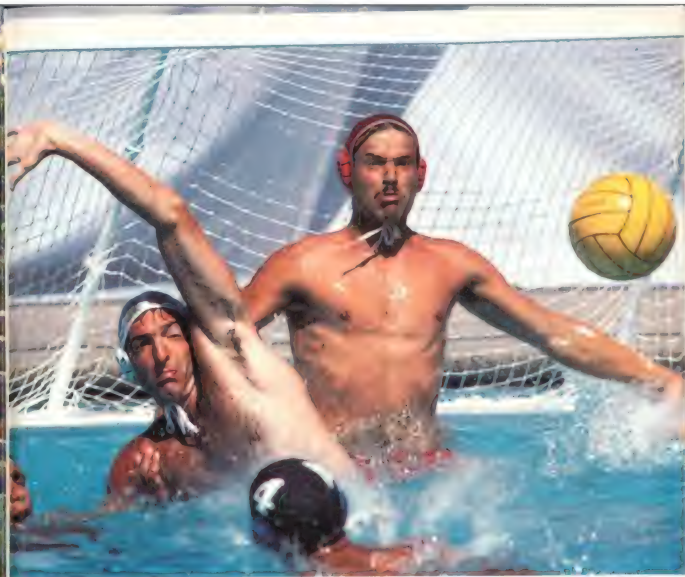


■ Riding High with a Touch of Class at Santa Anita

Horse and rider become a single, and singular, Olympic animal. As if he were speaking of a fellow athlete, high-soaring Conrad Homfeld of the U.S., here clearing a jump, said his favorite stallion, Abdullah, was "obviously very talented." And quite a draw to boot. Capacity crowds packed the Fairbanks Ranch Country Club, transformed into a picture-book endurance course, and the venerable Santa Anita race track's show jumping and dressage ring. With precise rounds in the individual three-day event, Mark Todd, an Auckland dairy farmer, galloped to New Zealand's first equestrian gold medal (the U.S.'s Karen Stives and Britain's Virginia Holgate took silver and bronze). Team dressage, which tests a horse's memory and manners, went to West Germany, followed by Switzerland and Sweden. Touch of Class led a disciplined U.S. squad to its first ever gold in team show jumping. Joe Fargis, who shares a Virginia farm with Homfeld, was aboard. He compared the little mare to Runner Zola Budd: "She's quite small too, but she runs very fast for her size."

■ A Lot Takes Place Below the Surface

There are unseen fouls below the surface, elbows and shoulders are nearly lethal, and the pace is exhausting. Anguish seemed to be the prevalent expression at Malibu's Pepperdine University pool. But in the beginning the look of the powerful U.S. team was one big smile. The speedy squad mounted unnerving counterattacks to overcome Greece, Brazil, Spain, Holland and Australia. West Germany, however, was more formidable. With the game tied at 7-7, West German Goalie Peter Röhle was ejected on a penalty, and Doug Burke of the U.S. scored with only 26 sec. left. The rough-and-ready Yugoslavs squelched U.S. hopes in the final game when they tied the Americans 5-5 but won the championship because they had outscored their opponents by a wider margin. The U.S. silver was only the country's third medal since a pre-Tarzan Johnny Weissmuller led a U.S. team to a bronze in 1924. Said a disappointed Coach Monte Nitzkowski, who had been working with the team for seven years: "Those kids didn't have silver in their eyes. It was gold."

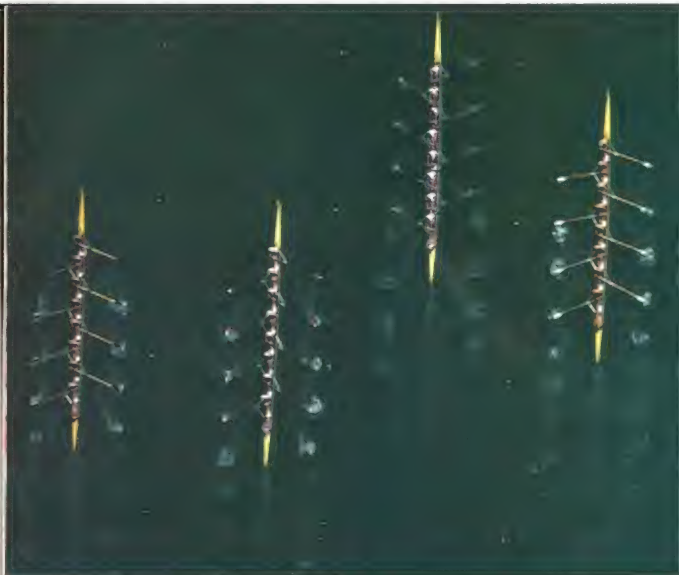


DAVID HUME/CONCEPTART

■ "I Did My Best. I'm Pretty Happy"

At once grand and grotesque, the straining faces of weight lifters tell what it means to compete all out. While Britain's Stephan Pinsent finished only eleventh in the 165-lb. class, no one who saw the strain etched on his face would question his Olympian effort. The audience at the Loyola Marymount University arena was a reverent one, quieting to a hush as the athletes approached a barbell, then exploding into tumult following an extraordinary feat. After Rumanian Nicu Vlad, 20, broke an Olympic record in the 198-lb. class with a 485-lb. clean and jerk, the crowd called him back from the dressing room for a bow. Rumania and China took most of the medals, 14 of 30 at stake. The U.S. gathered two, a bronze by Guy Carlton, 30, in the 242-lb. class and a silver by Mario Martinez, 27, in the superheavyweight category. Martinez, a car-rental-agency worker, was bested by Dean Lukin, a millionaire tuna fisherman from Australia. Lukin lifted a total of 909½ lbs., topping Martinez by 5½ lbs. Said the silver medalist: "I did my best. I'm pretty happy."





WELL LEIFER



KATELIESE CONTRACT

■ Rousing Regattas On a Remote Reservoir

Lake Casitas, a reservoir some 80 miles north of Los Angeles that is normally the domain of fishermen, was the scene of a rowing competition that sparkled with seesaw battles and split-second finishes. In the men's eights, Canada held off a furious charge by the favored U.S. crew to triumph by a fraction of a stroke, .4 sec. to be exact. Viewed from a helicopter above, the well-matched boats with their synchronized oars looked like a row of centipedes scrambling swiftly across dark water. In the 2,000-meter single-sculd race, Pertti Karpinen, a 31-year-old Finnish fireman, pulled from behind in the last 250 meters to edge West Germany's Peter-Michael Kolbe by 2 sec. and win that event for the third consecutive Olympics. The Rumanian women stroked to five gold medals in six races, confirming their position as a major power in the sport. Meanwhile, on the lake shore, some of their cash-short countrymen engaged in a bit of small-time capitalism: they peddled Rumanian T shirts for \$15 and balsa-wood model boats for \$30.



ERBULT—GPA—SPECIAL FEATURES



MASON—GPA—SPECIAL FEATURES

■ Bows and Bull's-Eyes For Sure Shooters

Not all archers look like athletes. Luxembourg's Jean-Claude Rohla has a potbelly of substance. Bespectacled Rick McKinney of the U.S., who is 5 ft. 7 in. and weighs 120 lbs., might have been perfect in the new movie *Revenge of the Nerds*. New Zealand's Neroli Fairhall, a paraplegic, shoots from her wheelchair. But looks are deceptive. In the Olympics, each archer competes for a total of 20 hours in four days, with targets up to 90 meters away. When drawing the bow, archers need steel nerves and steady hands, as demonstrated by Finland's Ulla Rantala, above, who lost last week to the new women's Olympic champion, Seo Hyang Soon of South Korea.

The men's contest featured McKinney, 30, and Darrell Pace, 27, two U.S. rivals who for years have battled with a fierceness worthy of Robin Hood and the Sheriff of Nottingham. Pace won the 1976 Olympic gold and has held six U.S. championships. McKinney, who has also won six U.S. titles, captured the 1983 world crown. Last week Pace took the lead with the first flights of the arrows and never faltered.

■ The Desperate Battle For Kudos in Judo

It can be over in less than a minute on the thin, gray mat. A judo match blends a subtle combination of philosophy, ethics and athletics in a painful moment of applied physics: an *ippon*, usually pinning an opponent for 30 sec., is a mental, moral and martial victory. Judo is a dance of balance in which attack can spell defeat; sometimes exhaustion and total collapse, as evidenced in the 172-lb. class by Japan's Hiromitsu Takano and Rumanian Mircea Fratica, a bronze medalist, come more from concentration than from exertion. At the Eagles' Nest Arena on Cal State's Los Angeles campus, 4,300 enthusiastic fans watched some surprising results. Frank Wieneke, 22, a West German student, defeated Britain's star, Neil Adams, 25, a popular male model, to take the gold medal. Austria's European champion, Peter Seisenbacher, placed first in the 189-lb. division, defeating Robert Berland, 22, of the U.S. Said America's first silver medalist in the sport: "It's hard to enjoy a silver medal because you go out losing . . . but I took a silver medal and made history for the Americans."

**"Nobody ever asked
what good I did.
They only asked
how many people
I killed."**



A Vietnam Veteran
remembers his homecoming.

Only now can we begin to understand.

They were outcasts. Soldiers fighting a war that nobody wanted. Blamed for policies they did not create. It was a time of turmoil. America was too emotionally divided to understand what was really going on.

Now, ten years later, you have an opportunity to step back



Crying out a warning to his buddies, a Marine fires his M79 grenade launcher at a hill near the Sanch.

and take a fresh look at the war as TIME-LIFE BOOKS and BOSTON PUBLISHING COMPANY bring you THE VIETNAM EXPERIENCE. The first series of its kind that takes an objective look at the war, putting it into historical perspective.

Your first book, *America Takes Over*, takes you back and forth from the action in the jungle to secret meetings at the White House. It seeks new answers. Could we have beaten North Vietnam in the early stages if LBJ hadn't halted the bombings? Did McNamara accept false information and manufacture some of his own? And who was behind the "Forty-Four Battalion request" that escalated the war?

For the men who fought in Vietnam this book is a scrapbook of memories filled with familiar faces, places and award-winning photos capturing the real story.

For others it's an insight into the realities of Vietnam.

Putting you onto the battlefields. Mapping out the strategies. Showing you the reasons behind the victories like Operation Starlite, and embarrassing defeats like Operation Piranha.

Chicken Plate, Dustoff, MAF and LOC. You'll learn a whole new vocabulary of war. You'll discover American firepower and why the AC-47 gunship, known as Puff the Magic Dragon, was the fighting man's friend.

And the infamous M-16 rifle his enemy.

You begin to understand the soldiers' fear and what it's like to be pointman purposely walking into ambush to draw fire and locate the enemy.

With each volume, THE VIETNAM EXPERIENCE brings you closer to the answers. In later books you'll focus on the Tet Offensive in '68, which many believe was the turning point in the war. The Nixon Years... Vietnamization... Cambodia.

And then the aftermath, special coverage of what happened to the Vietnamese people after we left, and more importantly, to our veterans once they returned.

So if you're ready to take another look, send in the order card attached. TIME-LIFE BOOKS will send you the first volume, *America Takes Over*. Examine it for 10 days free. If you aren't satisfied, send it back and owe nothing. Other-

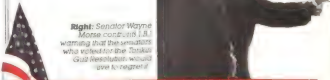


Above: Trapped for security measures this captured Vietnamese guerrilla awaits his fate.

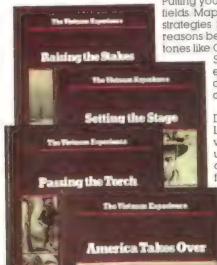
Above right: Armed with rocket pods, machine guns and grenades, the Huey helicopter became the symbol of the Vietnam War.

Right: A heavily laden soldier on a search and destroy mission in the DMZ. Soon all South Vietnam became a battleground.

wise keep it and pay \$14.95 (\$16.95 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. Future volumes in the series come one about every other month, each with the same 10-day free trial. If you decide not to continue your subscription, you can cancel at any time by notifying us.



Right: Senator Wayne Morse combats J. Edgar Hoover's warning that the senators who voted for the Statist Guild Amendment would "give us Negroes."



TIME
LIFE
BOOKS

The Vietnam Experience



If order card is missing, write to: THE VIETNAM EXPERIENCE, TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Time and Life Building, Chicago, IL 60611.



Carrying people in luxury is just the beginning.



With six people aboard, a Ford LTD Country Squire has only begun to hit its stride.

Room for six people and their luggage.

There's room behind the rear seat for all the luggage shown below. With plenty of room left over for other travel necessities, from cookies to magazines to water jugs to pillows.

Room for six people and their luggage and...

With the optional heavy-duty trailer towing package, you can tow 5,000 additional pounds of sloop, ski-boat, quarter horse,



dirt bike, mobile home, trailer, whatever.

Need room for eight?

Simple. Add the optional dual facing rear seats, and the Country Squire can now seat eight.

hidden storage area. And there's an additional 2.0 cubic feet of lockable compartment tucked away in the side.

Country Squire also carries...

A 5.0 liter V-8 with electronic fuel-



When the extra seating isn't required, the seats flip shut for a smooth, flat, rear floor. And with the seats' cushions removed, you get an additional 7.7 cubic feet of

injection, Automatic Overdrive transmission, reclining front seats, removable load floor carpet, AM/FM stereo radio, and much more, standard. Including something of great importance: our commitment to quality.

The best-built American cars.

According to a recent survey, covering things gone wrong during the first three months of ownership of 1983 cars designed and built in the U.S., Ford makes the

best-built American cars.

With the room in a Country Squire, you can carry nearly anything.

And carry it in comfort, quiet and back to the beginning... luxury.

Have you driven a Ford... lately?



Get it together —
Buckle up.

Ford Country Squire

Out of the Tunnel into History

The Olympiad was another step forward for women's sports



So this is what equality looks like. Cheryl Miller, Kelly McCormick, Tracy Caulkins, Flo Hyman, Valerie Brisco-Hooks, Joan Benoit running through the tunnel into the Los Angeles Coliseum and out into history.

The realization was framed during these free-enterprise Olympics as much by the television commercials as by the players. Benoit and her teammates moved to a chorus of marketplace acknowledgments that "feminine" has been redefined. "These women have a dream," exulted an Avon spot over a shot of women donning their running shoes. The Arco tots, a pack of three- or four-year-old boys and girls, raced toward the camera. As a little girl in pigtails broke the tape, her look of triumph bespoke a future unimaginable even ten years ago. Once she would have been called a tomboy. Now she is called an athlete.

Maybe the transformation would have been noticed in 1980 if the U.S. had gone to the U.S.S.R. Maybe it would not have been so dramatic if the Soviets had come to Los Angeles. But one thing is certain. The dazzling accomplishments of U.S. women at this year's Games were the direct result of changes in personal attitude and public policy brought about by two inseparable revolutions: the women's movement and the growth of women's sports. Well within the memory of many of the women at this year's Games were the bad old days before 1972, when, for example, the budget for women's sports at the University of Michigan was zero, and they were funded by such expedients as girls' peddling apples at football games. At the University of Minnesota, men gymnasts passed on their used tape to the women, who had no budget for tape of their own.

The first step was the passage in 1972 of Title IX of the Education Amendments Act, which prohibits sex discrimination in federally assisted educational programs, including sports. Title IX became effective only in 1975, and enforcement has been sketchy. But the threat of losing federal funds was enough to raise the number of women in intercollegiate athletic programs from 16,000 in 1972 to more than 150,000 today. In high schools the percentage of women athletes jumped from 7% to 35% by 1982. At the same time, the percentage of money attached to all college sports expanded from 1% spent

on women to 16%. The U.S. Olympic women's basketball team, probably the best female team ever assembled anywhere, is a direct result of the scholarships and the support created by Title IX. As Olympic Basketball Player Miller says: "Without Title IX, I'd be nowhere."

"The results proved we needed a law to get these opportunities," says Donna de Varona, who, after winning two gold medals in swimming in 1964 at the age of 17, was in effect forced into retirement. "My best friend, Gold Medalist Don Schollander, had a full scholarship to

she was nicknamed "Muscle Moll" and treated as some kind of miracle instead of a person who had been in training for ten years. In 1960, after Wilma Rudolph astonished the world by winning three gold medals, the press expressed surprise that off the track she wore skirts.

The difference in 1984 was that the women defined *themselves* however they chose to—and the press sometimes scrambled to keep up. After Cyclist Connie Carpenter-Phinney won the gold, she spoke to the true feeling of women in the Games: "I feel proud. I was a pioneer in women's cycling, and I worked very hard for this day. I think it may mean more to me than it might to some others." But the press became entangled in a problem of modern manners, insisting on knowing if she was Miss Carpenter or Mrs. Davis Phinney. "I don't know," she said.

"You figure it out for yourselves." Sprinter Evelyn Ashford, usually a retiring soul, told ABC television that running gave her "a feeling between space and time... You don't get it often, but when it's there, it's better than having sex." Brisco-Hooks celebrated her 400-meter race gold medal by dropping to her knees in prayer, then jumping up and down in a massive family bear hug with her husband and two-year-old son.

Women athletes are just beginning to discover what their bodies, properly trained, can do. Says Swimmer Nancy Hogshead, 22, winner of three gold medals: "Once the Marilyn Monroe look was really in. Now it's the lean, muscular, runner look. I'm not going to stop being a world-class athlete because swimming gives me dry skin or something." Retired Shot-Putter Maren Seidler, who holds the U.S. women's record, says, "I can remember being the only girl in any weight room. Things have changed dramatically." The equation applies to both sexes: muscles mean medals.

The times are not changing; they have already changed. The hugging, the kissing, the tears belong to both the men and the women. Sugar Ray Leonard fed his baby a bottle while he watched the boxing. The women, taut and tough, sleek and sinewy, demolished the myths of frailty forever, and they did it with humor, grace, gaiety and even... sportsmanship. Try telling the women's rowing crew that women can't get along with each other, or the volleyball team that women lack commitment. Try telling the marathoners—collapsing Gabriela Andersen-Schiess and the surprise bronze-medal winner Rosa Mota—that women, wherever they are from, whatever their ages, are not tough enough. These women tested their limits, and having the chance to do that is what sports and feminism are all about.

—By Jane O'Reilly.
Reported by Deborah Kaplan/Los Angeles



Benoit won the first Olympic women's marathon

The times are not changing; they have already changed.

Yale. Girls weren't even admitted to Yale then, and there were no women's swimming scholarships anywhere."

However, few sports programs are federally funded, and the Women's Sports Foundation fears for the future support of women's athletics. Last February the Supreme Court ruled that Title IX applies only to programs receiving federal funds, not to institutions. A bill to overturn the decision is in the Senate. One problem, explains U.S. Olympic Swim Team Manager Bev Montrella, is "we look at female gold-medal winners with the same esteem as men. But in colleges, men's athletics is still where it's at."

There have always been women heroes at the Olympics, but they were seen as the exceptions. Although Babe Didrikson at 20 commanded the 1932 Games,

OLYMPICS



Spiker Lang Ping: the U.S. volleyball team learned why she is known as the "Iron Hammer"

Making of an Asian Contender

After a 32-year absence, China wins hearts as well as medals



If the gymnastics gold medal of the U.S. men's team was "the miracle in Los Angeles," what does one call the Chinese performance? China had never gained the finals of any Olympic event, had in fact not competed in the Summer Games since 1952. But the People's Republic laid to rest all doubts about its athletic prowess on the first day in Los Angeles, when Pistol Shooter Xu Haifeng, 27, stood on the victory platform with a bird-of-paradise bouquet in his left hand and a gold medal around his neck. Said he: "I've come here representing a billion people, and they all had high expectations. China wants to wash away its image of being the weakling of Asia."

Wash it away it most certainly did, winning at least 31 medals, 15 of them gold, in ten sports, far more than Chinese officials had hoped for. At home, Olympic fever gripped the country. Four hours of television coverage were broadcast every day. China had thrilled to the exploits of its gymnasts (second in the men's team

Rise of an East Bloc Maverick

Romania finds splendor in solitude



For a country smaller than Oregon and with slightly fewer people (23 million) than California, Rumania was a major presence at the Olympics.

The land of plentiful wine and comely gymnasts accounted for more medals than any country except the U.S. and West Germany. That would be reason enough to cause dancing in the streets of Bucharest. Yet Rumania's strong showing was even more welcome because it justified a decision to show up at all, disregarding the Soviet-sponsored boycott. If that were not sufficiently gratifying, the roaring ovation that greeted the team's entry into the Coliseum on opening day would have been enough to make any absent Warsaw Pact Olympian envious. More than any other visiting athletes, except perhaps the Chinese, the Rumanians in Los Angeles were America's favorite foreigners.

During the women's gymnastics, the crowd responded to the pyrotechnics of Ecaterina Szabo's team with a decibel level nearly as high as that accorded the U.S.'s own Mary Lou Retton. The spectators



Rumanian stars of the 800 meters: Doina Melinte, who won first, and Fita Lovin, who took third

competition, third in the women's, five golds in individual events), and then, last week, anxiously awaited the finals between its women's volleyball team, world champions in 1982, and the U.S. Factories and offices came to a stop for a live telecast. When China clinched the gold, the country erupted in joy. Fireworks rocketed into the sky. In waving an impromptu convoy of bicyclists wearing flags headed for the U.S. embassy, security guards kept them from getting too close, but the crowd was in a jubilant mood. Even matters of state were momentarily put aside: the volleyball result was passed on to Communist Party General Secretary Hu Yaobang in the midst of a luncheon for visiting North Korean Premier Kang Song San. "Good! Good!" exclaimed Hu.

China's Los Angeles performance was an extraordinary debut. To protest Taiwan's presence at the Games, China boycotted the Olympics from 1956 to 1976. In 1979, Peking agreed to compete at future Games side by side with Taiwan, but then joined the U.S.-led 1980 Moscow boycott. Like U.S. Volleyball Ace Flo Hyman and her teammates, Chinese Spiker Lang Ping, better known as the "Iron Hammer," had patiently waited for another shot at Olympic glory.

One key to China's success is the nationwide system of part-time sports academies that have sprung up in recent years to bring along promising athletes. Among those trained at such schools is High Jumper Zhu Jianhua, 21, who took the



Pictel Champion Xu Haifeng was first

bronze with a leap of 7 ft. 7 in. But perhaps most important, China decided it wanted to win. In place of the political sports slogan of the Mao Tse-tung era, "Friendship first, competition second," came a cross-country smash of a rallying cry: "Break out of Asia and advance on the world."

Chinese athletes did, and for every winner piously proclaiming that the victory was "for the Motherland," another, like Featherweight Lifter Chen Weiqiang, 26, put it more personally: "I got the gold medal, and it feels good." Before leaving China for the Games, Gymnast Li Ning, 20, who won three golds, a silver and a bronze, had spoken in a similar vein: "I am going to Los Angeles to pick up gold medals. I know what I am talking about, and I mean what I say."

Other, lesser lights hoped not so much to win as learn from some of the world's best. China's medal-less freestyle wrestlers, for

example, spent mornings videotaping the matches of competitors, then discussed what they had seen. Heroes in China before they ever left for the U.S., thanks to an enthusiastic press campaign, Chinese athletes must have occasionally contemplated the rewards they will reap on returning. Under Peking's new incentives policy, every winner will receive close to \$1,300 in such consumer goods as TV sets and tape recorders. That is the equivalent of four years' income for the average citizen.

While other athletes gained respect with outstanding performances, the Chinese charmed the U.S. audience with a mixture of competitiveness, grace and modesty. The divers gave little bows to the judges after they climbed out of the pool. The volleyball players exchanged high-fives. The men's basketball team, itchy for action before the Games began, trounced the Los Angeles police department squad (104-65) in a local gym.

After the medals are counted, the finest moments in any Olympics are those in which the spirit of the Games transcends politics. During the yacht races at Long Beach, members of the People's Republic squad pitched in to help Taiwan's yachtsmen prepare for their events. Said Hsueh Thomas, the captain of the Taiwan team: "They're sailors, we're sailors, and we're here for some friendly competition. Among sailors who cares about politics?"

—By Janice Castro. Reported by David Allman/Peking and William Blaylock/Los Angeles

even boomed marks they did not consider high enough for the East bloc visitors. Such evenhandedness was not lost on those Rumanians who had competed in 1980 in Moscow, where Soviet crowds applauded loudly for their own performers but were at best lukewarm to other competitors, even when they excelled.

The cheers were just as loud for the Rumanian weight lifters, who won more medals (eight) than any other country in the house. "I have participated in many competitions, and this is the warmest I've seen," said Rumanian Weight-Lifting Coach Stefan Achim. For their part, Rumanians were just as friendly. Some roamed with relish through Disneyland and Hollywood's movie studios. Others accepted invitations to private homes in Los Angeles, where they relaxed around the pool and chatted with neighbors who dropped by to greet them.

Though they expected to profit athletically from the absence of their East bloc colleagues, the Rumanians more than tripled the number of medals they won in Moscow in 1980, a feat that could not wholly be explained by the bloc's absence. "It's not our biggest Olympic team, but it's our best," said Team Spokesman Alex Lazarescu of the 127 athletes dispatched to Los Angeles, down from the 237 at the Moscow Games. "Quality, not quantity this time." Rumanian women blitzed the rowing events, for instance, winning five of six gold and taking the silver in the

sixth. Such concentration of talent reflects a national policy of channeling the best coaching, the brightest prospects and the most money into a few well-chosen events, notably gymnastics, rowing, weight lifting, wrestling and, more recently, track and field.

In the land that gave the world Nadia Comaneci in 1976, sports authorities still appear to favor the development of women gymnasts at the expense of men. Only two male gymnasts appeared in Los Angeles, and neither placed in the top 20. Rumanian women have shown sharp improvement in track and field. They finished first and third in the 800 meters and first in the long jump. Most glowing of all, Marcica Puica, 34, won a startling victory in the women's 3,000-meter race followed by a bronze in the 1,500 meters.

Although the Games were largely blacked out elsewhere in Eastern Europe, a television feed was sent by satellite to an unnamed West European country, where videotapes were spirited each day to Bucharest. Rumanian state television broadcast five hours of competition a night, with Rumanian-language voice-overs added at the studio in Bucharest. Not surprisingly, the broadcasts focused on home-team triumphs, though the awesome medal harvest of U.S. athletes was duly noted. Rumanian commentators said nothing about the Soviet boycott.

Rumania's show of independence

from Moscow was nothing new. While maintaining tight control over internal critics, President Nicolae Ceausescu has a history of quietly differing with Moscow on foreign policy issues. He has maintained cordial ties with Peking, kept an embassy in Israel after Moscow broke relations with that country in 1967, and refused to let his troops join in the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. The decision to send a team to Los Angeles had direct political benefits for Ceausescu. Government broadcasters boasted that victorious Rumanians had "dedicated" their victories to their President, or were inspired by this month's 40th anniversary of Rumania's liberation from fascism. Moreover, with an ailing economy and a mountain of foreign debt, most of it owed to the West, there was no harm in projecting Rumania in the U.S. as a friendly and unorthodox Communist state worthy of special Western treatment.

As for Rumania's athletes, politics was not the issue. Ivan Patzaichin, who at 34 has competed in five Olympics and won 30 medals in international competitions as a rower for Rumania, graciously summed up what the Games meant for most of his teammates. "My souvenirs," said Patzaichin, "will be the athletes I've met, the friends I've seen, the people of Santa Barbara, the views of the Pacific Ocean." Not to mention gold and silver medals.

—By Lloyd Garrison. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate and B.J. Phillips/Los Angeles

Here's One Man's Meet

Pullaway swimsuits, Ali's magic and the Iron Hammer

With the Games at an end, a noted journalist-athlete, or athlete-journalist, found time to review his insights of a fortnight. Herewith George Plimpton's report:



The trouble with "covering" the Olympics was that 10,000 journalists were doing the same thing. Anyone in Los Angeles with a slightly glazed

look for the past two weeks was a writer trying to cook up an original idea. When the country of Burma walked into the Coliseum with a team that consisted of only one member (a boxer named Zaw Latt), 7,000 pencils scribbled on pads that Zaw Latt would make an interesting feature. When George Vecsey of the *New York Times* wrote a fine story about what he described as the "Burma team" (the Burma team lost its first bout against Christopher Ossai of Nigeria), a great host of writers (including this one) grimaced and chided themselves for not reaching the Burma team first.

Reporters were everywhere. The French left-wing journal *Libération* was covering part of the Olympics from a gay bar. The nonprint reporting was equally assertive. To slake its countrymen's curiosity about Los Angeles and life in the fast lane, British television showed naked ladies sitting in hot tubs sipping daiquiris, looked in on a cocaine-snorting party and reported on esoteric appliances like outdoor vacuum cleaners.

Nothing, however inconsequential, seemed to escape the notice of the press. When Carl Lewis grabbed a huge American flag from the stands to run a victory lap with it after winning the 100 meters, the press descended on the spectator whose flag it was. The next day in the Los Angeles *Times* it was all there—his name (Tucker), where he was from (New Orleans), his age (50), where he was sitting (row 2, section 27) and that he had got his flag back afterward.

Given these circumstances, the common practice for reporters like me was to fill notebooks with details so inconsequential that perhaps one would have stumbled upon an "exclusive" that no one else had thought of. For example:

Early in the Olympics, high up in the temporary bleachers flanking the swimming pool, I found myself sitting beside John Naber, the winner of four gold medals in Montreal in 1976. Across the way on the superstructure of the diving platform, the women divers were collected on the various levels, chatting among

themselves, elegant and lovely, like egrets in a rookery.

"See those little blue towels they're drying themselves off with?" Naber asked. "They're made of chamois. Very absorbent stuff. Divers go through hundreds of towels because they have to be dry for the dry-to-dry contact with hands clasping legs, for example, in certain kinds of spins. Dr. Sammy Lee, who was a two-time gold-medal diver, markets these little towels. Guess what they're called: 'Sammy's Shammies.'" I had my note-



book out. "Has anyone else asked you about Sammy's Shammies?" Naber looked puzzled. "I don't think so."

"Would you mind keeping that to yourself?" I asked.

He shrugged. We stared at the divers lounging against the platform rails.

"Very gregarious bunch, divers," Naber was saying. "Far more social breed than swimmers."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Swimmers don't have anyone to commune with except themselves," Naber said. "Nothing but the rush of water by their ears, hour after hour in practice. Many of them sing to themselves to pass the time. I used to hum *Smoke on the Water*. Divers, on the other hand, stand around in the open air. They preen a lot, very conscious of their bodies because they're judged on their looks. They're like

high-fashion models. They spend a lot of time gabbing at each other in Jacuzzis."

Naber turned to me. "Why are you so excited about Sammy's Shammies?" he asked suddenly.

I told him of my difficulties. "I don't know where to go," I said. "Everyone you trip over is a reporter from the *Sequoia Newsbreak*."

"Let me give you a hand," Naber said sympathetically. "I'll tell you the place to watch women's diving from, and that's from the underwater portholes with the camera crews. Very privileged place. Especially off the 10-meter board. The girls tend to have what we call pullaways. Their suits can't take the stress of coming into the water at that velocity. We never get complete pullaways, but certainly dramatic enough for the camera people. I could possibly get you in there."

"Well, that's very kind of you."

"The trouble is that there are no portholes in the Olympic diving pool."

"Oh."

"The underwater shots will be taken by a scuba diver. Portholes were built for the swimming pool—\$150,000 it cost. They didn't bother about the diving pool."

I said that it seemed to me that someone had picked the wrong pool.

"It would have cost about a quarter-million dollars," Naber explained. "You can buy an awful lot of scuba divers for that amount of money."

I told Naber I was going below the stands to see if I could interview a scuba diver. "You may have put me on to something," I said.

The bleachers rose up on either side of the pool on a forest of slender poles. Two young attendants were on station to keep people from passing under. "You haven't seen a scuba diver come through here?" I asked. It was a few days before the diving competition. The attendants looked bewildered. "Could you let me know if you see one?" I asked.

Behind them there was a crash. A shoe had fallen from between the cracks of the temporary stands high above.

"Do you get much of that?" I asked.

The two said there was a steady deluge of objects that fell down between the seats—flats, camera caps, paper cups, hats, seat cushions—tumbling down to the litter at ground level. I asked what some of the more interesting objects had been. I had my notebook out.

Well, they'd had a thermos bottle and a Visa card. "The Visa card was a surprise," I was told. "Why do you suppose

Rum and Tonic. It's What's Happening.

All across America, people are switching to Puerto Rican white rum because it's smoother than vodka or gin.



For "fast" skipper John Fisher, there's no better sailing than breezy Marblehead. And no better way to celebrate sailing than with a Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. Crew member Grace Rose obviously agrees.



Above Seattle's Lake Washington architect Ray Metzweher and wife Barbara enjoy rum and tonic.



La Quinta Hotel's Tennis Club pro Charlie Pasarell, of Puerto Rico, savors a white rum.



At Santa Fe's truly enchanting Rancho Encantado, equestrians Robin Egan and Leslie Hammel clear the dust of a hot trail with a cool Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. That's Lori Peterson tending the horses.



Santareo, Puerto Rico residents Marnie and Nora Casiano publish "Caribbean Business." Their drink... rum and tonic.



On the greens of this exquisite Seattle estate, croquet is the order of the day. While Drew and Danna Hering wait for summer, they come another order of the day... Puerto Rican white rum and tonic.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness, unlike any gin and tonic match. Because it's aged one full year... by law.



Composer Bruce Gilman and wife Nancy, a gourmet caterer, enjoy a warm New England afternoon and a cool white rum and tonic.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

Aged for smoothness and taste.



For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. T-4, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, NY, NY 10020. © 1984 Government of Puerto Rico

The new Tyeostar 5 personal electronic typewriter from Canon.

It's small. It's light. It's brilliant.

You can hold it in the palm of your hand.

Or carry it in a briefcase or rest it on your lap.

The new Tyeostar™ 5 electronic from Canon. But don't let its smallness fool you. It has a full professional keyboard and all the features you'd expect from an electronic typewriter three times its size. Like 15-character display for easy correction, automatic centering and underlining and the ability to print in double width.

Plus, most important, it gives you superior letter quality typing in a choice of two typefaces.

And you can type wherever and whenever you need to because Tyeostar 5 sounds as quiet as a whisper and runs on simple batteries.

So why not reach up now and hold your very own star.

Tyeostar. From Canon.

Reach for a star. Tyeostar.



Canon
Electronics you can touch.

Canon U.S.A., Inc. One Canon Plaza, Lake Success, NY 11030

the person up there had his Visa card out?"

"Do the spectators come down to retrieve what they've dropped?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Especially those who drop film rolls. They're wild to get them back."

One of the attendants said, "The time to come by here is when the swimming meet is over, the stands have emptied and the sweepers are up there clearing the seats with their brooms. Wow!" he said. "There's a really big... well, *Niagara* of stuff coming down."

"What time does this go on?" I asked in a lowered voice.

"Around 1 o'clock. And then we have another show around 7 p.m."

"Does anyone else turn up to—any other reporters? Or anyone who looks like a reporter?"

They didn't think so.

I climbed back up to my seat. I told Naber I thought I was on to something. I described the litter. He said it was the most inconsequential thing he had heard of yet, but he would keep his eyes open. "I'm good at this sort of thing," he said. He had once discovered \$4.79 in the drain of his high school swimming pool.

Next I went to see Muhammad Ali in his West Hollywood mansion with the wide manicured lawns and the tall white flagpole. He was always worth a story. Perhaps he would tell me the one about his Olympic gold medal, how he had taken it from his neck after being refused service in a Louisville restaurant for being black and had thrown it with its bright ribbon twirling off a bridge into the Ohio River.

He was seated behind a massive desk, laboriously attacking his mail with a foot-long brass letter opener. He told me that now he wishes he had the gold medal. "Everything's changed. I could buy the restaurant now." Slowly he mentioned the names of some of those responsible for the success of the civil rights movement in their various contradictory ways: Martin Luther King Jr., George Wallace, Robert Kennedy, Lester Maddox... The voice was muffled and much thicker than one had prayed. He spoke as if he had a handkerchief in his mouth. I suggested that maybe throwing the Olympic medal off the bridge had helped in that cause too? He did not comment.

"I was standing by to light the Olympic flame," he told me, "in case they chose me." Abdel Kaber, the Moroccan aide who has been with him recently, whispered that the champ had not even been invited to the opening ceremonies. Phone calls were made on his behalf, but it was too late. Nothing could be done, apparently.

Ali hauled out a fishing-tackle box that contained his magic tricks. That is his ritual these days. He waved a black wand. At his cry of "Hah!" it turned into a red flag. "Pretty good?" a white cone snapped into life as a handkerchief. Balls appeared and vanished. A dime disappeared into a penny.

There were more tricks, very often the same one over again. After he had performed a trick three times, Ali showed how it worked. He is not supposed to do

this—very much against the magicians' code. He has been dropped from the Magic Castle, the official magicians' club. Ali pulled off a fake thumb. He explained: "It is a sin in my religion to deceive people." He has almost as much fun explaining the tricks as he has doing them.

Ali walked out into the hall. He was carrying the black wand. He went "Hah!" and it changed into a red flag. There was someone watching from the next room. A reporter wearing sandals was sitting there. He had a big note pad. As I left the mansion, a car drove up, three men got out. One of them was a photographer.

The next morning John Naber called. "I have a report. A child's purse with a plastic Chap Stick. A lady's shoe. A baby rattle. Sunglasses. A telephoto lens. All found under the swimming bleachers. Went around to see to it myself."

"Sterling work," I said.

"But have you read the *Los Angeles Times* this morning? A reporter has got to the Coliseum's lost and found. It says in



the paper that a 40-year-old man came there to report that he'd lost his mother. So they sent out and found her for him. Then after an hour or so he was back. He'd lost his camera."

"John," I said, "we've got to work harder."

A great chance! The opportunity has come up to talk to four Chinese gold medalists—Wu Xiaoxuan, the winner of the small-bore three-position rifle competition; Li Ning, the great gymnast; Luan Jujie, who won a gold medal in fencing; and Lang Ping, the spiker on the women's gold-medal volleyball team who is known as the "Iron Hammer."

Our host was Ying Ruocheng, the actor who played Willy Loman in Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* in Peking. A popular actor in China, he speaks perfect English. He had arranged things.

We had our interview in the student lounge of Hedrick Hall. The Chinese wanted to talk about American television. They are extremely critical of the advertising. They liked the Kodak commercial with the children playing at Olympic games, the little kid in a black leotard lifting up a barbell, but they don't understand why such things overwhelm the screen time. At one point it was explained that during close-up shots U.S. athletes often would use the opportunity to wave happily at friends watching at home and say things like "Hi Mom!" Was there any such tradition in China?

The athletes looked puzzled. Mr. Ying's translation took a long time.

Finally Li Ning said that when a television camera approaches him, he feels tense. He was not sure that he could express himself to his friends or family at such times.

Mr. Ying's colorful translation was that the Chinese still needed training and experience in the "Hi Mom" department. I wanted to ask what the Chinese thought of the television advertisement of the ape climbing the building and the girl in the nightgown stomping her foot and shouting at him. "Hey, you big ape, who's going to pay for this mess?" But the conversation swung around to what the four athletes were planning to take home as gifts.

The rifle medalist said she had bought a Walkman. Li Ning said he was going to buy a doll... for his younger sister. Giggles from around the circle. The Iron Hammer said, "We hope it's for your younger sister."

Li Ning nodded, a bit embarrassed perhaps; then he said in perfect English, "I'm sure."

Mr. Ying said admiringly, "Li Ning has very good pronunciation, as you can hear, but he says he doesn't know what he's saying."

Li Ning continued (in Chinese) that he had packed half a suitcase to leave room for presents but now it was full of gold.

More laughter. What were they going to do with their gold medals once they got home? Li Ning said he would not hang his on the wall because people were too jealous. He thought he would take a photograph of the medals and hang that, and put the medals themselves in a strongbox.

The Iron Hammer, with a grin, said she was going to wait for a rainy day and then sell hers.

Mr. Ying hurriedly explained, "The Iron Hammer comes from Peking. They have a strange sense of humor in Peking."

Li Ning said he had stared at his gold medals until he thought he was going to go color-blind. The other three nodded.

I asked about the sporting press in China. Was it as large and persistent as it was in the U.S.? Oh, yes, they agreed. In fact, more so. The Chinese reporters were far more dogged. A reporter would tail you for a whole day, maybe more. Li Ning said he felt reporters were sometimes very desperate. Especially Olympic reporters. It was easier to be a gymnast. ■

**SOMETIMES AN UNEXPECTED
A NOTICEABLE IMPACT ON YOU**



THE POWER

EVENT CAN MAKE R LIFE.



At Transamerica, we feel that when a family or business suffers a loss they shouldn't have to end up a loser.

So Transamerica Insurance and Transamerica Occidental not only protect you against almost anything that can happen in life, they protect you against some things that probably can't happen at all.

It's just one of the many ways the people at Transamerica give you more for your money.

Ask your agent about Transamerica homeowners, auto and commercial insurance. Or our new low cost life insurance from Transamerica Occidental.

Because no matter how careful you may be, unexpected events can arise.

Transamerica Insurance. Finance. Manufacturing. Transportation. Innovation.

Transamerica 

OF THE PYRAMID IS WORKING FOR YOU.



SEARS



An inviting combination of wide aisles, low ceilings and a stylish display of merchandise in Torrance, Calif., at one of Sears' stores of the future

Economy & Business

COVER STORY

Sears' Sizzling New Vitality

Once frumpy but now fashionable, the largest retailer turns style into big profits

Forget Sears, Roebuck. Nowadays Sears, Tiegs might be more appropriate. In 12 million American homes, the first image Sears customers are seeing as they flip through the new fall-winter catalog is the cover picture of Model Cheryl Tiegs, wearing a cardigan sweater and an autumn plaid skirt, her smiling face and long blond tresses beckoning potential buyers into the magic world of America's largest retailer. Sears has taken a fancy to Tiegs, embracing her in its catalog and TV commercials and identifying itself with her wholesome all-American looks. The chemistry has been sizzling. Just two years short of its 100th birthday, the once staid and conservative Sears is showing the friskiness of a teen-ager who has won

a date with Tiegs. In fact, some people would say that Sears has become downright sassy.

That new image is a result of the vitality that is reinvigorating one of America's most famous companies after a period of drift and uncertainty. Last month Sears changed its logo to something resembling slanted racing stripes, only the second redesign in its history and the first in 21 years. In addition to the Tiegs cover, the "catalog of the future," as Sears now calls it, contains twelve pages of Tiegs in color and, in one 24-page section, appeals to the upwardly mobile young woman of the '80s with sexy models sporting slightly punk hairdos and clad in leather skirts, silk dresses and wool blazers. "Come share the excitement," teases the copy.

"Looks that say you're going places." For the homey image with a difference, the catalog also carries twelve full-page photographs that are wry takeoffs of Norman Rockwell's paintings of American family scenes.

Change is also sweeping the aisles of Sears' 806 retail stores in all 50 states, where some 39 million American families shop. Under Chairman and Chief Executive Edward R. Telling, Sears' boss since 1978, the company has launched a \$1.7 billion capital-improvement program to build 62 new stores, remodel 600 others and update the company's whole approach to selling. By October, Sears will have 107 "stores of the future," which will depart sharply from its traditional selling places. They have a friendlier, more wel-



coming look than the Sears stores of old, with more aisles, lower ceilings and merchandise displayed with flair and style at eye level. Fashion labels with big names—Arnold Palmer, Joe Namath, Diane von Furstenberg, Johnny Carson and Evonne Goolagong—stare back at the customer. To make self-service shopping easier, products will have clearer, more informative labeling. A new cash-register system decreases the average check-out time from three minutes to 90 seconds.

At Sears Tower in Chicago, the world's tallest office building (110 stories), executives are busily devising ways to entice Sears shoppers into buying more and more with each visit to a store—"leveraging off the customer base," in Sears jargon. In the ultimate one-stop shopping, it is now possible at many Sears stores to buy a house, pick all the needed furniture and appliances and then take out insurance on the whole bundle. On a more usual level, says Edward Brennan, 50, who is in charge of the giant merchandising division, "our strategy is to make the store so appealing that the customer walks out with a bath ensemble instead of just a towel, or a pair of jeans as well as a lawnmower."

Sears aims not just at the selective shopper but at people who will buy nearly everything at its stores—and keep on buying practically forever. It is out after more

customers like the Don Martins of Houston. For three generations, going back to Sue d'Amico, 75, Don Martin's mother-in-law, the family has bought nearly all its important goods at Sears, from a new roof to a garage-door opener to countless appliances, clothes and Cabbage Patch dolls. Says Lola Martin, Don's wife: "It's always been there, and it will always be there. When we shop at Sears, we say, 'We're going to Sears.' When we go somewhere else, it's just a store."

Such loyalty, bolstered by Sears' more up-to-date image and its merchandising innovations, is producing impressive earnings reports. Sears in the first half of this year earned \$570 million, up 21% from the same period last year, on revenues of \$17.8 billion. The merchandise group did even better, earning a record \$213 million, up 42% from January to June. Those performances came on top of the company's 56% earnings gain, to \$1.3 billion, in 1983 over 1982. Sales last year reached nearly \$36 billion, more than DuPont, General Electric or Gulf, and just behind IBM and Texaco.

When Sears does well, the ripples spread throughout the economy. As merchant to the millions, the company is the grand marshal of the American material parade. Sears sells 37% of America's replacement car batteries, 22% of its paint, 39% of its clothes dryers, almost half of its portable flush toilets. It reaches its customers not only through its more than 800 retail stores but through 2,389 catalog-sales centers in localities that range in size from Los Angeles to Arkville, N.Y. (pop. 600), and Muleshoe, Texas (pop. 4,842). The largest Sears stores are in Troy, N.Y., and Roseville, Mich. The most profitable one is in Honolulu. The smaller catalog stores like the one in Lawrence, Kans., have only a counter stacked with the latest "wish book," other catalogs, a few appliances on display and a life-size cardboard cutout of Tiegs.

The merchandise in Sears aisles and in the catalogs constitutes a breathtaking array of how Americans are spending their money in the waning years of the 20th century. In a mixture of utility and Middle American chic, there are gas barbecues and griddles, personal computers and auto-ignition analyzers, draperies, fake-fur coats, electric generators, two-stage oxyacetylene welding outfits, lingerie, swimsuits, exercise equipment, Franklin stoves, blood-pressure monitors, telephones, 718-piece mechanics' tool sets, portable drills and socket wrenches. Sears sells queen and worker bees, dairy and livestock equipment, horse blankets and saddles and, for \$1,200, a pair of majestic swans to "transform your pond or lake into an enchanting, romantic setting."

The most intriguing thing about Sears is that so many Americans buy so many things there, and have been doing so for so long. Sears is a fixture of Americana, like baseball, the Rotary Club or the Boy Scouts. In Robert Redford's baseball movie *The Natural*, set in the late 1930s,

the scoreboard bears an ad for Sears. Thirty-eight years ago, on their radio program, George Burns and Gracie Allen used Sears for one of their routines.

Gracie: All successful people start at the bottom. Look at Sears and Ro.

George: Sears and Ro?

Gracie: When they started, they didn't have a buck to their name.

Sears customers span every socioeconomic level. Says Chairman Telling: "The Sears customer is everybody." Raymond Kennedy, vice president and general credit manager, says, "We are the telephone book." And a fat one. Three out of four American adults, 128 million in all, will enter a Sears store some time this year. Sixty-three million people have a Sears credit card, and 26.6 million use the card regularly. Average charges per year: \$500.

Sears plastic is held by 70% of households with incomes of \$50,000 or more. The typical Sears credit customer earns \$34,000, about \$3,000 above the U.S. average for a family of four. A survey of millionaires by two professors at the University of Georgia showed that the most frequently held credit card in that group is not American Express or Diners Club but the Sears card. One of the first customers of the financial center at the Sears store in Cupertino, Calif., in the heart of the Silicon Valley, was a man who opened a \$1.9 million account at Dean Witter Reynolds, the stockbroker that Sears bought in 1981. At



A chair reminds managers of the boss's name

the other end of the scale, a third of American households earning less than \$10,000 are Sears customers too. Sears studies show that 86% of its customers are married, 54% have children, 54% are white collar, 28% blue collar and 18% retired or unemployed.

Many customers are famous. Jimmy Carter's staff gave him a set of Craftsman power tools as a farewell gift when he left the White House. Said Carter: "The Sears



Famous names: a boutique featuring Cheryl Tiegs' line of sportswear



The Arnold Palmer section carries men's wear with the golfer's imprint

people came down here and told me how to set up and adjust all the equipment." In May, in Rochester, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan was in a Sears store with his son-in-law when a salesman came up to him and tried to interest him in Sears financial planning.

The new gusto at Sears is a surprising change from the dowdy, even depressed company of only a few years ago. During the 1970s Sears was wandering. Recession, inflation and a plunging birth rate were assaulting its good, sturdy and traditional markets. Sears, like many of the American families that were its customers, was suffering an identity crisis. It was being squeezed between the pricey specialty shops and discounters like K mart and Wal-Mart. A secret document known as the "Yellow Book" that leaked out of the Chicago headquarters in early 1978 admitted the company's shortcomings and warned that Sears had to get back to its roots. Said the study: "We are not a fashion store; we are not a store for the whimsical nor the affluent. Sears is a family store for middle-class, homeowning Americans."

Sears had been stepping up its efforts

to lure younger, wealthier shoppers, offering them higher-priced, more stylish merchandise, from clothing to sporting goods. But it did so under the Sears brand name, which was doubly deadly. The label turned off buyers who could afford higher-priced items but did not want the middle-class image of a Sears product. Customers stayed loyal to Sears for big items like refrigerators and air conditioners but deserted the company for such staples as clothes and small kitchen appliances. At the same time, the steeper prices confused traditional customers, who had always looked to Sears for good values. The result: Sears' share of the U.S. retail market dropped from 9.3% in 1967 to 8.2% by the late '70s.

Shoppers kept coming into Sears stores, but they were buying less and less. At the same time, catalog sales were losing ground to newer, slicker competitors. Profit on retailing so dwindled that the Allstate Insurance division, started in 1931, accounted for more than half of Sears' earnings from 1979 through 1982. In 1981 "the merchant," as the merchandising group is known around Sears Tower, was hit by recession and squeaked out

only \$285 million in profits on sales of \$20 billion.

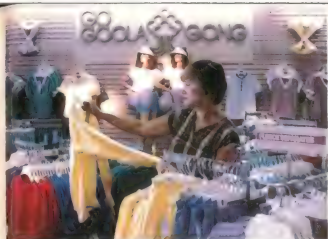
Upon being named chairman, Telling, a 32-year Sears veteran, went after the problem like a skilled mechanic equipped with Sears Craftsman tools. His remedies were swift and drastic. Unprofitable stores in Europe and Latin America were sold off, as well as older stores in the U.S. and an almost new suburban one in Northbrook, Ill., that did not measure up to sales expectations. Between 1978 and 1982, a total of 201 smaller and older outlets were closed, some of them in black urban areas. In June, Sears' very first retail store, opened in 1925 in Chicago's Lawndale section, joined the casualty list.

Telling put a crisp business philosophy to work. Says he: "Taking chances is a fact of economic life. Business must risk to grow. Fear of what may or may not happen is no excuse for avoiding challenges." He heeded the advice of a consulting team from McKinsey & Co., which had been called in by his predecessor, Arthur Wood, in a rare departure from Sears' policy of keeping its own counsel. McKinsey's recommendations included trimming back bloated management ranks and centralizing authority. Telling slashed the Sears work force by 82,180, about 20%; he got 1,500 merchandise-group managers to take early retirement in 1980 alone. He truly astonished entrenched Sears executives by giving Brennan, then only 46 and an executive vice president, full responsibility for reorganizing the merchandising division.

As the new head of the Sears Merchandise Group, Brennan came up with the "store of the future" concept. A third-generation Sears employee whose father and grandfather were Sears buyers, Brennan began a program to renovate Sears stores and redesign the company's product line. In Burlington, Mass., not long ago, he showed the whirlwind, cheerleader style that has become his trademark. He raced through the aisles, arranging displays, holding meetings, complimenting managers and clerks at registers. He stirred up intramural rivalry by telling the manager in the automotive section of his



At 234 financial centers, shoppers can buy everything from auto insurance to stock options



Evome Goolong gives ladies' exercise togs a celebrity boost



Sheets and pillowcases are designed by Diane von Furstenberg

visit to a Sears store in California. Said he: "I've been out in Torrance." The manager's competitive comeback: "We have them on our target list." Brennan's retort: "They have you on their target list to beat."

Not everything that Telling touched turned a profit. Sears World Trade, which was launched in 1982 as an American version of the powerful Japanese trading companies like Mitsubishi and Mitsui, is still struggling. Based in Washington, it markets the company's expertise to retail chains in other countries, and had far-fetched notions of arranging huge barter trade deals, like selling 5,000 swine to the Dominican Republic. Its expertise has not been as much in demand as was hoped, and few deals have come off. Last year the subsidiary lost \$12 million. About 150 of its 1,000 employees were laid off in early August.

Telling's most distinctive innovation during his remodeling of Sears was to steer the company into the financial-services business. Within a single week in 1981, Sears moved to buy Dean Witter for \$610 million and Coldwell Banker, a California real estate firm, for \$202 million.

Sears was already in the money business through its credit operation and its All-state Insurance division, which was founded in 1931, as well as a Sears Savings Bank in Glendale, Calif. But the new subsidiaries put Sears squarely into the mad swirl of financial services. Sears intends to compete not only with banks like Citicorp and Chase Manhattan but also with Merrill Lynch and American Express in offering services like lending and selling stock. Last year the Sears financial-services divisions earned \$703 million.

The big Sears move into financial services concerns some people. Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker has said bluntly, "We don't want Sears. Roebuck in the banking business." He believes that non-banks like Sears would have an advantage over a federally controlled bank or savings and loan. Bankers are worried about the power of a rival that has won such deep consumer loyalty. Outgoing Citicorp Chairman Walter Wriston has long complained that while Sears is free to enter his business, Citicorp is restricted by a mass of state and federal regulations.

Wriston is right to worry. Telling says

that a large number of Sears financial customers are "men and women who have been unwilling to venture into traditional securities brokerage and real estate offices, but who trust the integrity that Sears has established over time." About 60% of Dean Witter's new clients at the 234 Sears Financial Service centers are first-time brokerage accounts. Overall, these clients are younger, with slightly lower household income than Dean Witter's traditional customers. Says David Wells, 37, a Chicago engineer and experienced investor who has opened a brokerage account at a Sears store near his home in Roselle, Ill.: "I'm a big believer in Sears. In fact, half my house is made up of Sears products. So when I read that they were introducing financial services, I decided to go with Dean Witter because of their affiliation with Sears." His portfolio consists of stocks, bonds, tax-free municipals and stock options.

The Sears strategy for expansion into financial services is bold, and Sears is now aggressively going after this market. While it has let go a few analysts, Dean Witter nonetheless plans to add 1,200 account executives this year, at a time when other brokers are holding firm or cutting back. Merrill Lynch, for example, has laid off 1,000 people, and 1,500 more are scheduled to follow by year's end.

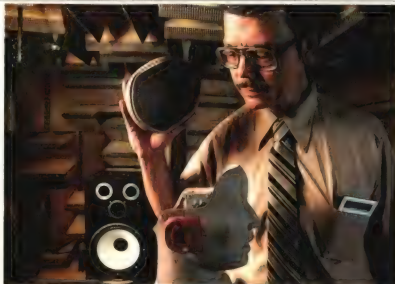
Meanwhile, an internal Sears committee is looking into all sorts of new financial ventures. One plan would turn the company's credit card into a debit card that would automatically deduct the price of purchases from a savings account. Speculates Stuart Greenbaum, a professor of finance at Northwestern: "The Sears credit card overnight could be a major tool for collecting deposits, selling certificates of deposit and maintaining checking accounts." Sears is also actively looking to buy more savings and loan associations to add to the one it owns in California. It was a bidder in 1983 for Chicago's First Federal Savings and Loan, which was finally bought by Citicorp.

Just how far Sears plunges into the financial arena depends on Congress. Legislators, in the current fuss over banking



In Houston, three generations of loyal catalog customers browse through the latest edition

Economy & Business



One of 138 engineers and technicians uses an electronic ear to test hi-fi speakers and hearing aids



Tireless feet give boots a test in water

deregulation and rising worries over the stability of the banking system, might force Sears out of some of the new fields it has entered.

Sears is still working to broaden its business horizon. The company has set up the Sears Communications Network, which is going to sell computer-data transmission and communications services. The company is already offering long-distance telephone services through MCI Communications, one of the new competitors of A T & T. Customers may charge calls to their monthly Sears bill. In California the company is experimenting with a telephone bill-paying service linked to its credit card. In February, Sears launched a joint venture with IBM and CBS to develop a home-information service called Trintex, which will proba-

bly involve bill paying, banking and shopping and other services through home computers.

A far-flung Sears was very much on the mind of its founder, Richard W. Sears. A supersalesman, he saw no reason why Sears could not sell anything. He even set up a banking department with savings and checking services in 1899 that paid 5% interest on deposits, then folded the operation in 1903. But that was later. In 1886, then a restless 23-year-old railroad-station agent in North Redwood, Minn., Sears bought a consignment of gold-filled pocket watches that had been rejected by a local jeweler, resold them to other station agents at a \$2 profit apiece and founded the R. W. Sears Watch Co. A year later he added a watch repairman, Alvah C. Roebuck, to his staff. In 1888 came the initial catalog, containing only watches. In 1894, though, the first real Sears, Roebuck catalog appeared. The cover of its 507 pages blared: "Cheapest Supply House on Earth. Our Trade Reaches Around the World."

Not quite, but it did reach at least to American farmers. At the time they did most of their shopping at inefficient, local general stores, where they paid high prices and had limited choices. But a growing rail and post office network, with Chicago as the hub, was beginning to turn farmers into a cohesive market. Montgomery Ward had published a catalog for them since the 1870s, but Richard Sears perfected the technique beyond anyone's imagination. Using the expanding rail system that he knew so well and capitalizing on the rapid growth of post-Civil War America, Sears turned his catalog into a powerful link between makers of goods and customers.

Sears talked to farmers in simple and earthy language that sometimes stretched reality. In 1902 the Seven Drawer Drop Head Minnesota Sewing Machine was described as "the highest of high grade in everything." Couches and sofa beds were the "greatest values the world has ever seen." Dr. Rowland's System Builder and Lung Restorer was described as the "greatest vegetable medicine of the age for the thousand ailments common to the masses." Some copy was thorough to a fault. A detailed, literate description of a \$2.25 Schmuick mop wringer, which has "no equal," goes on for about 200 words. Writes Gordon L. Weil in his 1977 book *Sears, Roebuck U.S.A.*: "Even the hyperbole was designed to cater to their dreams of the greater world that most of them would never see."

Sears did not hesitate to call his goods the "best in the world" because he knew his customers would never be able to judge him by that standard. But at the same time he backed up his claim by assuring buyers of "satisfaction guaranteed or your money back." As early as 1911, Sears offered credit.



A researcher times how long it takes to pop corn and records how many kernels are left

Small-town store owners were threatened by the upstart. Some of them held burnings of Sears catalogs and denigrated the company at every turn, ridiculing it as "Shears and Sawbuck." In self-defense, the company began sending its catalogs in plain brown wrappers.

Aivah Roebuck was quickly worn down by Sears' energy and sold out to him in 1895 for a mere \$25,000. Roebuck went into other ventures, including early movies and Florida land, but then rejoined Sears in the 1930s as a traveling promoter. Local Sears managers discovered that the presence of one of the founders was a good Depression-era drawing card. At Roebuck's death in 1948 at 84, he was again the holder of Sears shares he had acquired as a member of the employee stock-ownership plan.

By the turn of the century, Richard Sears' store was America's largest mail-order house. Sears, who died in 1914, was succeeded as president by Julius Rosenwald. In 1928 the era of Robert Wood began. Wood, who went to West Point class of 1900 because he could not afford Yale, his first choice, became a brigadier general at 39 and ran the Army's Quartermaster Corps in the waning months of World War I. That was good training for large-scale retailing. One of his civilian aides, Robert Julius Thorne, was president of Montgomery Ward, and he invited Wood to join the company after the war as a vice president. Wood and Montgomery Ward, however, did not mix, and in 1924 he jumped to Sears.

Between 1928 and his retirement in 1954, Wood was the absolute ruler of

Sears, hammering out all aspects of the modern firm. Sears had opened the first retail store in 1925, but Wood pushed the company toward selling from stores as well as through the catalogs. The general led Sears into insurance with Allstate, arousing the ire and suspicion of traditional insurance companies. Sears actually sold houses in its catalogs from 1908 until 1939, at prices ranging from \$600 to a then princely \$5,000, and even provided mortgages. But it got out of that business because it was foreclosing on too many of its own loans during the Depression. Wood had Industrialist Henry J. Kaiser produce the short-lived Allstate automobile, which was sold in Sears stores for only two years, from 1951 to 1953.

After World War II, Wood's strategy was aggressive expansion. Sears fol-

Mr. T. Rules the Tower

Long before *The A-Team* became a hit television show, Sears had its own Mr. T. In a polite and personable way, Chairman Edward Riggs Telling, 65, who is 6 ft. 2 in. and 220 lbs., can be as tough in his sphere as that big bruiser with the Mandinka haircut. A former colleague recalls that Telling once delivered a friendly but firm ultimatum to the manager of a money-losing store. "You know your job is on the line," said Telling. "This is September, and I don't see any reason why you can't turn this store into a profit maker by January. But if you don't, I won't come around again. So let's just shake hands now, and we'll part friends." The store made a profit by January.

When Telling became chairman in 1978, Sears was more like a far-flung feudal kingdom than a smooth-running company. Store managers ordered goods in a haphazard way and sometimes ignored merchandising strategies planned at headquarters. Telling cut costs and raised sales by imposing discipline and direction from the Sears Tower in Chicago. To add spark to the company, he eased out complacent old-line executives and appointed younger, fresher lieutenants to key positions. Says Telling: "It was very lonely. What I did had to be done, but I knew I wouldn't be very popular."

Telling had more, though, than a stern hand. He had the vision and daring to lead Sears into new fields like stock brokerage and real estate. After becoming chairman, he set up a strategic planning committee. Says Archie Boe, who retired in March as Sears president: "We studied every U.S. industry, even automobiles and steel."

A Sears man for 38 years, Telling started as a receiving clerk at the company's store in his home town of Danville, Ill. (pop. 39,000). "I was a clerk until I thought I'd die," he remembers. When Telling made it to the post of store manager eight years later, he soon got a chance to prove his pluck. A month after he took over, the Danville store burned down. With no help or advice from Chicago, he salvaged what he could from the ruins and moved the business into an empty garage. By the time Sears got around to rebuilding its

Danville outlet eight months later, Telling's garage operation had surpassed the old store in both sales and profits.

The father of five and the grandfather of eight, Telling is as all-American as the customers he aims to please. The son of a bank cashier, he was an Eagle Scout by age twelve. In high school he was an end on the football team and a good tennis player. After graduating from Illinois Wesleyan with a bachelor's degree in business administration and economics, he joined the Navy during World War II and became a pilot, stationed in Pensacola, Fla.

Though Telling's income is now elite (\$1.4 million last year), his values remain middle class. He buys his dark gray suits from Sears and loves to fling open his jacket to flash the label. In fact, the only part of his wardrobe not from Sears is shoes. Reason: his 13A size is too rare for his stores to keep in stock. Telling's only ostentation is that he often rides to work from his home in Northbrook, Ill., in a company limousine or sometimes drives himself in a sleek black Jaguar. He defensively points out that the Jag belongs to his wife Nancy.

Behind his plain-wrapper exterior lies a poet at heart with a phenomenal memory for verse. Wesley Poulson, chairman of Coldwell Banker, says that he once engaged Telling in a

duel to see who could remember more of William Cullen Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. First Poulson would deliver a line or two, and then Telling. Long after Poulson had given up, Telling was still reciting the 81-line poem. He should certainly know the poem by Edgar A. Guest that graced the cover of the 1934 fall-winter Sears catalog. The last stanza:

*They know me as a catalog and
yet on lonely nights
I bring them dreams and fancies
and a wealth of real
delights.
For often when the day is done
and duty's flags are furled
I take the family shopping round
the markets of the world.*

Telling is scheduled to retire at the end of 1985. The front runners for the top spot appear to be Edward Brennan, 50, chief of merchandising; Donald Craib, 59, head of the Allstate insurance group; and Richard Jones, 57, Sears vice chairman. Whoever gets the job will have a tough time filling Mr. T.'s size 13A shoes.



A tough chairman with a touch of the poet

Economy & Business

lowed customers to the exploding suburbs. At this point, the company left rival Montgomery Ward behind, Ward Chairman Sewell Avery believed that a postwar depression was inevitable, just as economic decline had followed so many previous wars. He held back on investing in new stores, and his company lost out to Sears on prime postwar suburban locations.

Sears today resembles in many respects the company Wood left behind: huge, studied, deliberate, sometimes surprisingly innovative. It is not only the world's largest retailer but something of an industrial conglomerate as well.

About 11,000 companies make products for Sears. Some of the firms are well known. France's Michelin makes Sears RoadHandler steel-belted radial tires; Hamilton Beach supplies many of its tabletop kitchen appliances; Sunbeam provides irons; Singer makes Craftsman electric drills; Sanyo, Hitachi and Toshiba produce Sears television sets, stereos and video-cassette recorders. Most of the suppliers, though, are unknown outside their industries, firms like Irwin B. Schwabe of Great Neck, N.Y., a shirt supplier and the largest maker of flannel shirts in the U.S.

Sears has 366 buyers and 302 assistant

buyers, each assigned to a Sears product line, to watch over its purchases. Department 622, for example, is cooking-center appliances. Five buyers deal with three rangemakers, two dishwasher sources, one garbage-compactor company and one microwave-oven maker.

Sears is such a large and welcome customer to many U.S. companies that it can breed an unhealthy dependence. In recent years Sears has encouraged its suppliers to seek other markets. Sears takes 43% of Whirlpool's \$2.7 billion annual sales of

dishwashers, dryers and clotheswashers, which it sells under its own Kenmore name. Whirlpool has a Sales to Sears department that caters to the retailer's specifications. The relationship has gone on for 65 years, with no written contract. Says Donna McLean, a Whirlpool official: "Any customer who represents 43% of your business is going to carry a lot of weight." Sears owns no factories outright, but it does own large shares of some of its suppliers. It has 33% of Roper, its range-maker, 31% of DeSoto, which supplies paints, and 20% of Swift, its textiles provider.

The suppliers' products must meet the standards of the Sears product-testing labs, which are in the company's original headquarters on Chicago's West Side and in the Sears Tower. The labs were started in 1911 with a single chemist, but have evolved into a full-fledged testing organization that employs 138 engineers and technicians who run evaluations on 10,000 products annually. Mattresses are rolled over 100,000 times with a 225-lb. wooden cylinder. Leather boots spend hours dunked in pools of water or strapped to automatic walking machines. Toilets are flushed 100,000 times—once a minute, day and night—to assure dependability. Last year 2,239 products were field-tested.

The lab conducts exhaustive quality-value reviews, reacting sometimes to customer complaints about socks that fall apart or water-softening systems that turn on when they are not supposed to. Sometimes tests are run for no particular reason and turn up problems. The test lab has just completed a review of eight pieces of Sears luggage, plus 20 more from competitors, including Samsonite and American Tourister. The luggage was frozen to 20° below zero and then dropped two feet. Result: one of the Sears bags was rated "below grade."

Technicians in the labs come up with ideas of their own that find their way into Sears products. Engineer-Manager Jim Roach estimates that 1,000 patents have been granted to Sears since 1930. Few innovations have been startlingly new or involved complex technology; they were just nice and convenient. Example: medicine cabinets that light up when touched. Still another: a hot-air popper for gourmet popcorn. Earlier models did not work with such popcorn because of extra moisture in the corn.

The company watches over its loyal suppliers and rushes to their assistance when they need help. The Sears relationship with Globe-Union, which manufactures DieHard batteries, goes back 59 years. In 1972 Sears bought \$8.5 million worth of the company's preferred stock to allow it to expand. Now known as Globe Battery and a division of Johnson Controls, last year it sold Sears \$176 million worth of batteries.

While it can be helpful, Sears is also exacting. Says Milton Zilis, vice president of Johnson Controls: "Sears carries very heavy muscle, and it is constantly demanding innovation." This year Sears introduced Globe's DieHard Incredicell battery, which is smaller, lighter and more powerful than the previous model. In addition, the battery sounds a buzzer when a motorist shuts his engine off but leaves on the headlights. A set of indicator lights shows if the battery's charge is strong or fading.

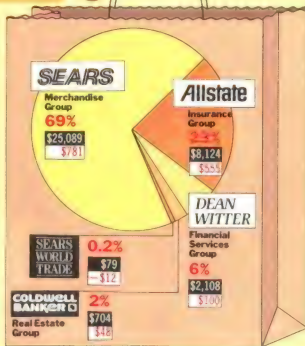
Sears
SEARS

The logo: old, top, and new

WHAT'S IN THE BAG

Percent of total 1983 revenues

■ Revenues in millions
■ Earnings in millions





1890: a \$13.75 carriage 1910: a newfangled car for \$395 1914: a Teddy bear for every child, 98¢ and up 1914: high buttons

America's Wish Book

The Sears catalog is not just a potent sales tool. It is America's family album. When the 1897 catalog was reprinted in 1968, 150,000 copies were sold at \$15 each. "One can find evidence of our present vices and our present virtues in this splendid volume," wrote Journalist Richard Rovere. "This catalog is at once a product and a display of our culture, especially our mass culture." This summer 12 million copies of the fall-winter edition were sent free to customers who had ordered at least \$30 worth of merchandise in the past six months. Another 3 million copies will be sold at \$4 each. The 1,515-page "big book," which contains some 120,000 items, ranging from a 29¢ part for a chain-link fence to a \$1,979 50-in. projection TV, is the largest of 41 different catalogs Sears publishes annually. Total circulation: 320 million.

In a more tolerant, less restrictive age, the Sears catalog mixed the art of salesmanship with a little bunkum. "We Aim to Illustrate Honestly and Correctly Every Article," Sears stated around the turn of the century. But that did not stop the company from claiming that its goods were "celebrated," "of the finest quality," "thoroughly high grade" not to mention "cheapest."

Home remedies were big sellers, and nine years before the passage of the Federal Food and Drugs Act in 1906, Sears attributed all kinds of curative powers to its treatments. Among them were obesity powders "to get rid of superfluous fat," a hair restorer and remedies for rheumatism, asthma, heart disease and an "opium and morphine habit." The bulk of the 1897 edition is devoted to the essentials of late-19th century life, at prices that today are pure nostalgia. Shoppers could find a 200-lb. barrel of corned beef for \$9, a 35-lb. wooden pail of gum-drops at \$1.65 and a dozen 5-lb. pails of strawberry jelly for \$6. Clothing included men's wool worsted suits for \$6.50 and ladies' "walking and bicycle suits" for \$6.75, topped off by a

"very stylish" \$2.95 hat. There were blacksmith's tools, farm implements and a vehicle section featuring phaetons, surreys, carriages and a "top-grade" buggy for \$65.

Over the decades, the Sears catalog kept up with the times. The Christmas catalog published in 1933 fitted the Depression era by stressing bargains, though it betrayed a few aspirations for better times. "Merry Christmas to mother—an electrical appliance that saves labor" was a \$2.39 automatic iron. Daughters could help out with a 22-piece deluxe toy laundry set with scrubboard and heavy metal wash-tub for \$1.98. Somewhat more in the Christmas spirit were 2-lb. fruitcakes for 49¢, Tinkertoys at 69¢, canaries for \$2.95 and a Kodak camera at \$6.39.

The newly designed, color-indexed 1984 fall-winter catalog represents Sears' latest refinement of the mail-order art, full of fitness equipment, computers and microwave ovens. Nearly half of the catalog, 622 pages, is devoted to clothing, including women's \$100 dresses and men's three-piece suits at \$147, as well as work boots and union suits.

Still, the fundamental formula is remarkably unchanged. Just as in earlier times, there are tools, furniture, appliances and gardening equipment. A woman 87 years ago could have bought half a dozen sterling-silver forks for \$10.85. Today her great-granddaughter can pick up a 20-piece set in stainless steel for \$14.99. Refined versions of the old puffery remain: "Where else would you find such a wide selection of colors and such an incredible value?" reads an ad for women's shoes.

The selling in the Sears catalog starts with the cover. In 1897 it showed a zaffig young woman with a cornucopia, out of which were flowing a piano, a stove, a sewing machine and other household objects. In 1927 Norman Rockwell did one of his Americana paintings for the cover. In 1966 an 18-year-old model named Cheryl Tiegs captured the spirit of American teen-agers. This year she not only is on the cover, but she also has her own line of clothes inside.

—By Alexander L. Taylor III



1966: Cheryl Tiegs on the cover



1918: build your own mail-order house 1933: Gene Autry's guitar 1933: a cast-iron enameled bath 1943: suiting up the boy

Economy & Business



Richard W. Sears was a railroad-station agent

The care and feeding of Sears' suppliers is an art. This year 80 of the best suppliers received awards at the company's annual "Partners in Progress" dinner, presided over by Merchandising Boss Brennan. The winners of trophies and crystal prisms are not just big companies. This year Gear, Inc., of New York City, with Sears just since 1983, was praised for the stylish looks of its country-furniture designs, now on display in half of Sears stores. Gear earned design royalties in 1983 on the \$500 million of its creations sold by Sears and other stores.

By and large, Sears targets its products for Middle America. Nowhere on any Sears shelf are there to be found such items of acknowledged excellence, but high price, as Dunhill cigarette lighters, Rolex watches or Leica cameras. Sears does not try to lead the customer to new and esoteric, and sometimes useless, products. Says Joseph Batogowski, senior executive vice president of merchandising: "We are a mass merchant. We strive to carry not avant-garde goods, but the current state of mass America."

The company has learned to trust its customers' judgment. In 1926 Sears ran a contest for a name for its tires. One suggestion: Allstate, later adopted by the insurance subsidiary. The company and its public have an intricate, almost passionate relationship. In the minds of executives in Sears Tower, customers are always present. At Batogowski's staff meetings, an empty chair sits among the participants. On it is a sign with the words THE CUSTOMER. Americans, in turn, respond to that attention. Sears gets letters all the time asking its advice on almost every human problem, from marital to technical. Politicians have even tried to get Sears on their side. In the 1930s a storied Georgia Governor told voters that they could count on "God Almighty, Sears, Roebuck and Eugene Talmadge."

Sears executives realize that customer loyalty is their greatest strength. Says Chairman Telling: "As large as it is, Sears remains highly respected for fair dealing and honesty. That's something invaluable. You couldn't buy it."

Much of the positive feeling toward Sears comes from its pledge of "satisfaction guaranteed or your money back." Sears will take almost anything back, for almost any reason. In a company with so many products, some defective ones naturally slip through, no matter how stiff the controls. Sears has won a reputation for taking back goods without an argument. "I bought a sweater at May's, had it wrapped at Bullett's, got my change at Mandon's, left by way of Desmond's, and when I found it didn't fit, the only place I could return it was Sears, Roebuck," quipped Radio Host Phil Baker of a jostling Christmas-shopping session in the 1940s.

Sears sometimes gets taken itself in the process of taking back goods. Shoes that have obviously been worn to shreds have been accepted with a smile. Tools that have been misused have been replaced. Last year a customer in rural New York suddenly became dissatisfied with foam furniture he had bought at Sears—six months earlier. He complained and got a credit. If buyers occasionally abuse the policy, Sears does not mind too much; it counts on those very customers to buy other products that they will not return.

With all those whirring blades, moving belts and spinning drills on so many of the things it sells, Sears is vulnerable to being sued by customers in product-liability cases. But it also moves to head off suits—and injuries—by telling customers about defects. Says Chief Counsel Philip Knox: "We had recalls long before there



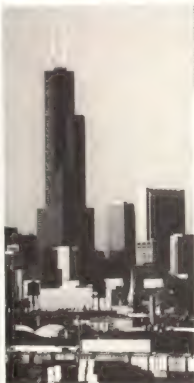
Alvah Roebuck was hired to repair watches

was a Product Safety Act." In the 1960s, for example, the company recalled a children's swing set, informing all buyers by certified mail of a weak weld.

Sears is constantly searching to learn who its customers are, what they like, what they are avoiding, how they are changing. It is a vast constituency that Sears kneads, reads, tries to listen to, examines, interprets. Through one of the largest systems of IBM computers outside the U.S. Government, the company keeps track of what is being bought and where. Each morning just after 7, Merchandise's Brennan enters his office and calls up a display on his computer terminal that can tell him the dollar volume of all Sears stores the previous day. He can also look at sales figures by region, specific store or product line.

Those figures would show him what people like Lisa and Terry Ford of Jonesboro, 17 miles south of Atlanta, are buying. When they were high school students, the couple hung out at the local Sears mall because it was the best place in town to have fun and meet people. As teen-agers, they bought Halloween costumes at Sears. By the age of 16 they were going through the store and pointing to things that they would some day have in their home. Married five years ago at 18, they outfitted their new two-bedroom house at Sears. Lisa got a Kenmore washer and dryer as birthday and Christmas presents. The couple also bought a blender, a mixer, a coffeemaker, a toaster, an iron, a shower curtain and living-room curtains from Sears. When they needed to fence in their yard, they got a Sears fence. Now the Fords are planning a family, and they are starting to visit the Winnie-the-Pooh collection of children's clothes.

Of such are great retail empires built. At a time when many companies cannot resist the temptation to take the money and run, Sears continues to show how to succeed in business by really trying. It is tough to beat the offer that Richard W. Sears made to his customers almost a century ago: "Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back." —By John S. DeMott. Reported by J. Madeline Nash/Chicago



The tallest tower: headquarters in Chicago

Judge a copier by how it doesn't look.



When a copier works exactly the way it's supposed to work, few people notice.

Which is why an IBM Model 60 Copier tends to become invisible. It's so reliable, people take it for granted.

A computer inside helps keep it running smoothly. So you get consistently high quality copies. And all of the easy-to-use features you'd expect to find in a

high-performance copier.

But while the IBM Model 60 goes unnoticed, there's one thing about it that really stands out.

Its price. The IBM Model 60 costs less than any copier in its class.*

So if you're interested in buying a copier with great value, take a look at the IBM Model 60.

It could be the best copier you'll never see. **IBM**

IBM Series III Model 60 Copier/Duplicator

Write today to IBM.

IBM, Dept. 2F, 400 Passaic Pond Drive,
Franklin Lakes, New Jersey 07417.

- Please send me a free brochure.
 Please have an IBM representative call me.

NAME _____

TITLE _____

COMPANY _____

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

BUSINESS PHONE _____

The Invisible Copier

Call IBM Direct 1 800 IBM-2468 Ext. 3.

Show Business

The Mellifluous Prince of Disorder

Richard Burton: 1925-1984

The magnificent baritone was not merely a voice. It was an orchestra of enormous range and power, and when it was silenced last week, its graceful sound seemed to linger on for millions who had heard it on film and stage. Homer must have known someone very much like Richard Burton. Describing Odysseus' effect on an audience in a faraway land, the poet wrote: "He ceased; but left so pleasing on the ear his voice, that list'ning still they seemed to hear."

Burton was not the greatest actor of his generation, although many of his peers were convinced that he could have been. Nor was he the greatest success at the box office, although 20 years ago he was almost certainly the highest-paid actor in the world. But for the better part of the '60s and '70s, the years of his romance with and marriages to Elizabeth Taylor—the Elizabethan years, as he later called them—he was one of the most celebrated men on the planet. Amplified by the resources of modern media, the lovemaking and the battles of Liz and Dick echoed across oceans. Many critics thought him the greatest Hamlet of the era, and he received seven Academy Award nominations for his parts in such films as *Becket*, *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* and *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* But his greatest role was the one that both he and his audience seemed to enjoy best: Richard Burton, the romantic and joyous spirit. When he died of a cerebral hemorrhage at the comparatively youthful age of 58, it was as if some clumsy stagehand had missed his cue and dropped the curtain before the performance had really come to an end.

He had been touched by the finger of God, Actor Hume Cronyn observed, and there was in fact something miraculous in his becoming an actor at all. His father, Richard Jenkins, was a coal miner in the Welsh steel town of Pontrhydyfen; Burton was the twelfth of 13 children, and his mother died when he was two. An ambi-



The star in the mid-'70s
Even his silences were magnetic.

tion to be not only an actor but a superb actor was somehow ignited, and when he was in his teens he attached himself to Philip Burton, who taught literature and drama in a local school. "He had a very coarse, rough voice then, with a heavy Welsh accent," says the senior Burton, who became his legal guardian, giving

Cleopatra (1963) and *Virginia Woolf* (1966)



him a new home and a new surname. "We would go to the top of a mountain, and I would teach him to recite Shakespeare to me without shouting. He wanted to speak standard English, without the Welsh accent, and I had him read the part of Henry Higgins in *Pygmalion*." Young Burton probably had more in common, however, with Alfred Doolittle, the free-living dushman in the play, who, as Higgins said, had "a certain natural gift of rhetoric." That gift took Burton to Oxford during World War II, and in 1948, after a mandatory stint in the Royal Air Force, to London's West End, where he soon established himself as a logical successor to the reigning monarchs of the stage: Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson. Coriolanus, he thought, was his greatest role, and others agreed. "Nobody else can ever again play Coriolanus now," said Olivier. Added Critic Kenneth Tynan: "We thought he could be another Edmund Kean, that he was going to be the greatest classical actor living."

Burton believed so too. When he discussed his work years later, he talked almost exclusively about the stage, rarely about films. "He had the most extraordinary, magical stage presence," says Philip Burton. "Sometimes there is a mystical interaction between an audience and an actor, and it is that that distinguishes the great from the very talented." Even his silences were magnetic. Claire Bloom, who appeared with him more than 30 years ago in Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not for Burning*, remembers a moment when "he simply washed the floor, quietly on the side, while John Gielgud and Pamela Brown were having some great scene at the front of the stage. But nobody could take his eyes off Richard." When he broke that silence and pumped up the organ behind those golden vocal cords, the theater was his. Says Director Franco Zeffirelli: "You could hear his voice around and inside you."

His voice reached as far as California, and when Hollywood beckoned in 1952, Burton jumped, like many another British actor before and since. He made several big films, like *The Robe*, but he did not become an international star until 1960, when he returned to the stage as

The Robe (1953) *Camelot* (1960)



Hamlet (1964) *Wild Geese* (1978)



King Arthur in Lerner and Loewe's *Camelot*. Arthur himself could not have been more virile and vibrant, and the play's final words, sung as an elegy by the King, took on an almost unbearable poignancy in the days after John Kennedy's assassination. Jacqueline Kennedy recalled that she and Jack had loved listening to the words before going to bed: "Don't let it be forgot, that once there was a spot, for one brief shining moment that was known as Camelot."

Broadway had turned him into a box-office attraction and in 1961 20th Century-Fox, exercising its rights under an old contract, took away his stage crown and shipped him off to Rome to play Mark Antony in a sprawling screen epic called *Cleopatra*, with Elizabeth Taylor in the title role. Gossip about the two stars quickly spread: "Elizabeth and Burton are not just playing Antony and Cleopatra," declared Director Joe Mankiewicz. The world professed to be shocked at candid shots of them cavorting in bathing suits, like teen-agers rather than great celebrities. "He was like Prince Charming kissing the sleeping princess," said Taylor, who at the time was still married to Singer Eddie Fisher. A revenge of sorts was achieved by Fisher when he appeared on a Manhattan stage with Juliet Prowse, who purred provocatively. "I'm Cleo, the nympho of the Nile."

Even after they shed their spouses and legalized their union, Liz and Dick were denounced by the pious. Everywhere they went the *paparazzi* trailed behind; following their soap-opera romance became almost a necessary diversion for a world wearied by wars and assassinations. The

pair made millions and spent millions, traveling with an entourage that would pauper a Saudi prince, taking over entire floors of famous hotels. Like Henry VIII, a part he played with gusto in *Anne of the Thousand Days*, Burton lavished jewels on his consort: the 33-carat Krupp diamond, the 69-carat Cartier diamond and the lustrous Peregrina pearl that King Philip II of Spain gave Mary Tudor in 1554. Liz and Dick made a couple of good movies together, including *Virginia Woolf* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, and some fine glitzy

soon followed. He married, divorced and married again. His fourth wife Sally was with him last week when he was stricken at their modest villa in the Swiss village of Céligny, where, dressed in red, the Welsh national color, he was also buried. The services included the familiar words of Dylan Thomas and the strains of a Welsh rugby song.

In the post-Elizabethan years he finally gave up the bottle, did a few good plays and movies, notably *Equus*, and many bad ones, such as *The Klansman* and *The Wild Geese*. "I've done the most unutterable rubbish, all because of money," he confessed a few years ago. "I didn't need it. I've never needed money, not even as a child, though I came from a very poor family. But there have been times when the lure of the zeros was simply too great." It may have been those seductive zeros that reunited him with Taylor last year in a national tour of Noël Coward's *Private Lives*: each reportedly was paid \$70,000 a week. Grotesquely miscast, Liz and Dick endured perhaps their ultimate humiliation.

He was a born actor who chose a "rather mad way of throwing away his theater career," said Gielgud last week.

Burton's friends had been telling him that for years. It was advice he did not want to take. "I rather like my reputation, actually," he said when he turned 50. "That of a spoiled genius from the Welsh gutter, a drunk, a womanizer. It's rather an attractive image." Some measure out their lives with coffee spoons; Burton, like his friend and fellow Welshman Dylan Thomas, poured his out by the bucketful until, at last, there was nothing left. —By Gerald Clarke



Liz and Dick doing what comes naturally in *Private Lives* (1983)

"He was like Prince Charming kissing the sleeping princess."

entertainments, like *The V.I.P.s*, but for the most part their professional collaboration was disastrous, resulting in embarrassments like *Hammersmith Is Out* and *The Sandpiper*.

Burton loved to brag about how much he could drink, but his bouts with booze caused Taylor to divorce him in 1974. Fourteen months later they remarried in Botswana, with two rhinos and a hippo among the witnesses; but a second divorce

Milestones

ENGAGED. *Christie Brinkley*, 30, supermodel who parlayed her appearances in *Sports Illustrated* bathing-suit issues into the design of her own line of scanty swimwear; and *Billy Joel*, 35, Grammy-winning songwriter supreme, who wrote one of his biggest hits, *Uptown Girl*, for Brinkley; in Lloyd Harbor, N.Y. The marriage will be the second for both.

CONVICTED. *Harry Claiborne*, 67, controversial chief judge of Nevada's U.S. District Court since 1978 and the first sitting judge ever found guilty of a crime committed while on the bench: of two counts of filing false tax returns for 1979 and 1980; in Reno. It was Claiborne's second trial; the first, dominated by additional charges that he took bribes from a brothel keeper, ended last April in a hung jury. Those charges have since been dropped.

SENTENCED. *Peter Theodoropoulos*, 45, acid-penned society columnist, earlier for *Esquire*, now for *Vanity Fair*, under his

well-known nom de plume Taki; to 16 weeks' imprisonment for cocaine possession, after his arrest at Heathrow Airport last month with 23.1 grams of the drug, worth \$2,000, in his back pocket; in London. Taki pleaded guilty, but plans to appeal the sentence.

DIED. *Easter Phillips*, 48, dynamic rhythm-and-blues singer who got her start and early hits as a child star in the 1950s with Johnny Otis' blues show, but whose lifelong battle against drugs turned her career into a series of retirements and comebacks punctuated by hits like *Release Me* (1962) and *What a Difference a Day Makes* (1975); of liver and kidney disease, in Torrance, Calif. Appearing with the Beatles on British TV in 1965, she was acknowledged by them as a major innovative force in rock 'n' roll. Her death came only three weeks after that of Willie Mae ("Big Mama") Thornton, a rip-roaring blues shouter who also had a profound influence on white singers.

DIED. *Alfred Knopf*, 91, New York book publisher for 69 years who brought to American readers a large part of the best contemporary literature of Europe, the U.S. and Latin America; in Purchase, N.Y. With his indispensable assistant Blanche Wolf, whom he married in 1916 (she died in 1966), Knopf brought out his first books only three years after he left college (Columbia), employing a Russian wolfhound as the firm's colophon. He not only had an uncanny ability to discover new writers who went on to achieve permanence and literary prizes, but he also set and maintained the highest standards of design and craftsmanship in book production. His early lists emphasized Russian authors, but he also published Thomas Mann, T.S. Eliot, André Gide, D.H. Lawrence and Franz Kafka, among other eminent Europeans, and such U.S. writers as Willa Cather, H.L. Mencken, John Hersey and Samuel Eliot Morison, and Latin Americans Jorge Amado and Gilberto Freyre.

Medicine

How Surgery Won Gold Medals

Putting the spring back into Benoit's and Retton's knees

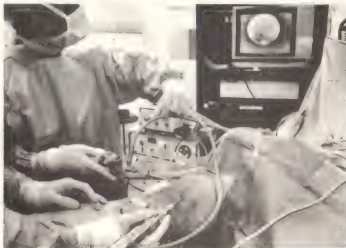
Like all top athletes, Joan Benoit is accustomed to pain. But one day last March, more than halfway through a routine 20-mile run in Maine in preparation for the Olympic marathon, she felt a sharp stab on the outside of her right knee. Within the next mile, she recalls, "the knee completely prevented me from running another step." Her doctor, Orthopedic Surgeon Robert Leach of Boston University Medical Center, gave her an injection of cortisone. After a week's rest Benoit resumed training, but in early April she again had to "walk out of a run." This time Benoit was referred to Orthopedic Surgeon Stan James, in Eugene, Ore., whose roster of patients with knee problems reads like a *Who's Who* of running: Jim Ryan, Frank Shorter, Joaquim Cruz and Mary Decker. James first prescribed drug and physical therapy. Six days later, on April 23, a depressed Benoit was back in James' office; that morning the pain in her knee had forced her to pull up three miles into a run. James presented her with two options: she could stop training altogether and give the injury time to heal, which would mean missing the Olympic trials, or she could undergo an operation for diagnosing and treating knee problems known as arthroscopy.

Gymnast Mary Lou Retton faced a similar dilemma last June when she injured her right knee during an exhibition. "I thought, 'Oh my God, it's all over for me,'" she remembers. According to her doctor, Orthopedist Richard Caspari of Richmond, a fragment of cartilage from her knee joint had broken off and lodged in the joint, locking the knee.

Both athletes chose arthroscopy, partly because it offered at least an outside chance of competing in Los Angeles. The decision was wise: both went on to earn gold medals in their events. Benoit by winning the first women's Olympic marathon and Retton by beating out the top Rumanian and Chinese gymnasts for the all-around championship.

Retton flew to St. Luke's Hospital in Richmond for the surgical procedure. Benoit stayed in Eugene, where on April 25 in Sacred Heart General Hospital she

was placed under general anesthesia. Surgeon James made a 1/4-in. incision in her right knee and inserted a thin tube through which a saline solution was injected to flush away pieces of tissue and distend the joint. He then made another small cut and inserted the arthroscope, a 10-in.-long instrument as thin as a drinking straw, with optical fibers on its tip that throw a bright light inside the knee. The image can be viewed either directly through the tube or magnified on a



Surgeon focuses arthroscope, center, before using surgical tool, front. Dubbed "video-game surgery" for its deft eye-hand maneuvers.

color-television screen. Through a third small hole in the knee, James threaded special tools for exploring and repairing the joint. Guided by the TV image, and deftly handling the instruments—maneuvers that require such acute eye-hand coordination that arthroscopy has been dubbed "video-game surgery"—James located a piece of cartilaginous material about 1 in. long. As the surgeon snipped the taut, rubber band-like tissue with his scissors, there was an audible snap. The entire procedure took 40 min. Two days later Benoit was exercising on a treadmill. In Richmond, Retton checked out of the hospital the day of her operation and was back training in a Houston gym the next day.

Less than ten years ago, Benoit's and Retton's careers might well have been cut short by the disorder. Their knees could have required exploratory surgery just to diagnose the problem. Open-knee surgery would have meant at least a week's hospital stay and eight to twelve weeks of rehabilitation. In contrast,

arthroscopy, which costs around \$1,500 to \$3,000, the same as open-knee surgery, necessitates at most an overnight hospital stay, and patients are usually on their feet the next day.

The technique, popularized in the U.S. in the 1970s after a Japanese surgeon perfected the arthroscope, is increasingly being used for repairs to the shoulder and elbow. But the fact that arthroscopy now accounts for 90% of all knee surgery in the U.S. is proof of its major application. Dr. James Nicholas, director of the Lenox Hill Institute of Sports Medicine in New York, calls the knee the body's most vulnerable joint, "the most complicated and the least suited to perform what it is asked to do." Ligaments joining the

femur and tibia wrap around the knee to keep the bones together; the only cushion between these bones is two thin bands of cartilaginous tissue called menisci. Unlike the shoulder and hip joints, which are buried under layers of muscle, the knee is protected only by the kneecap and a thin layer of tissue. The knee bears great weights, helps propel and stop the body and acts as a shock absorber—and that is just normal wear. Many sports put added strain on the joint. The worst: football, basketball, skiing, soccer, weight lifting and wrestling. And a runner, says Dr. James Hill, co-director of sports medicine at Northwestern Memorial Hospital in Chicago, "takes an average of 1,000 to 1,200 steps a mile, with two to three times the body weight on the knee at each step."

Despite its popularity, arthroscopy, some doctors complain, is being overused, especially in diagnosis. It does have some drawbacks. Its primary use is in removing torn tissue and bone chips, but doctors must still open the knee to work on ligaments and tendons. Also, patients seeing the small wounds and feeling little pain after the operation may be tempted to exercise too soon. James was surprised when Benoit arrived for a checkup only a week after surgery and told him that she had already completed two one-hour runs. Says he: "I've operated on a lot of other runners, but I haven't seen anything as dramatic as that." James was in the stands when Benoit made her memorable entry into the Los Angeles Coliseum. "I got a little teary-eyed toward the end. I couldn't even cheer," he recalls. —By Anastasia Tsefexis. Reported by Dick Thompson/San Francisco, with other bureaus



About Bulls & Bears & Savings Bonds.

The stock market says that bulls are good and bears are bad. But if you buy U.S. Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan, you can get the most out of both markets.

Rates are high during bull markets, so the variable interest rate you get on Bonds lets you share in those higher returns.

But if the bear takes over and rates fall, don't panic: you're protected by a guaranteed minimum of 7.5%.

Just hold your Bonds 5 years or more, and you can ride the bull and beat the bear.

Take
stock
in America.

"As I have loved you"

"Love
one another."



"And bring
each other home."

"Care for each
other."



"Love one another
as I have loved you.

And care for each
other,
as I have cared for you.

Bear one another's
burdens.
Share each other's joys.
And love one another,
love one another.
And bring each other
home."

(Words from the song "Love One
Another" by Germaine Habsian
© 1966 by E.E.I. Publications, Ltd.)

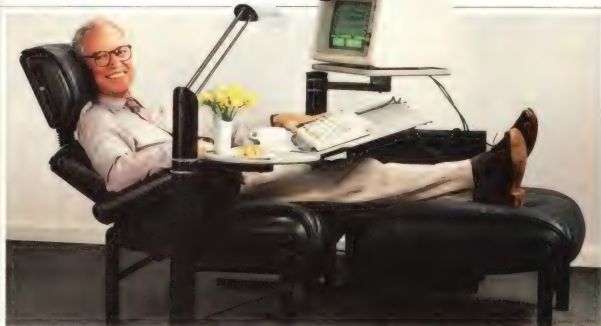
Come together as a family.
Come together to your
House of Worship every week.

**Worship together.
Grow together.**

Ad



Design



Accommodating the human factor in high tech: Diffrient demonstrates the comforts and efficiencies of his Jefferson lounge chair

A Chair with All the Angles

Adjustable accessories can be tailored to workers' body sizes

OK, lean way back in the chair. Rest your head and stretch out. Relax. Now get to work.

Work? Yes, indeed. Ergonomic furniture design—that is, designing for the human frame—is confirming what some people suspected long ago: the mind seems to work better when the body is firmly and comfortably supported in a reclining position. Thomas Jefferson liked to read and write while taking his ease on a specially adapted chaise longue. Mark Twain and Winston Churchill often worked lying back, their heads supported, facing their books or writing pads at eye level. In such a position, they were able to prevent many a pain in the neck.

The trouble with some chairs today, says Industrial Designer Niels Diffrient, is that they "look as though the designer never saw a human body." Diffrient has come up with an innovative, adjustable lounge chair engineered on anatomic rather than aesthetic principles. The top of a radically new furniture line designed by Diffrient for computer-age offices, the chair will be introduced on the market next spring by the U.S. manufacturer SunarHauserman. Probable price, including accessories: around \$3,500.

Diffrient's furniture system consists of a number of components that can be put together to suit the individual tasks, comfort and predilections of every worker in today's automated office. Surfaces can be lifted or lowered, tilted or joined every

which way; adjustable video supports, telephone holders, In and Out baskets, bookshelves, copyholders and other accessories can be readily attached. Says Diffrient: "We set out to design an office furniture system that fits everyone who uses it—from the shortest woman to the tallest man—like their clothes or shoes."

The lounge chair, which Diffrient named for Jefferson, has none of the sleek elegance of the chaise longues designed by Mies van der Rohe or Le Corbusier, nor the coziness of the Eames lounge chair. But then, none of them is adjustable and completely comfortable. In designing his Jefferson chair, Diffrient set aside all questions of form and tried to think like an engineer. After much trial and error, he arrived at a design that suspends the chair on a central axis that pivots much as the body does at the waist and hips. The pivoting motion is controlled by a gas-cylinder mechanism activated from the armrest. The headrest supports the neck at the underside of the cranium. The elbows repose without being pushed up.

Adding the separate ottoman or footrest makes the chair blissfully relaxing. Adding the "task accessories" for reading and writing makes it a marvelously efficient work station. The lamp and a small round side table for a telephone, ashtray, vase, drink or whatnot are supported by a freestanding column. Another column supports a television set or computer monitor, as well as a cantilevered, tilting table

that can hold a computer keyboard or serve as a writing surface. The columns can be placed anywhere. The computer disc drive goes in an upright console next to the chair. Diffrient maintains that "the energy you save by reducing the strain of holding yourself up and worrying about whether your back aches or your arms hurt is directly converted to the work at hand."

A lean, silver-haired Mississippian, Diffrient, 55, has always disdained the merely stylish, devoting most of his professional life to accommodating what he calls the "human factor" in the tools and furnishings of our high-tech civilization. He started as a painter, but switched to industrial design while studying at the famed Cranbrook Academy of Art, near Detroit. During that time he apprenticed with Architect-Designer Eero Saarinen, making drawings and models for office chairs. He eventually won acclaim for his own chairs but is just as proud of the tractors, lift trucks and airplane interiors he helped create during 25 years with Henry Dreyfus Associates, a leading industrial-design firm. At Dreyfus, he also helped develop an encyclopedic series of guidebooks for designers called *Humanscale*, which provides data about the dimensions and movements of the human body.

Diffrient's chair prompts visionary speculations about the office of the future. Perhaps the executive desk will become obsolete except as a status symbol to sit behind, not to write on. And what of the conference room of tomorrow? How about a congenial grouping of Jefferson lounge chairs, their occupants all watching the displays presented on their individual monitors? —By Wolf Von Eckardt



A Marine plays with young Vietnamese in 1969



U.S. paratroopers of the 173rd Brigade prepare to defend the Bien Hoa airfield in 1965

Books

Beleaguered Patriotism and Pride

BLOODS: AN ORAL HISTORY OF THE VIETNAM WAR BY BLACK VETERANS
by Wallace Terry; Random House; 311 pages; \$17.95

There was a time when historians laboriously gathered and sifted evidence before beginning to write. The invention of the tape recorder offered a short cut. By pointing a microphone at enough people and asking them to reminisce about something, would-be chroniclers could now simply market their research. Hence oral histories, an important-sounding term for a form with some serious drawbacks. These include impressionism (not what happened but how it felt) and the notorious unreliabilities of memory. The speakers in such books may represent a true cross section of their society at large; they may also have been chosen because they were available and willing to chat. And oral histories can never be better or more significant than the talk that went into them.

By this measure alone, *Bloods* is superb. The 20 blacks who discuss their experiences while serving in the Viet Nam War are uniformly eloquent. Editor Wallace Terry covered the fighting during the late 1960s as a *TIME* correspondent in Saigon and came away convinced that black combatants carried some unique burdens. They were, particularly during the earlier phases of U.S. involvement, doing a disproportionate amount of the dying. They were bearing arms against nonwhites in a cause that was increasingly dividing blacks as well as the entire U.S. And they came home

not to acclaim (few Viet Nam vets received that) but to reminders that racism was still a fact of American life. Terry decided that this story should be told and that the blacks involved should tell it. He chose his narrators carefully: grunts, non-coms, officers, from all four branches of the armed services, from backgrounds both urban and rural. The composite that emerged after years of interviewing is a portrait not just of warfare and warriors but of beleaguered patriotism and pride.

The violence recalled in *Bloods* is chilling: the slow torture of a North Vietnamese army officer by a company of U.S. infantry; the unspeakable ordeal of a

white American soldier who had been half-flayed by the Viet Cong and staked to the ground; he begged for death when his countrymen found him three days later. But the horrors perpetrated in Viet Nam, that most reported and televised of wars, are by now familiar. More surprising and heartening is the sense of affinity that blacks remember toward the people they were assigned to protect or slaughter. Says an Army interpreter: "I think blacks got along better with the Vietnamese people, because they knew the hardships the Vietnamese went through. The majority of the people who came over there looked down on the Vietnamese. They considered them ragged, poor, stupid. They just didn't respect them. I could understand poverty."

Remarkably, this understanding left few of the witnesses estranged from their native land. Says a Marine: "As a black person, there wasn't no problem fightin' the enemy. I knew Americans were prejudiced, were racist and all that, but, basically, I believed in America 'cause I was an American." An Air Force POW in North Viet Nam tells interrogators he will not be used for propaganda: "My color doesn't have nothin' to do with it. We have problems in the U.S. but you can't solve them." Another captured airman takes the same stand: "Although black people are kind of behind the power curtain, we have just as much claim to this country as any white man. America is the black man's best hope."

Although the witnesses are markedly different, common threads run through much of their testimony. They seem united in the conviction that the U.S. could have won

Excerpt

“ The first thing happened to me, I looked out and here's a bamboo snake. That little short snake, the one that bites you and you're through bookin'. What do you do when a bamboo snake comin' at you? You drop your rifle with one hand, and shoot his head off. You don't think you can do this, but you do it. So I'm rough with this snake, everybody thinks, well, Edwards is shootin' his ass off today.

So then this old man runs by. This other sergeant says, 'Get him, Edwards.' But I missed the old man. Now I just shot the head off a snake. You dig what I'm sayin'? Damn near with one hand, M-14. But all of a sudden, I missed this old man. 'Cause I really couldn't shoot him. ”

Books

the war: "With all the American G.I.s that were in Viet Nam, they could have put us all shoulder to shoulder and had us march from Saigon all the way up to the DMZ. Just make a sweep." Those who raise the subject agree that racism vanished on the front lines: "In the field, we had the utmost respect for each other, because when a firefight is going on and everybody is facing north, you don't want to see nobody looking around south." Away from the fighting, relations got stickier. The sight of Confederate flags brandished by some white servicemen still rankles: "An insult to any person that's of color on this planet." But the enforced isolation in a strange and dangerous country seems to have made both sides from the U.S. try harder: "See, when the rednecks got together and started to stomp and holler, you either had to go over there and pour beer on the floor and do your little jumpin' up and down, or you stay out of it. That was their thing, and we had our thing. It was good to do it together, 'cause we were all in the war together."

Peace proved to be a different matter. Nearly everyone quoted in *Bloods* reports a difficult journey back home: "I had left one war and came back and got into another one." This speaker joined the Black Panthers, but disillusionment set in: "All we wanted to do was kick whitey's ass. We didn't think about buying property or gaining economic independence. We were, in the end, just showing off." A few got in trouble with the law; others stayed in the service or became active in counseling other veterans and lobbying for their benefits.

Some came back maimed. One man who lost a foot began competing in track meets sponsored by the U.S. Amputee Athletic Association; he now holds two world records at different distances and can run 60 meters "just about two seconds slower than Herschel Walker." Another, minus a hand, looked for a job unsuccessfully, gave up and relied on benefits that are harder and harder to keep: "Maybe Social Security thinks I've lived too long." He goes on: "It's funny. When I see the Vietnamese who came over here, I just wonder how they start so fast. Get businesses and stuff. Somebody helpin' 'em. But the ones that fought for they country, been livin' here all along, we get treated like dirt."

This is a minority report in a book about a minority. On most of its pages, hope prevails. Some of these men have witnessed the very worst that people can inflict on one another; they were among the offenders abroad and the victims where they were born and raised. With such unique knowledge, they persist in believing that life need not be as grim as they have seen it. The vision they have earned by their experience finally transcends race; their dramatic monologues bear witness to humanity.

—By Paul Gray

HARVEST



From good earth to dust bowl.

In 40 years, America's heartland could lie parched and barren. TIME uncovered why one of the richest agricultural areas in the world is running out of water. The impact of this shortage is already being felt by our farmers, and soon it may be felt by all of us. Week after week, TIME gives you more than news and information. It brings insight and understanding to subjects that matter to you.

Read TIME and understand.



What is the FCC doing to improve cordless phones?

They've just authorized 10 new 46/49MHz channels to help reduce interference.

Before you buy a low-priced cordless telephone, you should know what's been going on in Washington. Because the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) has just doubled the number of channels available for cordless phones. These changes will make many of the old, less expensive 17/49 cordless phones seem obsolete.

What causes interference usually associated with lower-priced cordless phones?

- Other cordless phones.
- AM radio signals.
- Current fluctuations in house wiring.

What does this interference sound like?

- Humming.
- Buzzing.
- Disruptive signals from other phones.

How do the new FCC-approved 46/49MHz channels improve cordless clarity?

- Increased number of channels reduces odds of sharing the same channel with another cordless phone.
- Cross-channel interference is reduced.
- The chance of frequency saturation is reduced.

Who is the first company to make use of the FCC-approved channels?

- Uniden Corporation of America. The cordless phones using the new channels are known as the 46/49 Series Extend-A-Phones® (the only full line of 46/49 phones available).



uniden
extend-a-phone®

The Clearer Cordless

Uniden Corporation of America, 200 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10166

Jack Nicklaus



What has Uniden® done to increase security?

- Developed a system called AutoSecure™ that prevents unauthorized use of phone lines.*
- Added digital coding on selected units providing up to 256 codes to prevent false ringing and increasing billing protection from other cordless telephones.*

What changes has Uniden® made to improve sound quality?

- Receivers have been improved for cleaner audio.
- Audio circuitry has been upgraded for crisper sound.

What are some examples of convenience features on the new 46/49 Series Extend-A-Phones®?

- Pulse/Tone switching for MCI/Sprint† access.
- Memory dialing.
- Speakerphones.
- Mute key.

- Redial.
- Cancel key.
- Intercom.
- 1000 foot cord-

less calling range

(depending on local conditions).

I understand the new phones will cost more. What are some reasons for this?

- Developing any new technology costs more.
- Adding higher quality audio components adds to production costs.
- Incorporating top-quality features comes into play in pricing.

How soon will the new 46/49 Series Extend-A-Phones® be available?

- All phones are available now. To see the new models, visit any nearby Uniden® dealer.

*Security features vary by model.

†Sprint is a registered trademark of

General Telephone & Electronics

©1994 Uniden Corporation of America.

Books



Louis Auchincloss

Cul-de-Sac

THE BOOK CLASS

by Louis Auchincloss

Houghton Mifflin, 212 pages; \$14.95

Most American novelists are firmly rooted in the middle class, and when they write about their social betters, they are usually a little uncomfortable, like a stranger at a grand dinner who furtively watches to see which of the many forks the hostess will pick up next. Louis Auchincloss was born to that elevated society, however. He is, as reviewers always note, perhaps the only living example of the novelist of manners, the last descendant of Henry James and Edith Wharton.

And so he is, but within much stricter and by now familiar limitations. *The Book Class*, his 27th work of fiction, is, like most of its predecessors, a study of a small group of people who live on Manhattan's Upper East Side, belong to the Knickerbocker and Colony clubs, send their sons to schools such as Groton and Yale (the author's alma maters), and consider the Rockefellers, who came into their billions less than a century ago, slightly parvenu. This time around, Auchincloss is concerned with the female of that rare and resplendent species: twelve women who met once a month, from 1908 to 1972, to enrich themselves still further by discussing a book. The narrator, Christopher Gates, is the decorator son of one of the dozen in the Book Class. He believes that they and their peers had a remarkable and unrecorded influence on New York, and hence America, in the days before women "got sidetracked in the dreary cul-de-sac of men's jobs." He makes it his task to write their history and, through the mechanics of the sometimes awkward plot, persuades

nearly every one of them to pour out her heart.

And such curiously hard, or perhaps hardened, hearts they are. The women are determined at all costs to preserve their families and their names. Justine Bannard has accepted for years the philandering of her handsome architect husband Chester. When he threatens to run off with the beautiful wife of one of his clients, however, Justine takes action. She does not scream, shout or cry; this woman of Roman virtue: that would send him flying. Instead she talks to the other husband; they agree not only to offer their errant spouses their freedom, but to give them allowances as well (in Auchincloss's world it is often the women who have the money) "Our job," says Justine, "is to strip their fantasy of its glamour. The first thing to remove is its illegality. They must feel free to marry." Her subtle plan works, of course: the family remains intact, at least on the surface.

The narrator is a boy in prep school, a classmate of Justine's son's, when he hears that story. Over the next half-century he uncovers the others, until, around 1980, he interviews one of the last survivors, Maud Erskine, who is 93. "I suppose it's appropriate that the Book Class should end in a book," she says.

Perhaps. But this sporadically entertaining example reads more like an outline for a novel than a novel itself. Auchincloss may know better than any other practicing writer that rarefied world of old New York money, but he also knows less than many others how to write a vivid story. The trouble is that he tells enough about his subject to make it interesting, but not enough to make it the stuff of memory or dreams. —By Gerald Clarke

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. "And Ladies of the Club," *Saturday* (1 last week)
2. Lincoln, *Vidal* (2)
3. First Among Equals, *Archler*
4. The Butter Battle Book, *Seuss*
5. The Aquitaine Progression, *Ludlum* (3)
6. The Walking Drum, *L'Amour* (5)
7. Full Circle, *Steel* (4)
8. The Revenge of the Robins Family, *Adler & Chastain* (10)
9. Deep Six, *Custer* (6)
10. The Gremlins Storybook, *Carey* (7)

NONFICTION

1. Eat to Win, *Haus* (1)
2. Nothing Down, *Allen* (2)
3. Wired, *Woodward* (3)
4. In God's Name, *Yallop* (5)
5. Zig, Ziglar's Secrets of Closing the Sale, *Ziglar* (6)
6. The Kennedys, *Collier and Horowitz* (4)
7. Go for It!, *Kassler* (7)
8. The Prophet, *Gibran*
9. Motherhood, *Bombek* (9)
10. The Frugal Gourmet, *Smith*

Compiled by TIME from more than 1,000 participating bookstores.



Gersaint's *Shopsign*: at once an elegy, a work of art criticism and an essay of social observation

Art

Sounding the Unplucked String

In Washington, the glowing, meticulous paintings of Watteau

Some exhibitions seem to be beyond full criticism. They redefine their subject, the image of an artist, for a generation, and do it with the utmost sympathy and scholarly passion. The presentation of paintings and drawings of Antoine Watteau that opened last month at the National Gallery in Washington, and will be seen (with various additions and subtractions) at the Grand Palais in Paris during the winter and in Berlin through the spring of 1985, is such an event. So much of the work is fragile, and loans are so difficult to negotiate, that this is the first major international loan exhibition of Watteau that has ever been held, and it may be the last.

Its curators, Margaret Morgan Grasselli and Pierre Rosenberg, with the help of Nicole Parmentier and other art historians, have condensed the existing scholarship on Watteau, together with a great deal of their own, into a catalogue that now becomes a standard work. It shows no trace of the puffy garnish of superlatives considered obligatory for blockbuster shows in U.S. museums. The authors discriminate severely: "The execution lacks energy and seems pasty," runs the note on one painting from the Hermitage in Leningrad. "The figures are unsteady,

the faces have no character or charm."

There are only about 60 Watteau paintings on whose authenticity all experts agree, and his life is obscure. Since the Renaissance there have been few great artists about whom less is known than Watteau. He is almost as much of an enigma as Vermeer. He was born in Valenciennes in 1684, the son of a Flemish roof tiler. Until a few years before, Valenciennes was part of Flanders, not France; and Watteau's Flemish origins may have had more than a casual meaning to him, since the main influence on his work was Rubens. Nothing is known about his political views, family affections or sexual life. He had no fixed address; yet once he reached Paris, he rarely left its gate. His only recorded trip outside France was to England, where he went in the hope of a cure for the tuberculosis that killed him, not yet 37 years old, in 1721.

No scandals attach to Watteau's name, although he was said to have burned a few paintings he considered obscene a few days before he died. If they were as exquisite as *The Intimate Toilette*, the little panel

that is shown for the first time in this exhibition, the loss must be considered heavy. He never married. He kept no journal, and no undisputed letters by him survive. The only writings in his hand are a few banal jottings on the back of drawings. They do not contain a word about the theory of painting; perhaps he had none.

His circle of friends in Paris included some of the most cultivated men of the day, such as the financier Pierre Crozat (whose collection of old-master drawings was said to have completed young Watteau's aesthetic education) and the Flemish artist Nicolas Vleughels. But their memoirs of Watteau tend to be short and sometimes contradictory; they blur when the traits of his possibly rather feckless, prickly character present themselves. He seems to have been solitary and misanthropic, though with flashes of antic gaiety: "A good friend but a difficult one," the dealer Edme-François Gersaint unhelpfully put it. Naturally one would like to know more; probably we never shall.

There were, of course, great differences between Rubens and his hierophant Watteau. One painted big, the other small; the tone of Watteau's paintings is always unofficial and intimate, very unlike the grand elocution of Rubens. Watteau managed to skim off Rubens' lustrous surface and endow it with a still greater



Self-portrait

sense of nuance, while leaving his master's tyrannous physicality behind. To look at his *fêtes champêtres*—those felicitously idealized gatherings of young lovers, planted on the unchanging lawn of a social Eden—is to think of pollen and silk, not flesh. Watteau was a great painter of the naked body, but his nudes tend to privacy and reflection. They are completely unlike Rubens' magniloquent blond wardrobes. He seems, for this reason, the more erotic artist.

Because his scenes were bathed in an aura of privilege, many people still think of him as a court painter. Nothing could be further from the truth. After he died, Watteau's work appealed irresistibly to the high and mighty of Europe: Frederick the Great of Prussia had no fewer than 89 paintings by or in the manner of Watteau in his palaces at Potsdam, Sans Souci and Charlottenburg. Alive, Watteau had no time for courts, and little access to them anyway. He sensibly preferred the theater, whose troupes and characters he painted so often, shifting them from the stage to "real" landscapes (which are themselves stages, only of a subtler kind), that it is still hard to disentangle his allegories from his theater pieces.

His heirs—Boucher, Pater, Lancret—would embody rococo. But Watteau died in 1721, just over a year before Louis XIV was crowned. Thus the artist whose feathery trees and pastoral scenes of gallantry seem the very essence of rococo sensibility only reached the edge of the rococo. His time was that of Louis XIV, the Sun King. If the intimacy of his art seems so far from the bemusing pomp of Versailles, it is partly because his imitators lagged; it took time to convert the scenography of Watteau's fugitive, shadowed mind into a system of decor suitable for the Pompadour.

One learns nothing about real history from these paintings: Outside the gilt frames, hysteria and massacre ruled. France was continuously at war for most of Watteau's life. In the winter of 1709, men and corpses in the streets of Paris; the French economy was wrecked by a wave of delirious speculation whipped up by a Scottish financier, John Law. But on canvas, the Cytherean games never end. Men need paradises, however fictive, in times of trouble, and art is a poor conductor of historical events. One thinks of the impressionists constructing their scenes of pleasure through the days of the commune of 1871 and the Franco-Prussian War.

But there is another reason to connect Watteau with impressionism: the colloquial, almost chatty strand of improvisation that curls along the surface of his art without distracting from its depths. As with Renoir, his models were his friends. He drew them incessantly, in fine-pointed chalks—a red, a white and a black, the famous *trois crayons*—whose use he had learned from Rubens. Their faces and poses, rendered in that wry, atmospheric line, became a collection of types, single figures like the *Sear-*



A sense of absorption: Seated Woman
Intimacy in the crinklings of taffeta.

ed Woman that he would combine for his finished compositions.

Thus, even when the subject is purely imaginary, his figures tend to have a high degree of descriptive reality. Their expressions take us away from the explicit theater of Baroque art, where each gesture stands for a set emotion. They are more complex than that. The face is a surface in change; it does not compose itself formally as an index of traits. It suggests that personality is labile, and this insight was part of Watteau's appeal to modern artists. The supreme example, in his portraiture, was the face of the clown Gilles ris-

ing centered and alone in his baggy white costume—the Louvre's male *Mona Lisa*, the Pierrot adopted as a symbol by Picasso, Stravinsky and Cocteau.

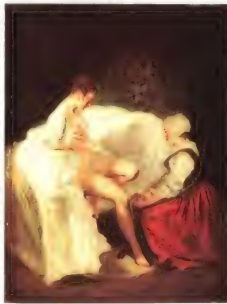
Critics have always spoken of Watteau's "musicality." But what does it mean? His paintings are full of people playing instruments, and Watteau obviously understood their techniques and disciplines. He loved music; sometimes he was comic about it too, as in *Mezzetin*, whose soft operatic expression is mocked by his sinewy hands and the high twangling of the guitar he plays. But Watteau's musicality is more rarefied than this: it lives in pauses, silences between events. He was a connoisseur of the unplucked string, the immobility before the dance, the moment that falls between departure and nostalgia. In *Prelude to a Concert*, the central musician is tuning but not playing his theorbo, or *chitarraone*, a long business that slightly frays the patience of his fellow musicians. A girl ruffles through a score, a child plays with a spaniel, nothing happens. But the stance of the player is very commanding; it enjoins attention, and in the eternally protracted pause one perceives the pictorial magic of the painting: its ruffled and sliding light, its sense of intimate structure expressed by the crinklings of taffeta in the dress of the standing woman on the left, her back half-turned to us.

Great artists invent things that sound banal. Watteau invented the draped human back. This sounds simple, a matter of mere observation; it was not. In his hands the human back, preferably of a young woman, became as expressive as a face—a pyramid or wedge of subdued, lustrous substance, played upon by light, divided into delicately articulated folds and crannies that betoken silence and concentration.

Nowhere is it more subtly used than in his largest and perhaps greatest painting, *Gersaint's Shopsign*, which was actually, though briefly, used as a sign above the dealer's premises on a Paris bridge. We are looking into a gallery that sells paintings and mirrors. The paintings are dimly legible, the mirrors are black, reflecting little.

Three backs are turned: a pink cascading dress on the left, a lady and a gentleman scrutinizing a painting on the right. The sense of absorption—of a painter spying on people looking at art—is extreme, and so is the feeling for material substance, quiet, glowing, meticulously wrought. On the far left, a portrait of Louis XIV is being lowered into its crate for shipment. This refers to the name of Gersaint's shop, Au Grand Monarque, but also to the death and burial of the Sun King himself. The shop sign is at once an elegy, a work of art criticism (for no painting on the walls is there by accident) and an inspired essay of social observation. It begins what Watteau would have done with his maturity. But a few months later his lungs were gone, and he was dead.

—By Robert Hughes



Pauses and silence: The Intimate Toilette

Behavior

"That's Your Last Drink, Buddy"

Bartenders take classes on managing woozy patrons

It is quiz time for a class of eight bartenders and cocktail waitresses at a suburban Chicago hotel. On videotape the class watches a boisterous fellow belly up to a bar, flick out a \$100 bill, twirl it slowly and deftly and then bark out, "Who's going to help me spend this?" Students in the daylong course have to decide whether the man on tape is a 1 (no problem customer), a 2 (potential or borderline drunk) or a 3 (completely sozzled). A few trainees vote him a 3. Alas, this is the wrong answer, Trainer Nancy Sage explains. The deftness in handling the \$100 bill indi-

so-called dram-shop laws hold bars and servers of alcohol responsible for misbehavior by drunken patrons, and across the country lawyers are busily filing hefty civil suits against bars on behalf of the victims of drunken drivers.

McFaddin Ventures of Houston, which owns Confetti nightclubs in ten Southern and Western cities, installed an alcohol-management program in March. All bartenders, waiters and doormen must pass the course with a grade of 90 or higher. Confetti clubs are papered with cautionary posters (DON'T DRUNK DRIVE. KEEP THE



James E. Peters conducting a refresher course for bar employees in Northampton, Mass.

The proper use of "mocktails," sweet talk and psychic judo.

cates the man is not drunk at all, merely obnoxious.

The class analyzes 14 more videotaped drinkers and sorts them all out into 1s, 2s and 3s. The idea of the program, called HIPS, for Training for Intervention Procedures by Servers of Alcohol, is to learn how to identify and handle problem drinkers as quickly and politely as possible. "Our industry is under fire right now," says Sage, whose father co-owns four Chicago-area restaurants. "Are you responsible for the person you serve?" After a pause for dramatic effect, she answers, "Whether or not you believe you are, society holds you responsible." So does the Sage restaurant chain. All of these TIPS students are Sage employees, and anyone who fails the final exam on a second try can be fired.

TIPS is one of the numerous programs that have sprung up around the nation in response to growing pressure to get drunken drivers off the road. In 23 states

PARTY ALIVE), and employees push soft drinks when a customer seems to be growing too mellow. Some of the clubs supply cab vouchers for woozy patrons; others simply pay cabs to take the customer home. Confetti caters to a 19- to 30-year-old crowd. Says Gary Wood of McFaddin: "The program provides alternatives for people who are not interested in consuming alcoholic beverages and supplies a safe ride home to those who are." The company knows the cost of drunken driving: in 1981 a car driven by a man under the influence jumped a highway median, killing Lance McFaddin's partner and two children.

Much of the advice dispensed at the new training programs seems obvious: watch for slurred speech, spilled drinks and quirky behavior. But not every bartender is the shrewd, all-seeing amateur psychologist of tavern myth, according to James E. Peters, who runs the Responsible Beverage Service program, based in Northampton, Mass. "It's

amazing how little bartenders know about alcohol as a drug," he says. "They also have a very vague understanding of the legal issues."

Peters preaches a three-step approach under the acronym SIR: size up customers as soon as they sit down; interview them subtly to find out if they have eaten or if they have been drinking already; rate their mood. He urges students to monitor all drinkers closely and watch for nonverbal signals. A coffee pot should always be handy, he says, and the bar should be ready with "mocktails" like Apricot Pleasure and Pineapple Passion, which look and sound potent but are just fruit drinks.

The ticklish part is how to cut a customer off without starting a shouting match or a scuffle. In the McFaddin program the bartender calls in his manager, who takes a firm-policeman approach by announcing, "You appear to be intoxicated, and by law I cannot serve you any more. You'll have to leave." In other programs, bartenders and waiters must handle the troublesome customers, and are taught never to begin sentences with "you" and always to avoid the words intoxicated and drunk. Los Angeles bartender Will Fettingger says, "What you do is talk directly to the person so no one else hears, and you say, 'Do me a favor and drink this slow, 'cause I'm not going to give you any more tonight.' Then if he starts muttering, you say, 'If I didn't like you, I wouldn't do it this way.'" Houston bartender Gerald Dantin claims, "About 90% of the time, a bartender can sweet-talk them into drinking juice or coffee, or having something to eat."

A bit of psychic judo helps. In one case a barkeeper puts snacks in front of a woman who is drinking too heavily and ignores her demand for another drink. The woman, affronted, complains that snacks are too fattening, and the bartender says, "If you'll pardon my saying so, it doesn't look like you have to worry about that. Besides, alcohol is just as fattening." Then he walks briskly away. Steven Mahoney of the American Bartenders School says bartenders should blame someone else when cutting off a patron. "Always make someone else the baddie, be it the state or the White House."

One tactic recommended by the National Restaurant Association calls for the bartender to slip customers a small card informing them that drinks are cut off. Of course, a bartender can simply say, "I think you've had enough." Customers may complain, but times have changed the laissez-faire attitude toward drunks. Besides, says Eugene A. Marrone, formerly of the Georgia School of Bartending, "The new approach is bound to bring new profits. Taking care of drunks is the best public relations a bar can get."

—By John Leo.
Reported by Bill Blanning/Boston and Don Winbush/Chicago, with other bureaus

Press

Newsweek/Thomas Griffith

It's No Ms-tery, Call Me Mrs.

The Times trips on a title

Mr. John Zaccaro's vice-presidential candidacy has created a problem for the status-conscious editors of the New York Times: how to refer to a woman who has retained her surname and is known to the whole world as Geraldine Ferraro. To the Times, which attaches the honorifics Mr., Mrs. and Miss to names, the problem could be solved by referring to her as Miss Ferraro. But the candidate, who is the mother of three children, does not feel happy with this appellation and has asked to be called Ms. or Mrs. Ferraro. Because the Times does not permit the use of Ms. in its columns, it is left with no choice but to call her Mrs. Last week William Safire, who ruminates on the origins and proper use of words in his Times column "On Language," took his paper to task. Call her Miss Ferraro, Mrs. Zaccaro or Mrs. Ferraro Zaccaro if you must, said Safire, but Mrs. Ferraro is "a person she is not."

"It breaks my heart to suggest this," Safire continued, "but the time has come for Ms." The Times did not agree. Safire's editors took the unusual step of inserting a box into his column, in which they dismissed Ms. as "business-letter coinage" that is "too contrived for news writing."

The problem does not appear to exist at other major news organizations, which have stopped using honorifics or have succumbed to the use of Ms. The Associated Press prefers to leave it up to the individual involved. "Geraldine Ferraro fits easily into Ms., which is her preference," says Executive Vice President Louis Boccardi. Says Carl Miller, assistant managing news editor for the Denver Post: "It has been our policy for years to use the last name for all public officials, even if they happen to be women."

Even so, referring to a woman simply by her surname still bothers some readers. The Philadelphia Inquirer, which has a new policy eliminating honorifics in most cases, recently received a bundle of letters for referring to Nancy Reagan as "Reagan." Says John V.R. Bull, the paper's ombudsman: "People thought it showed a lack of respect."

Most editors, it seems, now agree with Safire's argument that "it is unacceptable for journalists to dictate to a candidate that she call herself Miss or else use her married name." One way out of this thicket of titles would be for the Times simply to drop the use of honorifics altogether. But that course of action was rejected by News Editor Allan M. Siegal last week. Said he: "Everybody feels, I think unanimously, that that wouldn't sound like the New York Times." ■

TV's Condescending Coverage

The television networks are approaching next week's Republican Convention in Dallas wishing they did not have to spend so much money on it and knowing in advance the audience will be disappointingly small. Once again the three major networks will limit their coverage to two hours a night. You might think they would at least use those two hours to show the actual convention. Not so. This will not be *Tosca*; it will be *Dan Rather Brings You Excerpts from Tosca*.

The arrogance of television is its assumption that its own maunderings are more interesting than what is being said on the platform—that you would rather hear Rather speak smugly, as he did in San Francisco, of the "pitter-patter of platitudes" than hear the hoarse Irish oratory of Speaker Tip O'Neill, which CBS did not carry. Networks cover tennis matches with more fidelity to the action.

In Dallas, the networks are expected to block out time to carry the full speeches of the President, the Vice President and the keynoter, but the rest of the time viewers will be on their own. Those seriously interested in the actual goings-on will be scanted unless they can find the full thing on cable.

Television's habit of cutting away at will from the podium began, with far more justification, in the days when conventions were a gaudy and contentious rite where delegates really debated and decided. Television boasted of the civic responsibility of its gavel-to-gavel coverage, but even then it was contrasting the shouting orator and the snoozing delegate or chasing politicians down hotel corridors, arguing that this was where the real news was being made. It was also where journalistic reputations were being made, which is why in its own interest each network lavished so much money on coverage. Such journalistic triumphs are no longer possible now that conventions have become bland commercial pageants designed to market a candidate known in advance. Jeff Gralnick, in charge of ABC's operation, calls conventions "dinosaurs."

The networks are spending about \$15 million apiece on their 1984 convention coverage and feeling abused. Though the Republicans and Democrats all but turn over their halls to television, the political parties do try to deny it one wish: television wants controversy; the parties aim for tranquility. You can expect to see in Dallas, as in San Francisco, cameras diverted from the podium to watch the networks' high-priced news performers, wearing Mickey Mouse headsets and pushing through crowds, foraging forlornly for non-news. At the convention's transcending moments, the big speeches, television is at its best. In San Francisco, these speeches were endlessly ballyhooed in advance in the irritating way television plugs prizefights or sitcoms to come. But if this iteration helped swell the crowd to hear the oratory of Governor Cuomo, Jesse Jackson or Fritz Mondale, much can be forgiven. These fine speeches reminded us that a skilled orator, adjusting intuitively to the crowd's response, employs a different and more demanding art than the numbing nattering of commentators. Television talk has been memorably defined by ABC's Sam Donaldson: "You get the mouth working and hope the mind will follow."

A disproportionate amount of forgettable words at Moscone Center last month came not from politicians but from anchormen and their in-house pundits, whose views were already wearily familiar. (Among anchormen only David Brinkley with his wry sanity brought any verbal distinction.) Politicians can be corny, boring or strident, but sometimes wholehearted, amusing or touching. They are an authentic, unpredictable slice of American life. Much of the time the networks preferred to substitute a filter of detached, bloodless and often disdainful commentary by their own people.

At the next conventions in four years, network executives are eager to lay down the burden of being the first with the most public service. They will probably take a cue from the Olympic coverage, going live for major events, but instead of filling the rest of the time with their own chatter, offering up taped portions of the day's earlier sessions. In this way the networks should be able to operate more modestly, while more faithfully recording the occasion they set out to cover.



David Brinkley: an outpost of wry sanity

Fashion

Beyond the Blues Horizon

Sales slip, Levi's hunkers down, and jeans fade out

It was a sea change, or, at the very least, like watching the water lighten close to shore. "An ocean of blue": that was the standard bird's-eye description of a rock concert, with the audience all fitted out in denim. Now, from a similar perspective, the whole palette has changed, run off into so many hues that rock-crowd colors look like what's left in the bottom of the dish after the banana split has melted.

Jeans became a cultural uniform in the '60s. By 1980 lots of big-shot fashion designers were slapping a logo, and a jacked-up price tag, onto a pair of denims. When John Travolta appeared in *Urban Cowboy* wearing city-slicker rodeo regalia, sales surged: an estimated 600 million pairs of jeans were sold in 1981 in the U.S. alone. The decline began the following year. Burlington Industries, fabric supplier to Levi's and others, estimates that 470 million pairs of jeans will be sold in the U.S. this year for a total of \$7 billion. That is more than a billion dollars below the 1981 peak. "The market is just slightly off," says Richard Redden, president of Lee, where basic jeans made up 90% of the company's line last summer; now they are down to 70%. "We are going through some tough times right now," admits Levi's Chairman Peter Haas. Shrugs William Hervey, president of the Wrangler Menswear division of Blue Bell, Inc.: "I guess Travolta finally got off the bull."

Movie stars and mechanical barroom

marvels may have marked the commercial rise and fall of jeans in the past few years, but there has been a long-term correlation between young music and youthful fashion. As pop music has slipped off into synthesizer chic and the full-dress soul of Michael Jackson and Prince, musicians have gone to increasingly elaborate lengths to dress the part, or, in the case of Culture Club's Boy George and other deliberately androgynous rockers, to cross-dress it. Audiences at a rock concert turn themselves out as a reflection of what the musicians are wearing, and these days that can be anything from prom dresses to bondage halters, items that denim does not become.

Youth may not be the strongest single market for jeans, but it is the pacesetter one. "The demographics have been somewhat against us," says Haas. "The baby boom moved into an older cohort. They have turned from jeans to other types of clothing," adds

Levi's Senior Executive Martin Krasney. Levi's, which still holds 20% of the U.S. jeans market, has since last December closed 17 plants and sent dismissal notices to 10% of its work force. With earnings down 78% in the first six months of this fiscal year, Levi's plans to lay off 350 employees by the end of September. Wrangler's Hervey says that the great national jeans splurge following in the dust of *Urban Cowboy* was "an aberration. The whole country went Western-wear crazy. I don't see a lack of interest in jeans now, just less interest than there was for a while." At Sears, jeans sales are still strong, but at the more upscale Carson, Pirie Scott department store. "We're in the cycle right now where fashion is becoming more important," says the chief executive officer Dennis Bookshester. For every Carson's basic blue jeans customer, there are five for fashion jeans.

If younger customers are going in for heavy costuming, theatrical makeup and thrift-shop freak, their elders seem to be in the mood to dress rich. "The sense of community and liberalism that blue jeans symbolized is no longer in fashion," observes Novelist Alison Lurie, author of a deft study of fashion, *The Language of Clothes*. "In the blue jeans and T shirt costume, you couldn't tell a millionaire from an auto mechanic. Jeans identified you with an entire generation, not a particular group, race, nationality or sex. But the rich don't want to blend in with the working class any more. We want clothes that flout our



Shields' update; inset: the classic look



A baggy winter outfit by Girbaud



Suspender pants in crushed denim

individuality, that show off our status, and the rich want to stand out." Having Calvin Klein's name or Gloria Vanderbilt's signature attached to the hind portion of a pair of denims is one way to stand out a little bit, but moniker flash may also be passing away. The Gloria Vanderbilt people, for example, admit guardedly that there has been a sales plunge in their basic jeans model. But as much money as they pulled down for a few seasons, designer jeans were always a joke, just a fussy vamp—usually snug around the butt and thighs—on a basic, utilitarian garment. The only different thing was the logo.

For knock-around wear, jeans are in a very stiff competition with muscle-tone fantasy and military madness. The pipestem ideal has been phased out by the beefy silhouette best paraded in a bevy of unisex exercise duds, from tank tops and crotch-clutching shorts to billowing workout pants and pastel sweatshirts. There are T shirts and flight jackets made of parachute silk by the gifted British designer Katharine Hammett. The elaborate, intricately detailed pants concocted by Marithé and François Girbaud, whose various lines, made in the U.S., Europe and Japan, are characterized generally by looseness of fit, sternness of fabric and an abundance of detailing. The simple functionality of jeans has, for the moment, been displaced by daunting arrays of tabs, Velcro closings, double pockets and looping drawstrings, so that the wearer, having mastered the intricacies of donning such a garment, emerges not as an urban cowboy but as an urban guerrilla, ready for a street fight in the great fashion war.

Jeans manufacturers are battling back by the time-honored commercial expedient of working both sides of that same street. Thirty percent of Lee's line is now fashion jeans, which feature snappy colors and snazzy fabrics. Levi's, keeping its "older cohort" in mind, will turn out stuff specifically for them: not, as might be expected, denim editions of Roman soldier gear, but a line of shirts, sweaters and slacks designed by Perry Ellis. Brooke Shields is fronting her own line of sportswear and highlights a kind of prefab insouciance. With all this, however, tradition will not be forsaken. "People always come back to basics," insists Hervey. "There is no more practical piece of apparel than a pair of cotton denim jeans. They give you a good, free feeling of comfort." This year Levi's will spend \$36 million to promote 501s, those reliable, prototypical jeans that shrink, curl, give and finally smooth out on the body as if they were cut to order. There has already been a blitz of 501 ads during the Olympics. Whatever else they may have accomplished, these ads served as a reminder that despite fashion's moment-to-moment whims, there are other things American besides athletes that should be considered world class. —By Jay Cocks.

Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and Dick Thompson/San Francisco



Befittingly Beefeater.

Imported From England

BEEFEATER

London Distilled Dry Gin

Distilled and bottled by James Watson & Co. Ltd., London, England. Sole U.S. Importers: National Corporation, New York, N.Y.

BEEFEATER GIN.
The Crown Jewel of England.

Dining Out in Ewing Country

Dallas delegates can eat high and low on the hog

CONVENTION



When the Republican delegates gather in Dallas next week, they may want to seek out the local haunts of their political colleagues, a simple feat in this primarily Republican city. Anyone arriving a little early could have heard some good advice from two of the fattest cats the city has ever known, J.R. Ewing of the killer smile and his randy wife Sue Ellen, a.k.a. Larry Hagman and Linda Gray. In town filming new episodes of *Dallas*, they discussed the preferences of their fictional alter egos.

"Are you sure J.R. is a Republican?" Hagman asked. "He contributes to both parties, just in case. J.R. goes to the French Room and Jean-Claude if he is with friends or his wife, but he takes his mistresses to the Riviera. They like that romantic French country setting. Clubs? Well, for lunch he goes to the Oil Barons Club, but he doesn't belong to country clubs. He's too busy making trouble."

"Sue Ellen prefers more swinging places, like Exposure," said Gray.

"She would!" said Hagman. "Just the name appeals to her."

One place that appeals equally to Larry-J.R. and Linda-Sue Ellen is the stylish, clublike restaurant at the Mansion on Turtle Creek, the hotel where the actors stay. In that they agree with the local smart set. After only three years of operation, it grosses an astonishing \$8 million annually in food and beverages.

Much of that high figure can probably be traced to the lavish wine list with its what-the-traffic-will-bear prices. But the rest of the credit can be shared by a dining-room staff that knows how to coddle big spenders and by the executive chef, Avner Samuel. Beginning with suggestions made by the consultant, Wolfgang Puck of Los Angeles, Samuel, 29, improves upon them and turns out his own versions of the new American cuisine.

Although not all of his efforts succeed, Samuel excels at creative appetizers such as black-bean pasta with smoked scallops, gingersed duck in a flour tortilla and a delicate version of the classic tortilla soup, flecked with diced avocado and chicken. Among main courses, his best efforts include loin of lamb sparked with cool slivers of marinated Maui onions, and quail with spinach and wild mushrooms.

In contrast to the suave Mansion

scene is the *haute schmalz* of the French Room, an opulent, rococo setting in the Adolphus Hotel. Fortunately the cuisine, consulted upon by Jean Banchet of Le Français in Wheeling, Ill., is more contemporary than the décor. The best appetizers are the lobster mousse in spinach leaves and the hot snail pâté in puff pastry. But that pastry turns soggy layered between slabs of stiff, dry salmon as a main course. Other satisfying choices include roast lamb with nut-brown cloves of garlic, duck with figs and a clear



Gray and Hagman dine on caviar and champagne at the Mansion. One restaurant for the wife, another for the mistresses.

dark sauce, and an astringent lemon tart.

What J.R. Ewing and his real-life counterparts probably like about Jean-Claude is the open kitchen that provides a homey floor show. There is no printed menu (dinner with coffee is \$39), and guests are expected to keep about 15 dishes in mind as they choose. Among those, lobster bisque lacks authoritative seasonings but is pleasant. Mousse of frog's legs in radicchio has a lovely flavor but the unfortunate texture of coddled eggs. Two excellent main courses are the snowy veal medallions with wild mushrooms and pearly lobster glossed with a buttery sauce.

It is not hard to guess what Sue Ellen Ewing sees in Exposure, the noisy bar-restaurant. Opened last October, it became instantly popular with a late crowd

of snappy dressers. She undoubtedly would be known there, and so Co-Owner Don Kreindler, a member of the "21" Club family in New York, might exchange her wormy artichoke for a perfect one instead of merely slicing off the offending wound as he did for less-exalted customers recently. With its spotlights focused on tables, head-splitting background music and changing art exhibits, Exposure seems to stress theatrics over food, but it turns out surprisingly good main courses, including calf's liver with herbs and onions, grilled pork with Calvados, and tender veal scallopine with morels. Appetizers and desserts are less successful.

These restaurants are only a small part of the innovative and generally high-level Dallas restaurant scene, and so it is no surprise that dinner business at private clubs is waning. The Petroleum Club, inspiration for the TV Oil Barons Club, has all the appeal of a private banquet room in a Holiday Inn. In a setting best characterized as contemporary traditional (boldly patterned wallpapers and dark wood trim), members rely on a lunch menu that would be standard in an employee cafeteria. The high points are a nightclub-style steak sandwich and banana cream pie.

Republican candidates who wish to be seen eating low on the hog in an effort to win Democratic votes have a few perfect photo opportunities in Dallas. Seated at the counter at the Mecca, they can indulge in the quintessential Texas dish, chicken-fried steak with cream gravy, or red beans and ham with green onions (scallions) and steaming-hot white corn muffins.

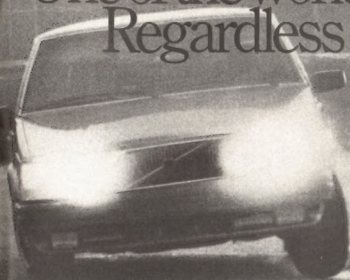
They could also go to Sonny Bryan's, a grubby shack featuring lean and mellow hickory-barbecued ham or meltingly tender brisket. To pass as true barbecue buffs, eaters should order the meat to go, shunning the sticky sweet house sauce, and drive to Meshack's on South Oakland Avenue in dilapidated South Dallas for the properly thin, brassy and peppery hot sauce that is the perfect accent to Bryan's meat.

There is no more cheerful place in town for Tex-Mex food than Mia's. The garlic-and-bacon-flavored bean soup is guaranteed to cure any hangover, as is the *queso fundado*, a molten mass of Monterey Jack cheese bolstered with *chorizo*, peppers and onions, all spooned into a flour tortilla.

But the Republican who is really wooing the crossover vote should go to Tolbert's for a bite of the donkey's tail: a cheese-stuffed hot dog tightly rolled in a flour tortilla and deep-fried. If that doesn't prove an appetizer that leans a bit left, nothing will.

—By Mini Sheraton

One of the world's great cars. Regardless of price.



There are certainly luxury sedans you could pay a lot more for than the Volvo 760 GLE. But very few of them would give you so much in return.

The performance is startling. More than one test driver has been pinned back in his orthopedically designed driver's seat. *Road and Track* has called the turbo diesel "the fastest diesel we've ever tested." Rather impressive when you consider it's our gas engines that are built for speed.

A revolutionary suspension system not only smooths the road, it calms the driver. As another reviewer put it: "Feeling comfortable and relaxed behind the wheel at 100 m.p.h. was truly an uncommon experience*...this is a first class performance machine."

Even standing still, the 760 GLE will move you. It offers a host of amenities ranging from a stereo system so sophisticated it comes with its own graphic equalizer, to a climate control system that can change the interior air four times a minute.

So take a look at the new 760 GLE from Volvo. And discover one of the great investment vehicles of all time.



The 760 GLE by Volvo.

*Though the 760 GLE is capable of this, it should never be attempted by anyone other than a professional driver under controlled test track conditions.
© 1984 Volvo of America Corporation.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1984

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

9 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar '84



Low Tar
'Enriched Flavor'



MERIT

A world of flavor in a low tar.